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Invented and Sketched by P. Hawker

COMMENCEMENT OF A CRIPPLE-CHACE, AFTER FIRING 2 LE SKEIN OF BRENT GEESE AND TWO WILD SWANS.

INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN IN ALL THAT RELATES : TO GUNS AND : SHOOTING

BY

LT.-COL. P. HAWKER

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

: : ERIC PARKER : :

SHOOTING EDITOR OF "THE FIELD"

WITH NUMEROUS PLATES IN COLOUR AND BLACK AND WHITE

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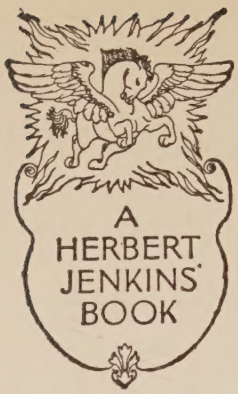

ART AND MUSIC DEPARTMENT

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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

By Eric Parker

PETER HAWKER was born in London on December 24, 1786, and was destined, following his father and forefathers, for the Army. He was gazetted cornet to the 1st Royal Dragoons in 1801, and promoted Lieutenant in 1802. In the next year he exchanged into the 14th Light Dragoons, and six years later, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, led his squadron and won for the colours of his regiment the honour "Douro." At Talavera, that same summer, he was shot through the thigh—a wound that troubled him to the day of his death—and in 1813 he was gazetted out of the Army, or as he himself puts it in his diary, he "was driven out of the Service for no other reason than what ought to have been a recommendation," the wounds which prevented him so long from doing his duty. As, however, his surgeon, Sir Everard Home, considered that his life was saved by leaving the Army (he was still being operated on for his wound four years after receiving it), we need not feel ungrateful to-day for what he resented as an injustice.

For if he was first in his own mind a soldier, he is to us first and foremost a sportsman. His life was devoted to sport. From the day that he left the Army his chief interest in the world was shooting. We read the diary which he kept from the year 1802 to the year of his death, and we find, interspersed with occasional records of travel, page after page of shooting—partridge shooting, snipe shooting, pheasant shooting, and, of course, wildfowling in his punt with his famous guns. He is an angler as well as a shot; his entries of fly-fishing at Longparish could be set side by side with the pages of Stoddart or Henderson; but we come back again and again to his days and nights spent on land and sea in shooting.

And what a great game shot he was! There was never, surely, a man who spent himself harder in pursuing his sport, or could write down braver figures to chronicle it. His records

Sept. 2. "Wonderful work again. I bagged 20 partridges and 1 landrail; I never fired a shot without bagging, and made 5 glorious doublets of the greatest difficulty. Having once 'made a cannon' at 2 birds crossing, and consequently got 3 with my two barrels, I bagged 21 head of game in 20 shots."

Sept. 4. "Wonderful work again considering the lamentable scarcity of birds. I bagged 20 partridges and 1 snipe. But I this day missed one shot, the first miss I have made this season, and up to which I had bagged 65 head, including 14 double shots without one miss. I was very lucky in 'making cannons' to-day, as I got 2 at a shot three times, and 3 at a shot once. This is the most consummate beauty and difficulty of the art, and always more than covers the misses of any good shot."

Sept. 6. "Miraculous shooting again. I was out from ten till five, and came in with 22 partridges and 1 hare, without missing even a long shot or losing a bird. I made five doublets, and by means of three 'cannons,' got my 23 head in 20 shots, and many very long shots among them."

In these four September days, then, Colonel Hawker fired 83 shots, missing once, and bagging 89 head of game. As to "cannons," you are not to suppose that he "browned" the covey; we should hear of more misses if he had descended to that. He explains his "cannons" in a footnote; a cannon is "catching 2 birds as they cross, and then firing so quick as not to allow them to open again. "We may allow that there must have been "consummate beauty and difficulty" in such shooting, when we remember the guns the Colonel shot with.

He was a great dog lover, but oddly enough did not always make certain of having good dogs out with him. On September 1, 1819, he tells us that his shooting was handicapped by the fact that he "had but three dogs: poor old Nero, who was lame when he started; Red Hector, who was so fat and out of wind that he would scarcely hunt, and young Blucher a puppy that never was in a field but three times before, and who till this day had never seen a shot fired." On another occasion his water dog would not retrieve, and remained sulking on an island, which prevented other birds from coming over; so the Colonel finished the day by shooting the dog,

"at the express desire of Mrs. Hawker and to the great satisfaction of all that were with us." But he had ordered another dog to be shot, once before, for a very different reason His favourite Newfoundland, Tiger, was dying of "an unusually virulent distemper," and his master could not watch his suffering.

"Never could there have been a more faithful creature destroyed, or a more severe and irreparable loss to a sportsman. He was just in his prime, three years old," and unsurpassed for "his sagacity, attachment, good temper, high courage, and a personal guard, as well as his excellence in shooting for the fields, for the cover, for the hedgerows, for the marshes, and above all for night work with the wild-fowl."

But was Tiger a better dog than Nero? Tiger died in 1814. Nero died of "the French illness"—apparently a sort of fever or influenza which Colonel Hawker himself caught at Abbeville—in 1820; and Nero "was the best dog I ever had, ever saw, or ever heard of." Nero's record is given in a separate note :—

"I killed during this extraordinary dog's service, and almost entirely to him, game, etc., as follows :—

Up to 1812, 356; 1813, 244; 1814, 402; 1815, 320; 1816, 378; 1817, 503; 1818, 463; 1819, 253; 1820, 344; to the day of his illness. Total, 3,263 head.

I almost always used him single handed for every purpose, as he would of his own accord 'down charge' and bring the game when told. At a hedge he would stand till I came, and then, if ordered, go all the way round and drive the game to my side; for a river, for a boat, for everything, he was a perfect wild-fowl dog, although a high-bred pointer, with a cross of foxhound. The game that I calculate has been killed to this dog, including that shot by my friends as well as myself, I estimate at about 5000 head, but to be widely under the mark, I will say 4000; supposing then we take each head of game one with another at two shillings apiece, which would be a low price among those who deal in such things. I may say that the poor old dog has earned me £400 besides trifling wagers, etc."

If Hawker was a great game shot; if, with his muzzle-loading flint-guns and his "detonators," he made shooting which would compare with the best of modern work with

hammerless breech-loaders, what are we to say of him as a wild-fowler? Here he is first, and without a rival. In his devotion to the craft, in the knowledge of the habits of the birds he pursued, in the science which he applied to the manufacture of punts and guns, in the physical endurance which carried him night after night through cold, wet, and the pain of his old wound; in the success which was his day after day when others came home from failure, and in the fact that he was a pioneer in what he did for himself and wrote for others, Hawker stands alone and supreme.

As a young man, as a man coming near to old age, he has the same enthusiasm for his sport. In February, 1817, he writes of the season as having been "worse than ever was remembered by the oldest gunner." But he has taken every chance, in rain, wind, and the worst weather for wild-fowling. "Although I was day and night at work for three weeks, I got but one shot with my swivel gun, and that was the famous one at which it missed fire." This was on the night of February 3, when at half-past two in the morning he got within 30 yards of "about 150 wigeon, feeding under the moon, all doubled together in a space scarcely the size of a canoe." He levelled his gun, pulled, the priming had got damp and the gun flashed. After this, he adds, "having been out all night, I then came in, breakfasted, and went out all day." In the evening he nearly lost his canoe, which slipped her painter; he recovered her, however, and "went out all night again"; he was "incessantly working till five in the morning," and on February 4 was "out all day."

When success came, it could be surpassing. On January 17, 1823, he writes that he "killed this week 57 geese, 25 wigeon, 4 ducks and mallards, and 2 curre ducks, making 88 head, about ten times as much as has been killed by all the Keyhaven harbour shooters put together." Six years later he had a finer week still. Day after day and night after night he was bringing back birds. "The labour of working for the fowl was an odd mixture of ecstasy and slavery." After a great bag of wigeon he saw "seven splendid hoopers!—gave up everything for them." His cap caught the sunlight, so he rubbed it with gunpowder, as he "had seen the old captain of the hoopers look ticklish." He bagged three of the swans, and with other shots at duck he completed in six days and nights a total of 198 wigeon, 2 curres, 10 ducks, 1 pintail, 3 geese, 3 hoopers, 6 curlews, 7 plovers, 1 coot;—231 head.

"Thus ended the best week's wild-fowl shooting I had ever enjoyed, or ever heard of."

Yet in February, 1841, in his fifty-fifth year, he wrote of his fowling season as having "surpassed all I ever did, saw, or heard of." From December 29 to February 26 "I never had but one blank day, and except firing at some curres that jumped at the instant I pulled, and trying an experimental cartridge at about 350 yards, I never fired but one blank shot the whole cruise, though out every day that I could 'live' for eight weeks and four days." His total for the season, including 185 wigeon and 147 brent geese, was 595 head, "nearly all killed with my large 200-lb. champion double-duck gun, and with only firing two blank shots. Such a performance, I believe, is unprecedented in the annals of gunning." It is the unvarying success of which he is so proud; otherwise he beat the mere record of numbers in the season 1837–8, when there were many more fowl about. In that winter, including 298 geese, 217 wigeon, and 19 swans, he had a total of 758 head.

These were the old years and the great days. And if we want to realise how long ago all this happened, and how far we have travelled since the Colonel's canoe took the water at Keyhaven, or since he went out on the stubbles with Tiger and Nero, we have only to look at the different way in which we think about rights of shooting. Peter Hawker thought nothing of poaching. One of the earliest entries in his diary describes an attack which he and his brother officers made on preserves belonging to a Parson Bond, "because he never allowed anyone a day's shooting, and had man-traps and dog-gins all over his wood." They met the keeper, and "rushed into cover like a pack of foxhounds." Up came the parson and "warned off" the young captain of dragoons; but the rest of them were knocking over the pheasants, and "the confused rector did not know which way to run." They retreated, only to renew the attack, and the parson, poor man, "having eased himself by a vomit, began to speak more coherently." They drew off, bagging only a third of the pheasants they had shot, but carrying with them some of the parson's traps, one of them "a most terrific engine," which they hung up in the mess.

This, you may say, was only the escapade of a boy of twenty-one. But Hawker was a man of twenty-eight when he planned and carried out an attack on the preserves of his

neighbour, Lord Portsmouth, and by sending men with guns and pistols to draw off the keeper, "got two hours' glut at their pheasants before the gang came up to warn us off"—a mild proceeding! To his own share, Hawker chronicles, he had 28 pheasants, including 2 white ones, 3 partridges and a hare.

To the end of his days, indeed, he remained a boy. Anything would do for him to shoot at. He writes of a day in March, 1819, on which he tried his largest shoulder duck-gun with its new detonating lock. It weighed 17½ lb.—imagine a weapon three times the weight of our twelve-bores—and with it he killed "2 snipes, 2 jack snipes, 1 rook, 1 moorhen, 1 dabchick, 1 fieldfare, 1 water-wagtail, and 1 pigeon, all flying." He was thirty-six when he chronicled "a ridiculously good double shot this evening at a bat and a stag beetle." At forty, on a day in October, he killed a swallow "just to say that I had shot wild geese and a swallow in the same day." His custom in shooting partridges, when he had got to twenty brace, was to call up his "army" of beaters for a "butcher's halloo"—three cheers. He named his favourite guns; "my miraculous Old Joe"; "my unrivalled cripple stopper, Bloody Burnett." In July, 1829, aged forty-two, he "made a droll trial" with his new-stocked duck-gun, and "knocked down, in seven shots, 6 bats and 1 moth."

He was a very versatile man. He was as good a fly-fisher as he was a game shot, and he was as lucky as a fisherman should be in his surroundings. On the Test at Longparish he could go out, as he did the year before Waterloo—though all the years were as good—and catch "24 trout, average weight above 1 lb., and many of them 1½ lb. Also a great many fair-sized ones which I threw in." That summer he had 100 brace of trout over ¾ lb. in eleven days.

He was a musician, and in 1818 spent "three months in the academy of Mr. Logier, studying harmony, musical composition, etc." From M. and Madame Bertini he learnt the harp and the piano, with Mrs. Hawker; and evidently with some success, for in a hurricane and flood at Keyhaven—"the best representation I have seen of a second deluge"—he was philosophic enough to be able to sit at his "old humstrum, and boggle through a given number of Bach's fugues." He would listen with delight to "the unrivalled Malibran" and read with tears of her death. He was an inventor, too,

and patented a mechanical contrivance for playing scales on the piano.

And he was a writer of English as vigorous as his own heart and thews. His words go as straight as his shot. He knows what he wants to say, and he says it, and whether he is writing of his shooting, his travels, his health, the weather, or the men whom he meets shooting, his language is as terse, as vivid, and as varied as you would expect a soldier and a naturalist to make it. He seldom repeats an epithet; he explodes like his guns.

He can praise or blame, he blesses and curses equally extravagantly. James Reade, of Poole, his friend and companion on many gunning journeys, is "this illustrious gunner," "the Mozart of all the wild-fowlmen." Sam Singer is "the field-marshal of the eastern gunners." Buckle is "the admiral of the swivel gunners." And for the others, the clerks and holiday-makers, who shot off shore and on shore, sometimes jealous, we may guess, and sometimes merely intent on their own meagre sport, what has he to say? They are "vagabonds," "butterfly shooters," "the scoundrels," "jealous villains," "popping vagrants," "jackanapes," "reptiles," "detestable shore lubbers in armies," "shore-popping rabble," "rabble of bunglers." What more, what else could be said of such fellows?

When he writes of his health, when he writes of the weather, you may see what ills a man can suffer. He goes out shooting when he is "as nervous as a cat," "almost fainting," "as weak as a chicken," but he manages to handle his gun pretty fairly well. "Though half dead, I never made more extraordinary shots," he writes on one occasion, and on another, that "though I shook like an old man of seventy, I never shot more brilliantly." On this occasion "I quacked myself up with tincture of bark, sal volatile, and spirits of lavender, to give me artificial strength for a grand field day," and he did not miss a shot. As for the weather, nothing mild or moderate came his way. In those days men bore the extremes of heat, cold and exposure. The gales were "Siberian," the hail "larger than pigeons' eggs," the weather "for whales and white bears only." Here is a December day in 1843:—

"*24th and Christmas Day.*—Weathercock with head where tail ought to be; dark, damp, rotten, cutthroat-looking weather; flowers blowing; bluebottles buzzing; doctors galloping in every direction; a Philharmonic of blackbirds

and thrushes ; an armistice from guns and shooting ; the poor punters driven to oyster dredging, eel picking, day labour, or beggary ; not even the pop-off of a Milford snob to be heard in that unrivalled garrison of tit shooters."

Hawker's influence upon the sport of shooting, on the practice and the science of it, game shooting and wild-fowling alike, has been profound. He had made a recreation of the study of fire-arms, and he knew how a gun should be made, from lock to stock, from the bend of a dolphin-cock to the re-boring of a pitted barrel. He knew how to teach shooting ; he could impart the experience of his own actions ; he knew how he shot well, he knew when he was shooting badly, and why—though that realisation came to him seldom. He was master of wood-craft and water-craft ; he knew how and where to find his birds, from the September partridge to the duck driven on a January gale. He was the most accurate of observers, the most diligent and honest recorder of what he saw. And his character, like his skill, shines from the written word. He remains throughout his long years of shooting and the diary in which he chronicled them, the best of game shots, the hardiest of sportsmen, the most constant of friends to a man or a dog.

And his work lives after him. As one of the most experienced of modern game shots and wild-fowlers, Sir Ralph Payne Gallwey, has said of *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*, "it is a book which for terseness, accuracy, and original information is without an equal." We have but to substitute breech-loaders for muzzle-loading guns, and his advice stands for us to-day as it stood for our great-grandfathers in the days of Waterloo.

Colonel Hawker shot through fifty-one seasons. To the end of his life the one passion ruled. On September 29, 1852, he writes of a total of 172 head (including 125 partridges) brought in up to Michaelmas, that it is "the most extraordinary list on record, considering the bad breed of birds,[1] and that

[1] Or, as we should say, the bad nesting season ; or the poor crop of birds. It is interesting to turn back in his diary of 1852 to an entry under July 13th, when the young partridges were perhaps less than a month old, and to find him recording "the most awful storm of thunder, lightning, and enormous hailstones that I have ever seen. In one hour the town of Andover was in an absolute river . . . fruit and vegetables beat level with the ground, the trees half-stripped of their leaves . . . no such storm known to old men over ninety . . . broken panes in house, 94 ; in greenhouse, 286." As in Hawker's day, so in ours—in the chance of the thunderstorms of June and July lies the ruin of the partridge season.

last year I was too ill to shoot, and was pronounced as 'never likely to take the field again.' Thank God for my unexpected recovery."

Summing up that season, he writes that "I beat all my neighbours for game this autumn." On April 24, 1853, he laments that illness "has cut me out of the best angling season on record, as well as the use of my new ignition punt-gun at Keyhaven, in the finest hard weather we have had there since 1838." On July 14 he records—his last entry—the death of his doctor's other patient, the Earl of Portsmouth. "Peace to his soul." He himself died on August 7, at Longparish, within sight of the fields he would have wished to walk in September.

From the original text of the ninth edition I have omitted some fifty pages at the beginning of the book, dealing chiefly with the mechanism of flint and percussion guns, which are of little present interest; a later passage descriptive of service weapons now obsolete; and about seventy pages at the end of the book referring to game laws now repealed. This last section of the book I have abridged.

Hawker's footnotes to the pages are distinguished by asterisks; mine by numerals.

E. P.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE original edition, which led to the publication of the following pages, was hastily written, and printed in the year 1814, at the particular request of some sporting friends of the author, who had recourse to the press, in order to present each of them with a legible copy. A few supplementary impressions also were provided, for the amusement and instruction of the inexperienced sportsman, to whom, alone, he still presumes to offer so humble a production.

To prevent enlarging this work to an expensive publication, all needless embellishments have been avoided. By thus omitting ornamental plates on the worn-out subjects of common shooting, useless anecdotes, and other extraneous matter, there is a saving of time to many, who would be better employed than in reading superfluous volumes, on a mere subject of recreation; as well as of expense to those who could not conveniently afford to purchase them.

Everything here asserted has been the result of many years' trial and experience; and, therefore, all reference to other publications has been as much declined, as have statements from *report;* and it has been attempted to dilate *most,* on what has been the *least* explained by other authors.

So much, indeed, has been published, by more able writers, on *field sports* of every description, that little remains to be said on the subject. The pursuit of game is already too well known to require much instruction. The author has, therefore, thought it far better, instead of treating too copiously on that head, to give *particular directions* for (what *gentlemen least understand*) GETTING ACCESS TO WILD BIRDS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

With regard also to *guns,* and the various other subjects that form the remainder of the book, he has taken up his pen with the determination of neither borrowing, without proper acknowledgment, from other works, nor trusting to anything from the experiments of other persons.

From having thus declined all assistance and wholly confined himself to the limits of his own humble experience, he will have to apologise perhaps for some errors, and no doubt for many deficiencies. But even this, it is hoped, will make the work less objectionable than swelling its dimensions to an unreasonable size, by relating incidents that possibly never occurred, or commencing a system of piracy on other authors, which nothing should induce him to do, after the very flattering manner in which his former editions have been received by the Reviewers and the Public.

He now offers to their notice the NINTH edition of this work, which has, of late, been in many parts materially altered and enlarged. The improvements here added have been the result of still further experience ; and, therefore, may be considered, in some degree, as finishing lessons to those young sportsmen, who have before done him the honour to attend to his earlier instructions.

The original matter, however, on which no improvement happened to present itself, will, of course, remain as before, for the benefit of younger pupils in shooting. But everything that can be improved, up to the present year, is introduced on a different, and, he trusts, more perfect system.

All the new directions, which this work contains, have been first experimentally tried, and taken down, from time to time, in a pocket-book ; then detailed, as soon after as possible, in the most specific manner ; and, before they were entered among these pages, abridged to about a tenth part of their original bulk, through consideration for the patience of the reader.

Some apology may, perhaps, be requisite for the abrupt style which this very abridgment occasions, as well as for the author having been so generally obliged to write in the first person. Dictatorial, however, as may appear the one and egotistical as may be thought the other, yet it is presumed that his colloquial style may not be objected to, when all circumstances are considered, by those persons who are most able to criticise, and who are invariably the most liberal judges.

Some apology too may be necessary for neglect of that ceremony, which the public have a right to expect from every author. But, while occupied in forming this work, it must candidly be confessed that the writer could not divest himself of feeling rather as one conversing, without reserve, among

Lieut.-Colonel Peter Hawker.

his brother-sportsmen than as an author whose work was going before a public tribunal.

The summit of his ambition therefore will be to give some little additional knowledge to those for whom the work is intended; and his earnest hopes are that these his further, and probably his last, efforts on the subject will meet with that indulgence which he has experienced on all former occasions.

As there will appear in this book some recipes which might fail, if the articles required for them should not be of the best quality, it has been thought necessary to give the names of a few tradesmen, who, the author has reason to hope, may be depended on.

In a work of *this* kind, it requires more ingenuity than the writer can boast of, to avoid entirely those inimical appendages to reading—notes and parentheses. The frequent use of italics, also, he is aware has an ugly appearance. But, nevertheless, they have before answered his object, which is to impress as strongly as possible on the memory of his young readers, those directions which require to be read with particular attention.

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I have to express my gratitude to Mr. C. Ridley Catling, of Great Amwell, Ware, for his kindness in allowing me to photograph the stock of Colonel Hawker's famous duck gun, "Old Joe," and the 14-bore Manton gun illustrated opposite p. 200; also to Mr. Cecil Purdey, for courteously putting at my disposal photographs of Purdey guns of 1821 and 1921.

The Editor.

INSTRUCTIONS TO YOUNG SPORTSMEN

CHAPTER I

GUNS AND GUNMAKING

Changes in the Gun Trade—Frogs without a King—Barrels—What a Barrel ought to be—The Bar of Damascus—Firing a Gun over Water—Slow Poking Shots—Fitting a Gun—Polish for Gun-stocks—How to Clean a Gun—Flint Guns—Percussion Guns—"Go and get a Detonator."

THE great demand for this work having exhausted the fifth and sixth editions in so short a space of time, I was resolved that the printer's devil and I should have absolution from sporting subjects for at least a few years, and therefore inflicted on my publishers treble doses of copies; or, seriously speaking, I gave very large impressions of the seventh and eight editions. About four years and a half had elapsed since the former was in the press, when there took place among the gunmakers a complete revolution. Poor Joe Manton—the life and soul of the trade—died, and was buried in the cemetery at Kensington. Several epitaphs to his memory were prepared at the request of his family and sporting friends. The one chosen was that which I wrote, and it shall be here inserted—not as an essay with pretensions to merit but a memorial of justice to departed talent:—

"In memory of Mr. Joseph Manton, who died, universally regretted, on the 29th day of June, 1835, aged 69. This humble tablet is placed here by his afflicted family, merely to mark where are deposited his mortal remains. But an everlasting monument to his unrivalled genius is already established in every quarter of the globe, by his celebrity as the greatest artist in fire-arms that ever the world produced, as the founder and the father of the

modern gun-trade, and as a most scientific inventor, in other departments, not only for the benefit of his friends and the sporting world, but for the good of his King and country."

For some years before his death, poor Joe made many attempts to re-establish himself in business, and such was the *esprit de corps* among his fine army of workmen, that they rallied round him till the last, rather than serve under any director in whose abilities they had less confidence, and who, perhaps knew not half so much as themselves. His leading man, poor old Asell, the father of the working trade, died in Marylebone Hospital; and, some time after, his unrivalled barrel-borer, John Hussey, died in distress. Penn, the prince of lock-finishers, died in 1843. But Greenfield, the emperor of mechanics, is in greater force than ever, with a son as clever as himself. He has opened a large factory as an engineer, at No. 10, Broad Street, Golden Square, where he works not only for the trade in general, but also for Her Majesty's service. And his son lately came home from Turin, where he has been putting the Sardinians on their legs, by taking out to them the machinery for making copper caps.

It may, perhaps, be thought bad taste to speak of workmen: but I like to do justice to the *subs* as well as to the commander; and particularly as some of the master-gunmakers are directed by such men as these, who frequently laugh at them, and generally give them the name of "salesmen."

Another great revolution was the end of Fullerd's celebrated barrel-manufactory in Clerkenwell. So now let those who have any of his *duck*-guns treasure them up as gold. No matter about common-sized barrels; as, for these, he latterly got beat in Birmingham. Wm. Fullerd married and retired some years ago, and then died. The factory was left to the foreman, his brother Tom; but he, from being the opposite extreme to Father Mathew, made a complete failure; and all the premises were disposed of for a different line of business.

As I before recorded, another celebrated man, old Egg, has been some time dead, and is succeeded by his son John, who now lives in the Colonnade, Pall Mall. Instead, however, of his "cutting up fat," as was expected, he died like a man of genius; or, in other words, with his balance on the shady side of the book!—The gunmakers, in short, still remain as I left them—like the frogs without a king; and, as before, complaining bitterly about the dullness of trade. But for this

they have to thank their introduction of the detonating system, by which they got caught themselves in the very trap that was laid for their customers. When *flint*-guns were the order of the day, few sporting gentlemen of distinction ever thought of using anything but the gun of a first-rate maker, for the simple reason that—on the *goodness of the work* depended the *quickness in firing*, and consequently the *filling of the bag*. But, *nowadays*, every common fellow in a market-town can detonate an old musket, and make it shoot as quick as can be wished ; insomuch that all scientific calculations in shooting, *at moderate distances*, are now so simplified, that we, every day, meet with jackanapes-apprentice-boys who can shoot flying, and knock down their eight birds out of ten. Formerly, shooting required *art and nerve*—now, for tolerable shooting (at all events for the use of *one* barrel) *nerve alone* is sufficient. Formerly, a first-rate gun was a *sine quâ non ;* now, the most that we can call it is a *desideratum ;* since all guns are now made to fire with nearly equal velocity. Still, however, fortunately for the leading gunmakers, there are yet left many requisites which induce good sportsmen, though a much smaller number than formerly, to go to the heads of the trade : viz. 1. soundness and perfect safety in guns ; 2. the barrels being correctly put together for accurate shooting ; 3. the elevation being mathematically true, and *raised strictly in proportion to the length of barrel ;* and 4. the stock being properly cast off to the eye, and well fitted to the *hand and* shoulder. I say nothing of the balance, because any good carpenter, with some lead and a centre-bit, can regulate this to the shooter's fancy.

Who is now to be called the leading gunmaker I hardly know ; and there are so many competitors for the title, that it would be an unthankful office to name any one in particular. Mr. John Manton died in 1834 ; but his son carries on the old-established house, at No. 6, Dover Street, in the best possible manner. Mr. Hudson, who was his partner, is dead, and Mr. Manton is now joined by his nephew. Mr. Purdey has still perhaps the first business in London, and no man better deserves it. I once asked Joe Manton whom he considered the best maker in town (of course, excepting himself) ; and his answer was, " Purdey gets up the best work, next to mine." This was when Purdey occupied a small shop in Princes Street.

Lancaster, who has raised many gunmakers to the head of the trade by allowing them to put their names to what was

his work in all the essential part of barrels, has long ago started for himself. This I advised him to do if ever Joe retired; and I anticipated that he would, sooner or later, be entitled to the name of leader, vice Joseph Manton; and I may now safely say that no man stands before him. (But as to a king of gunmakers, as Joe Manton was,—such is now the improvement in the art that every leading man must have to contend with strong opposition.) Before Mr. Lancaster's son was old enough to take a part in the business—which he now does—I recommended to him, for an assistant, Mr. Long, who was formerly a master at Andover, and whose judgment in all the essential parts of a gun I always considered as the best after that of Joe Manton. But, since the 8th edition, Mr. Long has commenced business for himself and son, at No. 8, Old Cavendish Street; and for the perfection of his guns is second to no maker in the world. Mr. Wilkinson, jun., an artist of great mechanical talent, has long ago bid adieu to the smoke of the city, and started, with his father, in great force at the West End, where he has everything in the first style. Mr. Nock, Mr. Moore, Mr. Smith, and it would be endless to say how many others, are now quite *au fait* in the detonating system of gunmaking. Also, Mr. William Moore, who was an old hand at Joe's, and knew, to a hair, how to fit a man's shoulder with a gun. I have often stood over him when he was a journeyman, and no man better pleased me with a job. I always said, "Depend on it, he will do well, and get to the top of the tree," though, like a wise fellow, he starts carefully at first, by feeling his way at a small place, instead of jumping into a "swell" residence, and from that into gaol; as many people, both in and out of trade, are nowadays so frequently doing. "Billy Moore" is a right-hand man with the "knobs," or crack pigeon-shooters, and their patronage is a host in itself towards a good lift in business.

[When this sheet was going to press, Moore informed me, and wished me to announce, that he was about to retire in favour of William Grey, whom I remember as clerk and manager at Joe Manton's. But I have just received a note from him in time to state that he has altered his mind, and that he and Grey will join in partnership as the firm of Moore and Co.]

Westley Richards is quite the star of Birmingham, with more business than ever; and his Bond Street agent, Uncle Bishop, is now perhaps the first man in London to serve all

gentlemen who want a good gun at a few hours' notice. Buying a ready-made gun at a respectable shop, is cheaper and better than going to an inferior maker, by reason that, instead of waiting six months for one, which, after all, you might not be pleased with, you may here at once suit yourself, and, *sometimes*, full as well as if you had spared no expense. You should, however, first try and examine it, as the gunmakers themselves, as well as the broken-down gentry, are frequently obliged to have a little commerce with dealers.

Poor Parsons, of Salisbury, and his talented son, are both dead; but the business is ably carried on by Mr. Rhoades. So much for the detonating system. What a change from the time of Joe when he lived in Davies Street! In *those days* we had but *one* gunmaker—now they are "*all*—ALL" gunmakers!!!

The detonators have, of late years, been much improved in shooting, in consequence of their being bored differently from flint-guns. *They now detain the shot longer in the barrel, in order that the powder may have time to kindle,* which is done to such a degree as to occasion an increase of recoil, and a liability to become "leaded" with much firing. Many waddings have been invented to counteract this, and I shall hereafter speak of them in another part of the book, as they have their merits; but still none of them will make a detonator, of *equal weight with,* shoot quite so strong and regular as, a flint-gun. Though, like the rest of the sporting world, I have long been kidnapped into the constant use of detonators, still I have no reason to alter the opinion I gave in 1822; and, were my time to come over again, I might probably be content with the flint; though I have of course, as every one does, shot more accurately, and missed fewer quick shots, with the detonator. But, to return more generally to the subject of all guns, let me observe, as before, in answer to those who deprecate the idea of giving a good price for a gun, that the workmen employed by the first makers require wage *and indulgence,* in proportion to their skill in the respective branches of the business; and it thereby becomes necessary to charge for the guns accordingly.

Many wiseacres abuse all the heads of the trade, and swear that they can *always get the best of guns, at a quarter the price, from Birmingham!* This may be, provided a person has such good judgment, or interest there, as to get *picked workmen* for the *whole process* of his order; but, in *general,* the immense

business carried on at this place is for the *wholesale line*, and only requires to be *in the rough;* from which circumstance the workmen are not so much in the *habit of finishing* as those employed daily for *that purpose*. Moreover, if there is a first-rate and enterprising workman, he hears of the high wages, and contrives to get off to London. I should, however, except those who work for Westley Richards.

But, as far as the judgment of some people goes, it would certainly be a wanton extravagance to give more than fifteen pounds for a double, or eight for a single gun. I allude to those who, on being shown a superior one, would view it like a fossil or a picture; and, on being requested to "feel how fine the lock is," thrust their forefingers as far as they can into the guard, sticking up their thumbs as if going to be dressed for a wound, and often finish their inspection, by breaking one of your locks, and abusing the man who made them.

BARRELS.

I shall now proceed to the particulars of what a gun should be, and begin with the barrels.

The usual method of trying a barrel is to *fire at a single sheet of paper*, and pronounce, at once, that the one which puts in the *most* shot is *the best*, without considering any other circumstance.

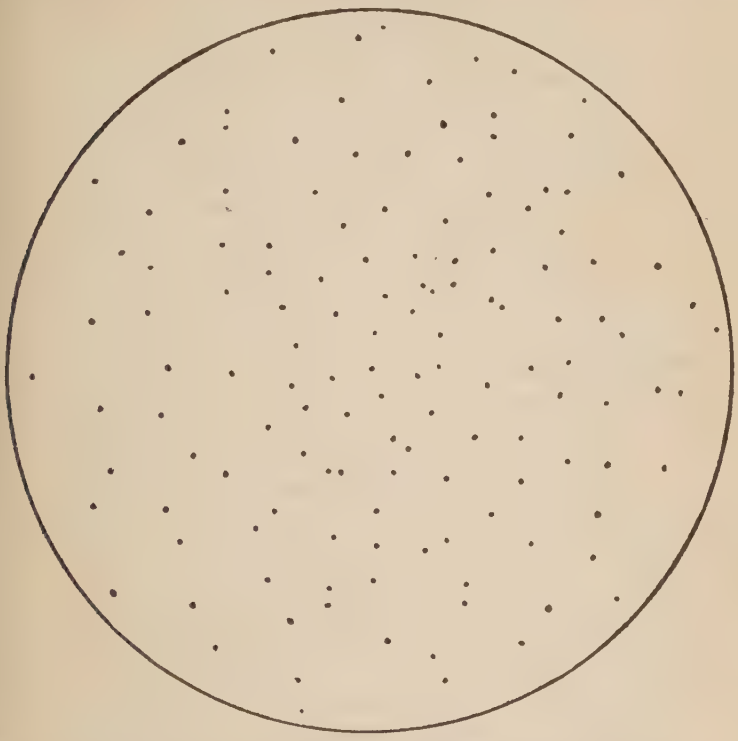
Such a mistake is excusable in those, who merely take up a gun for exercise, or, at times, when they cannot hunt; but, that a person, who wishes to excel in shooting, and even a London gunmaker, should fall into the same error, argues as much against the judgment of the one, as the qualification for his business of the other.

In throwing shot from a barrel, closeness and strength cannot be combined beyond a certain proportion of each; and as, in either extreme, the one is incompatible with the other, the desideratum is for a gun to partake as much as possible of both advantages.

For example: how is the barrel made to throw shot *very* close? By a too long-continued relief forward, without a proportional opening behind: this (from a want of that impetus, or friction, which the shot receive while passing through the *cylindrical* part of the calibre) makes the gun shoot so slow, that the sportsman often fires *behind* his game; and, of course, so *weak*, though well directed. that, instead of

his birds *dying in the air*, they are brought down in a slovenly manner, and half of them escape being bagged, although their *skins* may *be filled with shot* enough to make a *brilliant display at a single sheet of paper.*

Many are apt to suppose, that, if a bird, killed by a long shot, has been struck with four or five pellets, their gun will



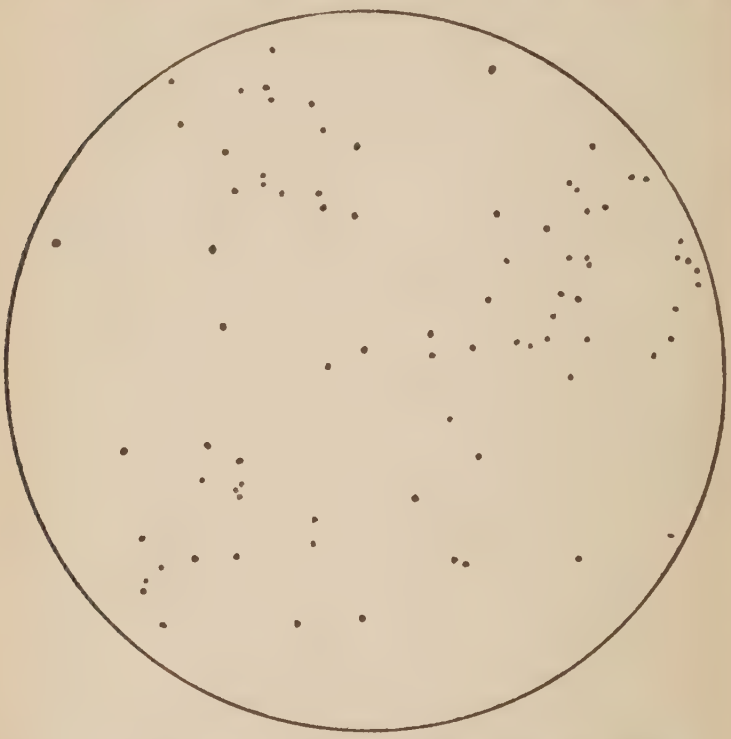
Typical good pattern of shot, showing pellets (fifty per cent of 1 oz. of No. 6) in 30-in. circle at 40 yds. Modern gun, improved cylinder.

always be *certain* of doing execution at the same distance, if properly directed. But so far is this from being the case, that it may proceed from the barrel throwing the grains in *patches*, and therefore being liable to let even fair shots escape through an interval.

Indeed, the effect of this mode of boring might be equally well produced by wetting the shot, or loading with very little

powder, and elevating so as for nearly all the shot to *drop into* the mark (a common trick, when an old hand wishes to sell a gun to a cockney, or win the Christmas prize at an alehouse by shooting at a mark.) But enough of imperfections; and now for what a barrel ought to be——

With the common-sized guns, which are now made for the



Typical bad pattern of shot, showing pellets (roughly thirty per cent of 1 oz. of No. 6) in 30-in. circle at 40 yds. —the kind of pattern which must often have been thrown by a badly-bored gun in Hawker's day.

sports of the field, the usual mode of boring is, to leave a *cylinder* for about *three-fourths* of the barrel (always taking care, in a FLINT-*gun*, but *not* in a *detonator*, to preserve *a little tightness* or *contraction just where the shot first moves*), and let the remaining part of the calibre be *gradually relieved to the*

muzzle. For instance, suppose a barrel to be two feet eight inches long, we would say (beginning at the breech end) about six inches tight (if for a *flint*) ; twenty-one inches a cylinder ; and the remaining five inches relieved to the muzzle. All this must be done with the most delicate possible gradation, and in so small a degree, that even some gunmakers can scarcely discover it. How natural then is it, that many sporting authors should be so far deceived, as to fancy the best guns are bored a true cylinder to the very muzzle, and, therefore, argue in its favour ! This relief has the effect of making the gun shoot as close as it can do, compatibly with the strength and quickness required ; which should, however, be increased as much as possible by the best-constructed breechings. But, with the new alteration, for short *detonators*, a mere cylinder, or nearly so, with a few inches' relief forward, is now found to answer best ; and therefore we require more weight of metal, in order to ease the recoil of a charge that is longer detained in the barrel. Thus the detonating system simplifies the boring to the whole trade, as well as the art of killing to the shooter. With longer and heavier guns, we may take still further advantage, and have a little opening behind. All this relief must be given in a very *trifling degree ;* because, should the barrel be too much opened in any part, it would admit of the powder escaping between the wadding and the sides of the calibre, by which the shooting of the gun would be rendered weak. For this reason, I should object to having a hole through the wadding that covers the *powder*, which many do to prevent, as they think, the confined air from resisting the ramrod ; which it rarely does until after you have put in the *second* wadding.

For a *duck*-gun, or piece of any *considerable length*, the barrel should be bored so as to feel *more* and more *tight* on ramming *down* the wadding, particularly on coming just above where the shot lies ; and with a very little opening, from where the shot lies, down to the breeching. This you will perceive, by a relief to the ramrod, just before the wadding reaches the *powder*. If, however, the gun is very long, you may then, of course, have the barrel further opened behind, in proportion to the length ; and, thereby, give more force to the powder, which will enable you, with propriety, to extend the relief forward, and, by that means, get close shooting combined with strength. *This is the reason why long barrels may be made to shoot further than short ones.* Thus the shot has

friction by being forced through the cylinder, and is then gradually relieved all the way *in going out;* and this more in proportion again as the shot leaves the muzzle. In a word, the shot should receive all the force of the powder while *tight in the barrel,* and then, as before observed, *go easier and easier all the way out of it.* This mode of boring is the best calculated for large wild-fowl guns, because the first friction makes them shoot *strong* (by means of giving due time to burn the powder), and yet with as much *ease,* as any calibre that can be made to answer that purpose.

In answer to many absurd arguments in favour of short guns, and observations about "lateral pressure," I shall here subjoin a schedule, in order to show how were bored the five best guns I ever saw fired, exemplifying how far they were from being bored a perfect cylinder, and therefore proving the absurdity of those arguments which are all grounded upon this mistake. Were a gun-barrel bored a true cylinder from end to end, it might shoot nearly, or quite, as well if two feet long as one of greater length, because a superfluity of what may be strictly called lateral pressure would do more harm than good, by checking, instead of assisting, the force of the charge. But to these two feet of cylinder let me add some more calibre, and that to consist of proper opening and relief, and then shoot the guns for a wager, and see how those new-discovery gentlemen would come off who have been holding forth to the public such nonsense in favour of short guns.

Cannons are bored a cylinder, because they are generally used for firing *ball,* and therefore may be short: but how have they always thrown loose *shot?* Why, most miserably, till the late General Shrapnell invented his admirable shells that keep the charge together for a second explosion, which takes place a little before the shot has reached the object. It is one thing to speak of things plausibly, another to state them correctly.

In the following schedule I have taken three of the largest-sized guns, *because* a little sporting-gun is on so small a scale that although the relief may be *felt* in a moment by passing a proper gauge of lead through the calibre, yet the barrel is so diminutive that it would be difficult to measure, and *specify,* the *exact depth* of this relief.

N.B. If any gunmaker had candidly informed me as to his mode of boring barrels, I should have felt myself bound in honour never to divulge, much less to publish, the secret.

But as the little knowledge I possess has been acquired by my own discovery, and proved by experiments to be correct, it becomes my own property; and as such therefore I have no further hesitation in presenting it to my readers.

A SINGLE SWIVEL-GUN.

Barrel made by William Fullerd: average of bore, an inch and ½: weight of barrel 62 lbs.

	Feet.	Inches.
Cylinder	2	8
Relief	4	1
Opened behind . . .	0	6½
Total (exclusive of plug) .	7	3½

Depth of Cut.—Relieved to the 20th of an inch: opened behind to the 24th of an inch.

MY GREAT DOUBLE SWIVEL-GUN (weight 193 lbs.).

Barrels by William Fullerd.

	Feet.	Inches.
Cylinder	2	9
Relief	4	2
Opened behind . . .	1	3
Total (exclusive of plugs) .	8	2

Depth of Cut.—The bore, in cylinder, an inch and ½ *all but* a 32nd: relief forward an inch and ½ *and* a 32nd (a 16th difference), and cut rather less deep behind than at the muzzle.

A SINGLE STANCHION-GUN.

Barrel 69 lbs. (made in Birmingham).

	Feet.	Inches.
Cylinder	2	7
Relief	4	4
Opened behind . . .	0	10
Total	7	9

Depth of Cut.

Cylinder	inch and ¼	barely.
Relief		and a 16th.
Opened behind		and a 32nd.

A SINGLE GUN.

(Musket bore and the average weight of a musket.)

	Feet.	Inches.
Cylinder	1	10½
Relief	1	0
Opened behind . . .	0	7½
Total	3	6

A COMMON FOURTEEN GAUGE DOUBLE GUN.

(Weight altogether 8½ lbs. : barrels by Lancaster.)

	Feet.	Inches.
Cylinder	1	9
Relief	0	5
TIGHT *behind* . . .	0	6
Total	2	8

Q. Why is the common sporting-gun *tight* behind, when the other guns are *opened* behind ?

A. Because a sporting-gun requires to be fired so many times in a day, that we must adopt an inferior mode of getting friction, in order to prevent the barrel from becoming *leaded ;* and therefore to make it shoot, *through the whole day*, nearly as well as when clean, and without recoil to the shoulder. Again, a sporting-gun must, of necessity, be short, for the convenience of covert, and snap-shooting ; and therefore the length that would properly suit that relief which must follow an opening behind (in order to prevent recoil, and preserve close shooting) would be generally objected to as an inconvenience.

[Here I allude only to flint-guns ; as a detonator *must*, in a great degree, be *debarred* from this *advantage ;* because, if too tight behind, without any subsequent check, *the powder would be blown away so quick as not to be half kindled.* This is the new discovery in boring for detonators, which I before alluded to, and which has probably saved them not only from being wholly abandoned, but has brought them into general use in almost every part of the world.]

Q. Suppose, then, you were to have your fourteen gauge barrels two feet ten inches, how would you dispose of the extra length ?

A. I would have seven inches of relief instead of five, by which my shot would be thrown equally strong, and decidedly closer.

[On this proportion I ordered a gun for a friend, who wrote to inform me that he had beat every gun he shot against. It is but justice to say that the maker was Mr. Westley Richards, who is considered, by many of our best sportsmen, as "*Joe Manton the Second;*" and I should say, deservedly so from what I have *lately* seen of him and his work. Mr. Richards is really a scientific man; instead of having more tongue than brains, like many of our gunmaking charlatans. His barrels are as good as any in the world, being made of pure Holland stubbs, and twisted in a manner best suited for service and for safety. Within these last few years Mr. Richards has run some of the best London makers so hard that they begin to wish him and his prime minister Bishop in—"another and a better world!"]

Gunmakers, who know their business, form their calibres more or less, according to circumstances, on the plans already stated; except those of *rifles*, and guns for firing *ball*, which must be regularly *tighter* all the way *out*, as with these we have no reason to fear the *want of strength*, or the risk of a *recoil*, and the only object is to keep the ball in the *straightest possible direction*, and regulate the barrel to the most accurate line of aim. This should be done by having the gun of the *utmost length* that can-be used, and steadied by *immense substance* and *weight of metal.*

While speaking of rifles, I must not omit to mention two of the finest pieces of mechanism of the present age—Mr. Purdey's *double* rifles, and the new-invented machines that Greenfield has made for rifling barrels. But to say what is here due to these excellent artists might lead me into a detail that would exceed my intended limits. I must, however, not omit to mention the *two-groove* rifles, which are intended to supersede all others, as I find they are more convenient for loading; because, with them, you require no mallet to force the ball into the muzzle. This appears to me as the only great advantage they have over the others, though Lancaster's son and Wm. Moore have done wonders with them.

The *farther* the sight at the *breech is placed* from *that near the muzzle*, the more *accurate*, of course, *must be the line of aim;* and the *heavier the gun*, the more likely you will be to *preserve it in firing.*

With regard to having a barrel *too* far opened forward, when left with mere cylinder behind, and the various tricks that are played to ease the explosion, for the sole purpose of throwing the shot as close as possible, it will be needless to trespass on the reader's patience.

Though a barrel, bored as before mentioned, will not shoot quite so close as it might be made to do, yet, taking everything into consideration, it has the tenfold advantage of *doing justice to a good shot*, and even *assisting a bad one*, by the irresistible force given, *not only* to the *body of the charge*, but also to the *pellets, which fly wide of the mark*. Let the sportsman, therefore, rest assured, that a gun, which will shoot sufficiently close a surface to insure two or three shot (of No. 7 at forty yards) taking the body of a bird, and, at the same time, distribute them in a *regular manner*, is better than a *very* close shooting-gun. It was formerly the custom to make barrels, although so small as fourteen, sixteen, or even two-and-twenty in the gauge, of three or four feet in length ; and now, since it has been ascertained that two feet six inches will shoot equally well, at the short distance of a gunmaker's confined premises, many have gone *too much* to the *other extreme*, and cut them to two feet four inches, and less. The disadvantage of this is, that even the best shots are more liable to miss ; for, although we allow that a short gun, at a short distance, will kill as well as a long one, yet the latter gives you *a more accurate aim*, and considerably *lessens the recoil*, by which you shoot to a *greater nicety*, and with *more steadiness*. To avoid all extremes I should recommend small barrels, never less than *two feet eight*, nor more than *three feet* in length. My readers will observe that my remarks here have been altered since publishing the earlier editions. The late Mr. Joseph Manton, who knew more about a gun than any man in Europe, assured me, after innumerable experiments, he has proved that two feet eight for a twenty-two gauge barrel is the best proportion for a sporting-gun. Take therefore a *fourteen* gauge barrel, and see whether or not I am right for recommending one of two feet ten inches, and three feet, where it can be used without inconvenience ! But mind one grand point—*have plenty of metal near the breech-end* ; not only for strong shooting, but for good elevation. Let all barrels be tapered like a bulrush : no hollowing out, as this injures their shooting.

It may be thought a bold assertion, but I have every reason

to believe that we have all, to this very day, been completely in the dark about the length of guns. Mr. Daniel (speaking of a duck-gun) said that a barrel, three feet eight inches, is "as capable, or more so, of throwing shot sharp and distant, as a barrel two feet longer." In my second edition (deceived in the same manner that all the gunmakers have been, by not having made their trials on a sufficiently large scale) I gave it as an opinion, that except the aim being better, and the recoil less, a long gun had no advantage over a short one. On the contrary, I have now proved that a short gun has no chance with a long one, in *keeping the shot well together* at *long* distances.

The experiment must not be tried with little pop-guns that are used for pigeons and partridges, but by guns on a gigantic scale, by which we can make every observation in the clearest possible manner, with the same advantage that an astronomer, with his large telescope, has over the naked eye, or diminutive glass, in discovering a planet.

I had once made up my mind that a barrel, of whatever size it might be, would kill the farthest if made forty-eight times the diameter of the intended calibre, and entered in the MSS. for my third edition some observations to that effect. But had they gone to the press, I should have been open to the criticism of every good experimentalist; for I have since discovered, that the *larger the gun, the longer it must be in proportion;* because the further the shot has to travel, the greater the resistance of the atmosphere. In addition to my own experiments, I am indebted for the perusal of several observations (which corroborate my opinion on them) to that excellent engineer, the late General Shrapnell, of the Royal Artillery. I shall, therefore, say no more by way of argument, but lay before my readers one of the clearest proofs, selected from the number I have made :—

TRIAL, taking the average of several shots, at twenty sheets of thickest brown paper, at a target, placed in the middle of a sheet of water, in order that all bystanders may see fair play, as to correct shooting :—

Distance, 90 yards :—shot BB.

A best-finished London duck-gun : weight of the barrels 59 lbs. : bore, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch : length, 5 feet 8 inches.

No. of grains in 1st sheet.	Ditto through 12th sheet.	Ditto through 20th sheet.
26	10	8

A Birmingham gun: weight of barrel, 69 lbs.: bore, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch: length, 7 feet 9 inches.

1st sheet.	12th sheet.	20th sheet.
50	35	22

I then sent my gun to the late Mr. Durs Egg, desiring him to get the same barrel forged, by Fullerd, one foot ten inches longer, making it seven feet six inches; and by means of unavoidably being obliged to reduce the metal after joining it, the barrel, when sent home, was scarcely 3 lbs. heavier than before. I then shot the gun about twenty rounds, and the average was,

1st sheet.	12th sheet.	20th sheet.
46	30	20

by which it evidently appeared to me, that if the metal is disposed of in length, it has the advantage over a short thick gun.

From having 10 lbs. more weight of metal, however, the Birmingham gun still had rather the advantage, because it carried seventeen ounces pleasanter than the other carried fifteen.

Substance *and length*, therefore, are what we want in as great a degree as can be used without inconvenience.

For instance: Fire a fourteen gauge sporting-gun, two feet eight inches, or forty-four diameters, at a gunmaker's iron door, against one of three feet, and there will probably be no difference. But go out in an open field, and particularly on a windy day, with the two feet eight inch barrel, and try it at sixty yards, and after the shot have gone about two-thirds of the distance, they will begin to open in oblique directions, where the three feet barrel keeps the shot together. For instance: Take a funnel (or a paper cut triangularly like one) four inches in diameter: pin up a sheet of brown paper, and stand at three or four yards from it. Then look along either edge of the funnel, and you will see how very wide a cylinder thus relieved carries the outer parts of its circle beyond the paper. Then take a funnel of the same diameter *eight* inches deep, and you will see how much more of the funnel is filled with the paper.

Now, as guns must be relieved in order to shoot well, I take all this in the extreme, the more clearly to demonstrate why length has the advantage at long distances. But, on the other

nand, go almost close to the paper, the short funnel will lay he whole of its circle within it ; and the long one can do no nore, and, therefore, at *this* distance you give no trial. So t is with barrels that are tried in a gunmaker's yard, and at he *usual distances*. Moreover, the *extreme* friction that is bsolutely required to send a charge strong has the effect of cattering and recoiling so much in a *short* barrel, that a certain sacrifice of power must be made. But in a long barrel, vhich admits of greatly increasing the relief, the shot are kept without any sudden check so long together, after this violent concussion, that we are enabled to combine both trength and closeness in the most powerful degree ; and this, ogether with less recoil, and a better aim. We have, there- ore, been half a century making, as it were, the tour of the vorld in guns, and at last come home again to discover, that, n regard to the length of barrels, we were not so near the nark as our grandfathers !

Mr. Durs Egg, in opposition to the whole trade, and all the portsmen, weathered the storm, and always maintained the ame opinion. We all laughed at him ; but, before he died, t was his turn to laugh at us, as he could with justice say that, n this point, he knew more than all of us put together !

Be cautious, therefore, of shortening an old barrel that hoots well ; and recollect, also, that, if much of the length s taken off, you alter the relief.

As a gun, which is *top-heavy*, is inimical to *quick shooting*, he usual plan, unless the barrels are very short, is to make hem "light forward ;" that is, thin towards the muzzle. his I conceive to be bad ; as a barrel, which is everywhere olerably stout, is not so liable to expansion, and, consequently, vill *shoot stronger*, and *last many more years*, than one which rendered so by being in any part too thin. A gun, thus ubstantial, can always be made to mount well, by being roperly balanced with *lead under the heel-plate*, which will e far more convenient and neat in appearance than a huge iece of wood for the butt, and will thus admit of the stock eing made light and elegant.

In choosing the size of a calibre, it may be considered, that fourteen gauge is at all events the best for a bungler, and, n the whole, the most destructive gun. But, with a very ccurate shot, the size is not of so much consequence for killing *ame*, as the necessary substance to prevent the recoil of a rge bore cannot be brought to bear so quick as a somewhat

lighter gun; and, therefore, what is gained by weight o metal might be lost in time.

The only London barrel-*maker*, or *forger*, was the late Mr William Fullerd; but, as I before observed, he is dead, and all the concern is entirely at an end.

Mr. Lancaster no longer serves the trade in barrels, now that he is established as a gunmaker. But Henry Godsall, who worked nine years for him and eight for Joe Manton, has established himself, as barrel-filer and finisher, at 86, Oxford Street, where he showed me some of his improvements for making more perfect the screws of breechings, and putting well together the barrels of double guns. On *his* plan, however badly the barrels may be filed outside, they *must* be mathematically true in the position of their cylinders. And he had lately brought out a new bench for rifling barrels. The other celebrated barrel-filers are Mr. Evans, 18, Wells Mews, whom Long prefers to all others; and Mr. Parkins, Mead's Court Wardour Street. These take the title of "barrel-*makers*." But it is not so, as all the barrels are forged in the country now that the great Fullerd is no more.

But to return to Mr. Lancaster—he receives his barrels in the rough, from Birmingham; and then uses a self-acting machine for turning the outsides of them from end to end and producing, mathematically true, the proper shape and curve from the muzzle to the breeching. This apparatus has cost him immense pains and expense, and is, no question, the best invention that has ever been adopted; as regular shooting must, in a great degree, depend on the regular thickness and regular tapering of the barrel. Mr. Lancaster, in 1838, adopted a new plan for the finish of barrel-boring, by which he can make any number of guns to shoot nearly alike and with which he now challenges the whole world. There can be no question as to its good effect; and, as it is the last thing I should have thought of, it may perhaps be difficult for others to discover. While only known as a barrel-finisher Mr. Lancaster was in the habit of "ribbing," "breeching," and putting together the barrels; then "boring" them "for shooting;" and, in short, completing them for the field, all but the browning and engraving.

There are very few gunmakers who are well versed in putting their barrels together. For instance, barrels of 2 feet 10 require to be somewhat differently set from those of 2 feet 8 and also require more elevation. The recoil of all double

guns makes each barrel swerve outwards in firing; and, in order to counteract this, each barrel must be set rather inwards, insomuch that, if the gun were fixed in a vice, the left barrel ought to shoot a little too much to the right, and *vice versâ*. Then take the gun out of the vice, and fire each barrel from the shoulder, and the swerve or kick would just bring the centre of the shot into the bull's eye. There is not one maker in fifty who knows much about this; but the masters get out of many difficulties by deputing some clever fellow to do all the essentials for them; otherwise, what would their guns be worth?

DAMASCUS BARRELS.

Most sportsmen are aware, that a twisted barrel is formed by horse nails, or other tough iron, being beat out to a long bar, and then twisted round a kind of anvil, much in the same manner as leather is put round the handle of a whip-crop. The Damascus is a mixture of iron and steel, and has its grain directly crossways when beat out; so that the bar of Damascus, when twisted, forms a continuation of small grains running *longitudinally*, which must be more liable to open, if not to burst, than a continued round of solid well-beat iron. It may be compared to a piece of wood cut across, instead of with, the grain. All this may be easily demonstrated, by putting some acid to eat away the iron. I should not have ventured to pronounce my feeble judgment on a point of this kind, was it not that I am of the same opinion as the late Mr. Joseph Manton, and some other first-rate gunmakers.

I shall now conclude, under the head of "Barrels," with a copy, verbatim, from a part of my journal when some years ago at Birmingham.

"Saw the process of making Damascus barrels, the mixture of iron and steel for which is beat out in long bars, and then, previously to being wound round the anvil, twisted by a kind of turning lathe (similar to wringing cloths when wet), and then beat flat again. Although these are by far the dearest barrels that are made, yet the price of one in Birmingham is very trifling: viz.

	£	s.	d.
Forging	1	10	0
Boring and grinding	0	5	0
Filing and patent breech	0	11	0
Proof	0	1	6
	2	7	6

" The stub barrels, which are generally used for best guns, cost about sixteen shillings each.

" Went to the proof-house, and was present at the proving of an immense number of barrels. The proof, as ordered by act of parliament, is to one ounce ball, thirteen drams and a half of best cartridge powder, with a very stiff wadding of paper on each ; and so on, more or less, according to whatever ball will tightly fit the calibre. It has been observed to me here, that the London gunmakers do not go the cheapest way to work, as they commonly employ the tradesmen of the town, instead of the master workmen, who actually do the business, and consequently, they have to pay an extra price, beyond prime cost, for the article with which their country agent supplies them. Their reason, however, may be much to their credit: a wish to secure the best barrels. Were I a gunmaker, however, I should prefer keeping at Birmingham a first-rate foreman, or agent of my own, who could pick, and choose, and supply me direct from the factories."

Formerly the Birmingham proof-masters would *prove* a barrel *in the rough*, when it might stand very well : but after being filed and finished, it became so reduced, as frequently to fly all to pieces with the common charge. Now, however, they *refuse* to prove a barrel *till after this reduction of the metal has been completed, and consequently the Birmingham barrels are much more to be depended on than they were.* Formerly the rogues got all the rubbish proved at Birmingham, and sent the good barrels for the London proof-mark ; but now both proofs are alike. This is a sad blow to the London trade. In reply to a letter of inquiry that I sent to Mr. Westley Richards, he says, " The barrels at our proof-house are proved singly or together, as the parties desire. I prove mine singly, as this is a greater trial to a barrel."

Westley Richards told me, in 1828, that, for a small barrel, you should go to the Birmingham forgers ; but that, for a *large one, Fullerd could beat them. Joe Manton also made the same observation.* This was just the reverse of what I *then* supposed.

All shooting articles in Birmingham are usually sold, or, to use the term of trade, " put in," by the dozen, at a mere nothing in comparison with the retail price. Many of the gunmakers are here supplied with all kinds of turnscrews, brushes, tools, etc. Here are sold also fishing-rods, reels, and

lmost everything that can be required in the sporting way, t about one-fifth of the price that you pay in London.

*** For further information on the manufacture of barrels and guns in eneral, I refer my readers to a clever book, called "The Gun,"—by Mr. reener, who is, or was, a gunmaker at Newcastle. But for a history of, and ll experiments in, ancient and modern gunnery there is no work in existence nat contains so much information, in one small volume, as a book called Engines of War," by Mr. Henry Wilkinson, M.R.A.S., who, as we all know, by far the most scientific mechanic among the gunmakers, and, I may add, ne of the best-educated men of the present day.

ELEVATION.

As a proof of my original argument in favour of Joe Manton's levation, my readers need only observe how universal it has ow become with every gunmaker in, and even out of, the ingdom. It would therefore be a waste of time to reprint ny former arguments in support of it, particularly as I may ubstitute, in place of them, something new on the subject.

By further discoveries, I have pretty well proved that all f us sportsmen, the whole trade, and even Joe himself, have een somewhat in the dark about the *precise degree for this* levation ; and this is perhaps the reason why many quacks ave fancied that short guns will kill the furthest. They talk onsense ; but still the short guns have often *shown off best* in ne field. Why is it ? because the gunmakers regulate their levations to shoot well *to* the bull's eye ; whereas they ought o shoot *above* the bull's eye ; and THE LONGER THE GUN, THE IGHER MUST BE THE ELEVATION ! Let this be placarded as golden rule for every sportsman and every gunmaker in the ngdom. Let me state a proof of this—I ordered a gun some me ago, fourteen gauge and two feet *ten* barrels, and selected harles Lancaster as indisputably one of the best makers (I ould give offence perhaps if I said the *best maker*) now in ondon. This gun shot beautifully ; but no better than my feet 8 barrels ! "Now then, Sir," said many in the trade, won't you be convinced that your extra two inches are perfluous ? " At first I began to, what is vulgarly called, draw in my horns ; " but I soon discovered what was the atter. A 2 feet 10 gun, with the rib no more elevated than 2 feet 8 gun, invariably puts the body of the charge under e mark at all distances beyond about 35 yards. I therefore ad this gun botched up, for mere experiment, with more evation : and *then* there was not a detonator in my possession

that stood any chance with it. This was merely giving *enough* elevation, supposing the object to be within *point-blank range*, and *stationary* or going *straight on*. But, when we consider that all objects above 40 yards are so far *beyond* point blank range, that, if the gun is not kept well up, the shot will fall from its own gravity ; that a long snap-shot is always at a *rising*, and not at a straightforward-going bird ; and that if a good shot misses through being nervous, it is almost always *because his left hand drops as he flinches ;* we should rarely err by somewhat *over*-elevating our guns. I never perhaps should have proved this, but from experiments with large coast-guns, which, as I before observed, like large telescopes, bring things to light ; and, by means of being fired, sometimes on water as smooth as a looking-glass, give a *decided evidence* of all the effects that are produced in gunnery. With regard to *elevation in proportion to length*, the late General Shrapnell frequently observed to me what has here been said ; and so has the Baron de Berenger, who showed me a very clever scale on elevations, and therefore it would not be fair in me to publish one ; as, by so doing, I should more or less have to copy the sketches of the baron. Enough of this dry subject : so now let the gunmakers, and many sportsmen, recollect that up to the latest period there has still been something for them to learn ! How contemptible therefore is it for any man to fancy himself or his works perfection ! Now I daresay the gunmakers will tell you they knew all this before ! *If so, then, why have they not profited by it ?*

N.B.—To try not only the elevation, but *more particularly the putting together of your barrels, and the casting off of your stock*, fire at a stump, or any other object, in SMOOTH WATER because you may fill a quire of paper with shot, without the body of the charge going precisely to the centre. But water will demonstrate everything, if you are attended by competent persons to take observation.

If the body of the charge goes to *the same wrong point several times in succession*, you may conclude that there is something about the gun not quite right. But you may shoot at paper, away from water, for seven years, and not be able to find this out so well. Give me *quires of paper* to try *the strength and closeness*, but a *stump*, or *cork, in still water*, to try the *accurate shooting* of a gun. It need scarcely be observed that there should not be a breath of wind when you do this. The water should be like a mirror. No better time than one

of those fine butterfly-days that usually follow a night's pinching *white frost;* and which, by the way, are almost always the prelude to miserably wet weather.

I have, by the foregoing plan, found out many a gunmaker's blunder; and I am therefore *serving* all who *know their trade* by publishing it, because it may be the means of proving first-rate from inferior work in the most essential parts of gunmaking.

THE SIGHT

is little used, except for *beginners*, and *slow poking shots*, who *dawdle* their guns after a bird for ten or fifteen yards; and therefore *the less it is the better:* one scarcely bigger than a pin's head will be more out of the way if not wanted; and for those who require it, the smaller it is the more readily it will help them to the centre. But you may preach this doctrine till you are hoarse, and yet some of the gunmakers will still persist in putting sights three times as large as they ought to be. Others however are, *at last*, beginning to find out the advantage of what I have so long recommended!

THE RAMROD,

Which has a worm, on the same principle as the *solid corkscrew*, is the best to take hold of all kinds of wadding, and admits of a brass cap as well as any. The one made like a screw, after a little wear, is of scarcely any more use than the end of a stick, and the *common worm* is apt to flatten and become troublesome.

Many young sportsmen have been puzzled by shot falling into the barrel, when the ramrod was there; but if, instead of trying to pull it out by force, they would turn the gun upside down, and press the ramrod into the barrel, the shot would immediately become disengaged, and fall out.

Some of the old school, who still keep to the use of paper, have been obliged to leave the field from having wedged in the ramrod, through a neglect to disengage it in time from this sort of wadding. In such a case, I conceive, that putting oil, or something wet, into the barrel, and softening the paper, by using a little friction, with the ramrod, would, most probably, disengage it; and, by holding the gun with the muzzle downwards, after the paper had sufficiently absorbed the

moisture, the shooter would have less risk of wetting his powder.

[1844. Let all ramrods, from the present date, be made *stouter ;* and sportsmen will load with double facility. This is against trade : but never mind that.]

DIRECTIONS FOR TRYING BARRELS.

A man *may be taken in* with a *horse* or a *dog, but never with a gun,* after being simply told *how* to try it.

Having taken out the breeching, and ascertained that *the barrel is free from flaws,* or unsound places, let him fire about a dozen or twenty shots at *a quire* of *the thickest brown* paper, by which he will know, to a certainty, both the *strength* and *closeness* with which the shot is driven ; and he should remember, that the *strongest* and *most regular shooting*-gun is *the best,* provided it does not throw the shot so thin as for a bird to escape between them.

The same quire of paper might do for all, if *one fresh sheet* is put *in front* of, and another *behind* it, every time the gun is fired.

[Another, somewhat inferior, though a quicker and cheaper way of trying barrels is to borrow an *iron plate* and *whitewash* it every shot. By doing this you save the expense of, and time required for, nailing up paper, and can form a *tolerable* idea of the *strength,* by observing the impression of the lead ; as the *stronger* the gun shoots, the flatter the pellets are beat and the *larger,* of course, therefore will the *dark spots* appear on the white surface.]

Before concluding on the examination of barrels, it may be proper to observe, that a barrel may be pretty good, and perfectly safe, and yet not able to bear the scientific inspection of a first-rate maker or judge : that is, to hold the barrel up to the window, and gradually raise it till the shade, from above the window, runs along its surface ; by which inspection you will easily discover the most trifling want of finish. For instance, examine a barrel of Mr. Lancaster, in this manner and the shade will run along it like the even surface on a flow of smooth water. But take a barrel of an inferior finisher and you will perceive the iron all in bumps, as if that flow of water was agitated by wind. To the many, however, who fancy themselves good judges of a gun, the one might appear as perfect as the other ; and so indeed it would, to every person

who examined it in the ordinary way. To inspect the *inside* of a barrel, raise it in like manner, and if the stream of shade, as it were, flows true and steady, the boring may be considered straight, and free from any palpable defect.

THE STOCK,

To be neat in appearance, should be cut away, as close as strength and safety will admit of, and well tapered off at the locks. The butt may be *rather full.* A *cheek-piece,* however, is not only as frightful as its *usual companion,* the *scroll-guard,* but is sometimes apt to give the very blow it is intended to save. If, however, a sportsman prefers having something to steady his hand, Lancaster will show him a plan of mine for a *movable pistol-gripe,* that can be put to any stock, and taken off at pleasure. This proves to answer well; but I dislike all the others, both for use and appearance.

The stocks of single guns are generally tipped, or capped, with horn; but some makers have discarded this, through fear of its being *split* by the *recoil,* and either leave a clumsy continuation of the wood, or tip the stock with a gingerbread-looking piece of silver; whereas, if they would only *leave a space* about the thickness of a shilling *between* the *end* of the *rib* and the *horn,* the recoil, however great, could have no influence on that part.

The *length, bend,* and *casting off* of a stock, must, of course, be *fitted to* the shooter, who should have his measure for them as carefully entered on a gunmaker's books, as that for a suit of clothes on those of his tailor. He has then only to direct, that his guns may be *well balanced;* to do which, the maker will put lead, in proportion to their weight; so that, on holding each of them flat on the left hand, with the end of the lock opposite the little finger, he will find a sufficient equilibrium to make the gun *rest perfectly steady* ON *the hand.*

I have proved, that this degree of balance answers best, as a butt too much loaded is apt to hang on the right hand in bringing it up, and *vice versâ,* on the left, with a gun which is top-heavy.

N.B.—The lower down the butt the lead is let in, the steadier the gun will keep to the shoulder; as it then acts like ballast to a rolling vessel.

All stocks should have a good *fall in the handle,* and not be, as some are, nearly horizontal in that part. This has nothing

to do with the general bend or mounting of the stock, but is merely to keep the hand to the natural position, instead of having, as it were, the handle wrenched from the fingers, while grasping it. This is the only point on which we are beat by those execrable gingerbread guns, which some of the foreigners have the effrontery to compare with ours.

When in Paris, in 1841, I saw that the French *arquebusiers* were discarding their carved stocks for an imitation of English ones.

If a stock, in every respect, suits you as to coming up to the eye, etc. etc., the way to have one precisely like it, is to leave with your gunmaker a thin piece of board, made to fit with the greatest accuracy to the profile of the bend, all the way from the upper part of the butt to the breeching. By *later* experience, I should say even *farther still*. Let the profile extend at least a foot *beyond* the breeching. Why? Because you may have two stocks as much alike as if cast in the same mould all the way to the breeching, and yet the *barrels*, by being *sunk deeper in the wood*, may point so much downwards as to give the line of aim *more bend;* or, on the other hand, by *not being let in so deep*, they would *mount straighter* than the profile. But if you continue the profile for a foot along the gun, you will then be pretty sure of keeping precisely to the bend you want. By being made to fit into this, your new stock *must* be like the old one. But if you trust to a set of memorandums, that are often mistaken, or, in the hurry of business, not half attended to, you may have as many new stocks as would almost amount to the price of a gun, before you would get two precisely alike.

A stock that is deep, and comes out well at the toe, or bottom of the heel-plate, is the most steady when pitched on the object.

I lately had a hack gun for boat-work, with which I could scarcely touch a feather, because the barrels *dipped* so much in mounting that the muzzle never came up to the mark. I made a carpenter saw off the end of the butt, and then put on a piece of wood which came well out at the toe; then shot (without a heel-plate) and killed everything in good style.

Many a journey to town would be saved to a sportsman if all these trifles were properly attended to by the makers.

For those who take a pride in the appearance of their stocks and select handsome pieces of wood, I know of nothing better to keep them polished, than a *little* linseed oil, and *plenty* of

what is vulgarly called, *elbow grease ;* unless sportsmen choose to take the additional trouble of adopting the following recipe ; which I shall here give, under the idea, that, if considered too troublesome to apply to *gunstocks*, it may still be found worth inserting, from its excellence in giving a *dark* polish to *tables*, or any kind of *furniture.*

RECIPE FOR KEEPING THE POLISH ON GUNSTOCKS.

Cold drawn linseed oil	1 quart.
Gum arabic (dissolved in warm water) .	½ ounce.
Alkanet root	2 ounces.
Rose pink	½ ounce.
Vinegar	½ pint.

Boil these together, and put them in an earthen pan to stand for a day or two, after which the mixture will be fit for use.

To apply it, rub a small quantity on the wood : let it lie on all night, and rub it off clean in the morning. With a few such dressings, you will bring out a superior polish.

The new and easy recipe for polishing gunstocks is to *varnish them precisely like the panels of a carriage.* Nothing does better ; and so universally is this now adopted, that I should have erased the old recipe, had it not been useful for other purposes.

If a stock, which, in other respects, suits you, is, in a trifling degree, too straight or too much bent, the maker could rectify it by means of *boiling it in hot water.*

DIRECTIONS FOR CLEANING GUNS

Let your barrels be first washed perfectly clean with *cold*, and then *fill each of them* with *hot* water ; which, by the time it has nearly run out at the touch-holes, will accelerate their being wiped dry, as much as though boiling water had been used ; and, before they have completely discharged the water, stop the muzzles and touch-holes ; and, after shaking it up and down in the barrels, turn it out at the muzzles, by which means you will effectually stir up and expel any extraneous matter that may have lodged in the bottom of the chambers.

I have recommended washing guns with *cold* water, from having found that it always more readily removes the foulness occasioned by the powder, which, from sudden heat, is apt, at

first, to dry and adhere more closely to the calibre : whereas, with cold water, it remains in a moist state, and immediately mixes.

In cleaning barrels, a little *fine sand* or brickdust will remove *the lead*. If *hot* water should be *required* for *this purpose*, the gun may be scoured with it, *after* having been *washed with cold*.

Some have their guns, occasionally, only dry wiped, which is not so well, as the introduction of the cleaning-rod drives the dirt into the chamber, from whence it becomes difficult to remove it without water. But when a gun is put by, after a few shots only have been fired, there is no objection to wiping out the barrels, with dry tow or cloth, provided it be so sparingly applied as not to force the dirt into the breechings.

The tow proper for cleaning guns is that fine sort, which is called *surgeon's tow*, and *sold by the chemists :* but for cleaning *barrels*, the *breechings of which cannot* be readily *seen through, and particularly those of* DETONATING *guns*, I should recommend using nothing but *cloth*, which answers nearly or quite as well, and by which means you are not liable to the *serious* accident that might happen from having tow left in the chamber.

Cloth is also more *portable for travelling*, as the same pieces of it may, by being washed, serve for several times.

Some of our moderns recommend a sponge ! fitted to the end of the cleaning-rod. Let us have a receipt to kill birds without shot, and this will do vastly well ; but unfortunately guns, after being fired, become *leaded*, and then of what avail is a *sponge ?*

We are told, that a barrel should be cleaned after having been fired about twenty rounds ; but, as it is not *every manor* that will *now* afford *so many shots in a day*, it becomes a query, how often we may venture to put away a gun which has been used. I think, that if eight or ten shots have been fired from each barrel, it will be best to have the gun washed on returning from the field ; and, if not, the way to prevent it hanging fire (if kept loaded) is simply to prick the touch-hole, put fresh prime, and give the butt a few smart strokes with the hand : or, with a detonator, to prick the hole of the nipple, and lodge therein a few grains of powder, before you put on the cap, which, by the way, should never be left on, when the gun is put by for any length of time. Should the gun have been in the damp, or loaded some time, the *more certain way* is to fire it off ; then put in a fresh charge of powder, *while the barrels are warm*, and *afterwards* take off your locks, and wipe them,

as well as the outside of the breechings and touch-holes, which may be warranted free again, by being probed with the clipped end of a stiff feather : and *all* this done in *less time* than it *requires to explain it.*

When you put away your gun empty, you, of course, always *let down the springs of the locks ;* and, as their being kept long at the half-cock tends so much to *weaken* them, it would even be advisable for those who keep their guns *loaded* to do the same. A piece of tow should be put in the pan (or on the nipple, if a detonator) to prevent damp, and the ramrod left in, as a caution to those who might otherwise take up the gun. It is highly improper, however, under any circumstances, and particularly where there are children in a house, ever to leave fire-arms about charged, unless secured out of reach, or by lock and key.

A little cleaning ought to be occasionally had recourse to in the field. Were the pans of a flint-gun *wiped*, and the *feather inserted* in the touch-holes after every shot, your gun would scarcely ever be known to hang fire, unless this precaution had been *counteracted* by your forgetting to load it while warm, or some other circumstance ; and I see nothing to justify your neglect in this, except the incessant rising of birds, in which case you may be permitted to await a leisure opportunity. Nothing is more absurd, *if a gun has been washed*, than dirtying it, long before there is any occasion for so doing, by what is called squibbing, which answers the purpose only of alarming women and poultry, putting your cattle into a gallop, and your kennel full cry ; and, in short, making a general disturbance among your domestic animals !—very excusable in a boy, who would desire no better fun !

If a gun, after your having *probed* the touch-hole, should ever flash in the pan, you had better draw the shot ; and, in firing off the powder, hold the gun *sideways* (that is, with the touch-hole uppermost). I have seen shooters plagued for half an hour with their guns, which have *gone off immediately* on being held *in this* manner.

The proper, safest, and most certain way of ascertaining that your gun be perfectly clean, is to hold it to the light, and look through it (as before recommended) ; and to prove that neither oil nor damp be left behind, put your charge of powder into the barrel, and, before you add the wadding, *see* that the few grains, which you can shake into the pan, are quite dry ; and *if so*, prime and finish loading ; but observe, that in trying this with Mr. Joseph

Manton's original patent hammers (which are the best he ever invented), you must, for the *moment*, leave the *pans open*, or *no powder will pass*.

If a stupid fellow wedges dry tow into your gun, with the cleaning-rod, pour boiling water on it, and the rod may then be turned round and drawn out. I remember this occurred with a large punt-gun, at which I caught four men hauling away most unmercifully, but to no effect. I luckily came by and saved the destruction of the cleaning-rod, if not the injury of the barrel, by suggesting this simple contrivance.

These little remedies, I am aware, must be insipid to the reader; but, *when wanted*, often prove worth double the price of a book; so that I have never failed to pencil down, and afterwards insert here, all that I thought had the least chance of being original to the average of sportsmen.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A FLINT AND A DETONATOR.

Here we come to a part of the subject, the very title of which, in the present day, would soon clear off an edition of a pamphlet: and it therefore becomes a matter of surprise that the book-makers have not been more on the alert in reaping a harvest from it; as this fashionable theme, if well diluted with anecdotes and specifications, might be spun into a good-sized volume. All that is really wanted, however, is the essence of the subject, and therefore I shall make my humble attempt to give it.

As a detonator goes so very much quicker than a flint, it becomes necessary, in firing one, to avoid shooting *too* forward; and I should, therefore, revert to my former hints for young men learning to shoot, and say, *observe precisely all that I before said under the head of shooting;* but, IF YOU HAVE A DETONATOR, make only HALF the allowance; that is, where you would fire SIX inches before a bird with a flint, fire only THREE INCHES with a DETONATOR; AND SO ON. If a sportsman has been all his life an indifferent shot, which he may be, either through never having acquired the knack of firing sufficiently forward; flinching as he pulls the trigger; dropping his hand before the gun is fairly discharged; or many other such circumstances;—I most strongly advise him not to lose a

moment in getting a detonator; because I have known many instances where a man had been a very bad shot all his life, through defects which the use of a detonator might so effectually remedy, that by taking up one he might, almost immediately, become a tolerable, if not a very good shot. For one, however, wno has always shot well with a flint, it becomes somewhat difficult to give advice. On first taking up the detonator, he will, by habit, fire well forward at all his game, and, very probably, have the mortification to miss such shots as he was before in the habit of killing. (Of this I was an eye-witness when out with one of the most certain shots in England.) He will soon, however (to use a sailor's expression), "know the trim" of his gun; and taking all things into consideration, most probably shoot still more accurately with a detonator than he had been used to do with a flint, by reason of its *very great readiness in obeying the pull of the trigger, before the eye or hand has time to vary;* its equal rapidity in foul or damp weather; and having scarcely any flash from the lock of the first barrel to intercept the sight of the second. He must, however, compound for a greater recoil to the shoulder. We may, therefore, on the whole, taking all things into consideration, say, that *at first* a detonator may make a *good shot* an *indifferent shot*, and *both first and last* an *indifferent shot* a *good shot;* and therefore we may be rather inclined to give the balance in its favour. But, to coincide with all the panegyrics that are written, by keen young sportsmen, who happen, perhaps, to have been shooting extremely well, and despatch their bulletins on the spur of the moment, would be to overrate the detonator, and to underrate the flint, and therefore not giving a fair and disinterested opinion.

Why it becomes a question whether a good shot ought to fly to a detonator or not, is this:—after he has been using one for a season, or even a few weeks' shooting, he will, on taking up his flint-gun again, find that it goes comparatively so slow, after the other, that it will appear to hang fire; and, very probably, so puzzle and disconcert him, that perhaps his best and favourite gun is either packed up for the pawnbroker, or stripped of its flint-appendages, and metamorphosed into a detonator. And the whole armoury, if he has many guns, is considered as mere lumber, unless altered, or exchanged for guns on the detonating system. He therefore takes to fulminating powder like a wife, "for better for worse";

and this is one of the chief reasons why the percussion plan has so rapidly superseded the flint. Did both go equally quick, I am inclined to think the flint would have held the majority. If a sportsman, who has no money to throw away, has been *accommodated* with the loan of a detonator, the only way for him to *back out* of it, is to *modulate* as it were into his flint-gun again, by using the slowest old musket he can lay hands on, and then taking, *after that*, his best flint-gun.

Before dismissing this subject, I must just name one circumstance:—while I was using nothing but detonating guns for four seasons, it was the remark of my man, that he never had the pleasure to see me make such long shots as I was once in the habit of doing; and I, ready to lay all the fault on myself, or rather to a premature attack of that anno domini complaint which must befall the best of us, felt that I dare not blame a system which my superiors had so universally adopted. I took up a flint-gun. This was worse and worse; as its comparative slowness made me miss even fair shots. The next year, however, having been prevented, by illness, from taking a gun in hand till just before the end of the season, the sensation of firing a flint and a detonator became as it were *de novo*. I accordingly took out a *flint*-gun, and *down came the long shots*, as in former days!—I name this as a simple fact. Let others argue the point as they please. So I shall now conclude the subject by reducing the matter to a very few words. Can you shoot well with a flint-gun? Yes! Then "leave well enough alone!" Can *you?* No! Then, by all means, go and get a detonator.

I have now, I hope and trust, fairly and disinterestedly stated all that is necessary, both for and against the detonating system, which, at no small expense, I have tried by every kind of experiment, in order to be able to give my opinion to the public independent, instead of with the assistance, of gunmakers. But, before I close the subject, let me not appear inconsistent: I still maintain that the detonator has not the power of the flint-gun; and yet I admit that, by a different mode of boring, the percussion-guns are now wonderfully improved: insomuch as to be almost equal in strength to the flint-guns. Nay, I will say even more:—give them an increased weight of metal, which to many is a trouble to carry; retard the charge, and thus increase the recoil; and then I admit, with the very great improvement that has lately been made

in barrels, they will no doubt *even beat* those flint-guns which were manufactured a few years ago; but, without all this, they would be found as inferior as ever to flint-guns.

*** Here ends all that is necessary with regard to *guns;* and I trust I have not given one page too much for the instruction of young sportsmen who wish properly to understand the subject. But, to those who are content with a superficial knowledge, I admit that I have gone through what would afford as little amusement as Blackstone's Commentaries or the Statutes at large; and, (if they have the patience to study it,) they will not be more happy to finish reading than I am to finish writing on the subject. I am aware that many who write for fancy, and merely to please, but not to instruct, have sarcastically condemned me for going into detail in the art of gunmaking. But who are they?—People who compile for so much a sheet, and who know no more about guns than a donkey knows of navigation; and are therefore too happy to back out of the subject, by pretending that they would not trespass on their readers with anything so uninteresting, and that all concerns of this kind should be left entirely to the gunmaker.

NOTE ON CHAPTER I

BY THE EDITOR

THE first hundred pages of the ninth edition of "Instructions to Young Sportsmen in all that relates to Guns and Shooting" are devoted to the description and criticism of the making of the guns in use in Hawker's day.

Many of these pages are full of technical detail, which though of historic importance is of little practical value to the modern reader. But they give us an insight into the conditions under which Hawker killed or (so seldom!) missed his birds; and they are interesting because they show us a first-class shot going through the actual experience of seeing the make of gun change before his eyes; doubting whether the change from the flint lock to the percussion cap—the "detonating system"—was going to be of value; believing at first that it would be merely of advantage in certain cases and to certain persons; reasoning with himself and with the gunmakers as to why the change, which in theory seemed so obviously one for the better, did not in actual practice work out as you would suppose it should; and finally, after experiments and improvements suggested by use of the new gun in the field, convinced almost against his will that the later invention was in reality one of the greatest steps forward in the whole history of the manufacture of sporting weapons.

Hawker began his shooting with a flint-gun. Later in his life he took to the "detonator"; and if we wish to understand some of the disadvantages under which he shot at, and killed, his birds with the earlier weapon, we may set side by side with his instructions to the beginner his notes as to what actually could happen when firing off a flint-gun. Here, for instance, is his note on the proper making of touch-holes:—

"Nothing contributes more to *filling the bag* than the disposal of this apparently trifling concern; insomuch that an old musket, with a touch-hole put in by a clever mechanic,

would beat a gun with all the modern improvements, if this *important* part of it were left to the *job of a bungler.*

" Touch-holes of *platina* are considered the *best,* as those of steel are apt to collect rust, and one of gold is more liable to blow out, and, therefore, will not admit of being made so thin ; consequently (from requiring to be *thick*), does not *shoot so sharp ;* for the *thinner* it is, the *quicker will be* the *firing of the gun.*"

And here is what he has to say of waterproof locks ; that is, locks in which the priming is guarded from wet. Hawker did not think the efforts of the gunmakers were worth while. The gunmakers, he writes, had long been studying " to complete some waterproof lock or other, at the expense of sacrificing quick shooting, and many other advantages, that are of more consequence than a guard against rain. For, after all, what is the object to be gained ? If you shoot in the rain, neither partridges nor snipe will, in general, lie well ; and if you shoot in covert, your dogs are soon cowed by the wet, and the sport is anything but pleasure ; and if you go after wild-fowl, you cannot choose a worse time for your sport or your health than in wet weather."

But also, the plain fact remains that in wet weather, with a flint-gun, you cannot shoot ; which is, after all, a disadvantage.

Here, again, we get directions as to the placing of the pan :—

" If the pan is not placed considerably below the touch-hole (that is, with its edge *just under* the touch-hole), the gun will always fire slow, because, instead of catching the first flash, which invariably *rises,* the charge is not ignited till the priming *has burnt down to* below the touch-hole, and consequently the discharge is prolonged into two motions. If a pan is placed too high, therefore, the remedy is, to put a very little depth of priming.

" If, on the other hand, the pan is placed *too* low, the gun will, of course, be liable to flash, instead of going off."

These are considerable handicaps. But they were not so great as to prevent Hawker at first from doubting whether the introduction of the percussion cap, with the consequent abolition of pan and priming, was a change for the better. For a long time he preferred the flint, as we may see from his comparison of the differences between the flint and the detonator. But by 1844, when the ninth edition was published, he had evidently come round to the detonator. From that date onwards in his diary we get no further reference to flint-guns.

But Hawker's conservatism was merely typical. Every generation of shooters in turn has shown the same doubt and dislike of innovation and improvement. Hawker died in 1853. It was in that year that the first breech-loader, the Lefaucheux pin-fire gun, was put on the English market; and though practical and far-sighted men at once saw its advantages, there still remained sturdy gunners who stuck to it that their old muzzle-loaders made better shooting. And so, for a time, perhaps they did; until the ingenuity of gun-makers eliminated the early weaknesses of the breech-loader, and we proceeded in turn from the pin-fire to the central-fire, from hammer-guns to hammerless, with improvement after improvement, until we arrived at the double-barrelled hammerless ejector of the present day, a weapon so perfect in its action, its strength, its symmetry and efficiency, that it is difficult to imagine any other better fulfilling the purpose for which it is designed.

If to-day we shoot with this perfect weapon, and if Hawker shot with guns which we should regard as hopelessly clumsy and slow in action, can we come to any other conclusion but one as to the skill of the man who took his "miraculous old Joe" on the marsh and the stubble? It is true that the conditions of shooting in his day and ours are different. The most stringent test of a man's skill to-day is the driven bird, the strong-winged partridge of October, the pheasant curling down wind in a November gale, the covey of grouse swerving round the shoulder of the hill. Whereas Hawker, of course, walked his birds up, and the supreme difficulties of certain driven shots, or a succession of them, can have come his way only incidentally and very seldom. Yet can we doubt that if birds had been driven in his day as they are in ours, he would have been equal to any task put in front of him? Test him in any way you can; with his unbroken runs of success with partridges, which are not invariably easy even when walked up in September; with his wonderful records of shooting snipe—and notice that he always counts a miss when he kills only with the second barrel—and you can set his figures with anything of which a modern game shot is capable. And then remember that Hawker carried a heavy, long-barrelled, slow-shooting gun which he had to reload from the muzzle after every shot; that he walked all day, often ill and suffering from his wound; that he chronicles with candid disgust every one of his infrequent misses; and we need not

doubt how he would have borne himself in a modern grouse butt, or waiting for partridges behind a belt of firs.

No one has ever given better advice on shooting. In fact, no one has ever given the beginner good advice that was not Hawker's. "Be careful to remind him (the beginner) to *keep his gun moving, before* an object, *crossing;* full *high* for a bird *rising* up, or flying away *very low;* and between the ears of hares and rabbits, running *straight away.*" With practice, then, he may eventually "attain the art of killing his game *in good style,* which is to *fix his eyes on the object,* and fire *the moment he has brought up the gun.*" There is the whole thing in two dozen words. Nothing need be added, nothing can be taken away. And it is just because the advice is so good, and the giver of it supreme in skill himself, that an especial interest belongs to one detailed piece of counsel—a particular interest, because it enables us to realise something of the difficulty which Hawker met and surmounted in handling the guns of his period. That is the distance which he tells the beginner to allow ahead of the crossing bird.

He writes first of the flint-gun, and he advises the beginner to aim, "when at forty yards, *at least* five or six inches *before* it." He comes later to the "detonator," and alters his advice. "*If you have a detonator,* make only *half* the allowance; that is, where you would fire *six* inches before a bird with a flint, fire only *three inches* with a *detonator.*" The reason, of course, is that "a detonator goes so very much quicker than a flint." Here we begin to understand the conditions under which Hawker shot.

Let us be clear, before we go any further, as to what Hawker means when he tells the beginner to aim "three (or six) inches before a bird." He certainly does not mean aiming at a spot which in actual space at the moment of firing is exactly three inches ahead of the crossing bird. Such an allowance would be futile. In the first place, the eye could not measure a distance of three inches forty yards away; so small a measurement would be merged in the image of the bird itself. In the second place, when the spread of the charge of shot measures four or five feet an allowance of three inches would be immaterial. Does Hawker, then, when he writes "three inches," mean some other distance?—does he mean one thing and express himself so as apparently to mean another? just as people may find a difficulty, for instance, in explaining to each other how far one star in the sky seems to

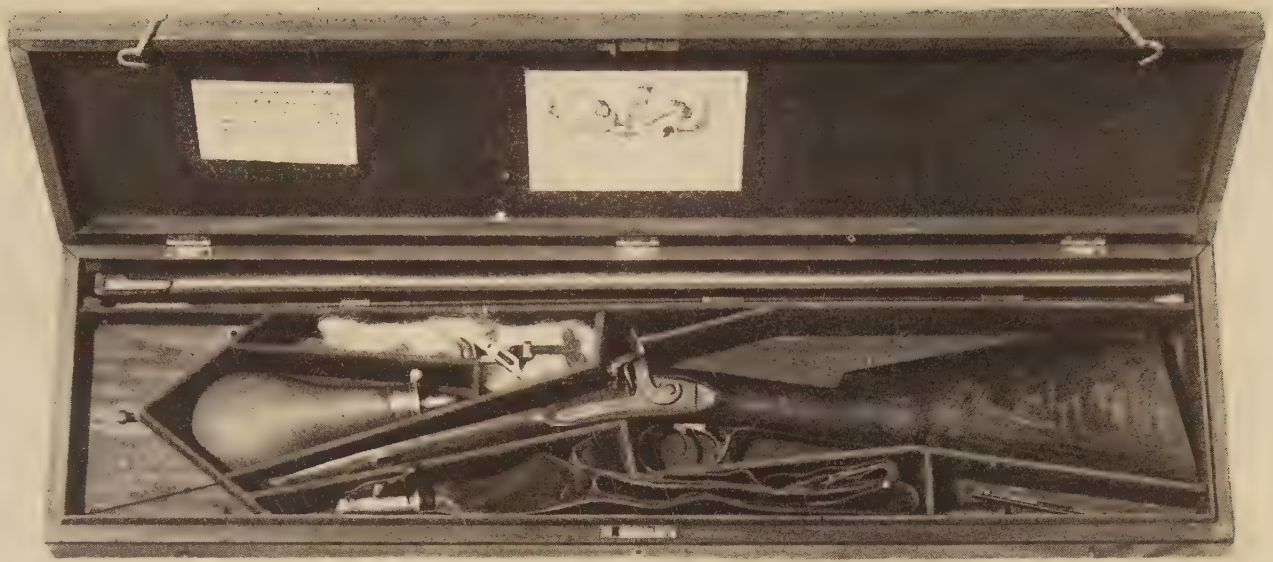
them distant from another. No: Hawker is always exact and accurate, and when he says three inches he means three inches. And what he means, probably, is that when he fires the muzzle of the gun is three inches ahead of the image of the bird, the image being taken to be at the same distance from his eye as the muzzle—say 40 inches.[1]

If we understand Hawker as meaning this, everything becomes plain. (Anyone can test the appearance of a bird's image measured in this way, by placing a cork in the muzzle of his gun and fixing in it, at right angles to the barrel, three inches of wire to which is fastened some small object, such as another cork.) When Hawker tells you to aim three inches ahead of a bird, what he is really telling you to do is to shoot eight or nine feet ahead of it. And when we come to calculate the distance which a bird flying at sixty feet per second, or forty miles an hour, travels while a charge of shot is travelling forty yards (under normal modern conditions of powder velocity, etc.) and when we discover that the distance is $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet, we have subjected Hawker to one more test of practical advice and accurate measuring, and have found him as trustworthy and independent as ever.

But we have also learnt something more about his guns. He found by experience in the field that in using the "detonator" he had to make only half his forward allowance. Then with the flint-gun, with the full allowance of six inches, he actually, in the case of his crossing bird at 40 yards, held sixteen or eighteen feet ahead. And this was not because his powder was slower, but because with the flint-gun the interval of time between the pressing of the trigger and the discharge of the shot was so prodigiously prolonged. It is here that I come to a final test of Hawker, in some ways as remarkable and conclusive as any, I think, which could be devised.

It occurred to me that it might be possible, with that very delicate and beautiful instrument, the chronograph, used for testing velocities of powder, to measure the difference between the times that elapsed between the actual moment of pulling the trigger and the moment when the shot leaves the muzzle, in the two cases of the flint and the percussion gun. I was fortunate in having the resources of the *Field* shooting range at my disposal, and the expert staff gave me

[1] Hawker's preference was for 34-inch barrels, to which must be added another 6 inches for the distance from eye to lock. Modern barrels are generally made 28 inches or 30 inches in length.



One of Hawker's Favourite Guns in its Case, with Shot Belt, Powder Flask, etc., complete, just as he might have opened it on a September morning before going out Shooting.

In his Diary, Nov. 20th, 1807, Hawker mentions receiving this gun, No. 4326, from Joseph Manton. (From the Collection of C. Ridley Catling, Esq.)

the necessary assistance. I need not describe in technical language the mechanism of the chronograph : to put it shortly, two separate wires of an electric circuit are so adjusted that the pull of the trigger breaks one, and the shot leaving the muzzle breaks the other. The first break releases a falling bar, and the second break notches the bar as it falls. It is then simple to measure the distance the bar has fallen in order to calculate the powder velocity by a scale marked on the bar.

Hitherto this instrument has only been used for testing cartridges in modern central-fire breech-loading guns. The wires for the flint and the percussion guns, therefore, had to be specially adjusted so that the hammer of the gun broke the first circuit the moment it began to fall, and the shot leaving the muzzle broke the other. Obviously the flint-gun would be slower than the percussion, for the principle of the latter is little different from that of our modern central-fire with its cartridge, whereas with the former the flint has to strike the steel, the spark from the steel has to light the priming, the flash of the priming has to pass through the touch-hole into the antechamber, and so into the chamber to fire the charge. But how much slower, exactly measured in time, would the flint-gun be than the percussion or " detonator " ?

The flint-gun was irregular—seldom twice the same. But from a number of records the means were taken, and these worked out as follows :—

	Time from pull of trigger to departure of shot from muzzle.
Flint Lock . . .	0·0929 second.
Percussion Lock . .	0·0081 ,,

But this is not all. We have now to add the time it takes for the shot to reach the bird after leaving the muzzle of the gun. And this (assuming the velocity of powder and the shot charge to be identical) is the same for both guns. For 30 yards the time of flight of the shot is 0·095 second and for 40 yards it is 0·14 seconds. Adding these times we get

	Time taken from pull of trigger until shot reaches bird.	
	30 yards.	40 yards.
Flint Lock . .	0·1879 second.	0·2329 second.
Percussion Lock .	0·1031 ,,	0·1481 ,,

For all practical purposes, then, we may reckon that the times for the flint-gun are in each case nearly double the times for the percussion-gun. We have thus, after a period of nearly one hundred years, confirmed Hawker in his calculations of inches and feet, which he measured with his eye alone, by a modern scientific instrument so delicate that it will measure periods of time as small as one ten-thousandth part of a second.

How did Hawker, with a flint-gun, shoot as he did? How did he shoot snipe? He would not, of course, take many of them crossing like a partridge at forty yards; but imagine killing twenty snipe in succession with a gun that invariably hung fire—which is how a flint-gun would seem to us to behave to-day. He must, in some wonderful way, have adapted himself even to that supreme difficulty. We leave him, at the end, all the more convinced that he stands alone; that none of us, with his guns, could shoot as he did; that he, with our guns, would find none of us shooting better than he.

CHAPTER II

ACCESSORIES

Gunpowder—Sizes of Shot—No. 4 and No. 7—Flints at Brandon—A New Wadding—The Best Jacket for Shooting—A Tip for a Hare-pocket.

THE wonderful improvements and increase of light coaches have of late rendered travelling sportsmen more independent of the mails, or, to use the modern term, "*paper-carts;*" so that we are no longer at the mercy of guards and coachmen for taking a gun-case on a journey. But, in the few instances where it may be found inconvenient, the shooter may carry his gun in a sail-cloth, and over that an oil-skin, or a macintosh case; or, as a safer plan, have a short piece of wood, just to *fill up* the *hollow* of his stock, made flat at the top, and with *loops* to receive the *bolts* at the bottom. Let the parts where his locks fit in, have pieces of wood fitted into them also; and the locks may be put in his portmanteau. The stock, thus secured and covered over, may then be safely put in the coach-seat, and he may either lay the barrel with it, or carry it in his hand; or sling both, in a bit of canvas, under the inside of the roof. But, with copper-*cap* percussion-guns, all this trouble, about the *locks*, may be avoided; as they are more simple, and therefore less liable to accidents.*

While on coach or railway travelling, by the way,—if a sportsman has many articles to take, it is a good plan to tie to each packet a piece of riband, or binding of the same colour, by which he will be able to point out his baggage in a moment, without the trouble of getting up to show it to the porter.

POWDER.

All our trouble with guns would be ill-bestowed, if we neglected a due attention to the care and choice of this article.

* 1844. Though, since the last edition, railways have been the universal conveyance, yet the foregoing directions shall remain as being still applicable on many occasions.

Gunpowder, when good, is made of ingredients perfectly pure, properly mixed, and judiciously proportioned.

The *principal ingredient, saltpetre,* should be entirely divested of *marine salt,* as that is a great obstacle to the production of good powder, of which there is, in all saltpetre, a certain, and often a considerable quantity; and, in proportion as it is more or less freed from *that impurity,* so the powder will be more or less liable to imbibe damp air, and become proportionally moist and weak. But when it is *perfectly freed* from marine salt, the powder will suffer but little diminution of its strength from being carelessly kept, or even openly exposed to a moist atmosphere; as what it might, by this means, have lost, would be presently restored by drying it. Mr. Curtis told me, the other day, that since the India trade was thrown open, he has had some difficulty and much trouble in procuring good saltpetre.

Your powder should always be properly *dried;* in order to do which, make *two* or *three* plates very hot, before the fire, and (*first taking care to wipe them well, lest any particle of cinder should adhere to them*), keep constantly shifting the powder from the one to the other, without allowing it to remain sufficiently long on either to cool the plate. The powder will then be more effectually aired, and more expeditiously dried, than by the more common means of using *one* plate, which the powder, by lying on it, soon makes cold, and therefore the plate requires to be two or three times heated. (This is another little discovery since the earlier editions.) Nothing preserves the strength of powder better than, after being dried, to put it into canisters, securely *corked* from the air. Mr. Butts latterly did so, by my advice. Beware of going anywhere near the fire to dry powder on plates. Recollect how far a hot cinder will sometimes fly; and therefore, to be on the sure side, run with your hot plates out of the room, and go where there is no fire. As a still safer plan too, I might name the use of a common pewter *water-plate,* or dish; by having recourse to which there can be *no* risk of accident; except that, through awkwardness, the powder might be *wetted,* instead of being *dried. This* way of drying is much on the same principle as that which is now in general use in powder works; viz. by means of steam passing through pipes or other receptacles, by transfusion of heat through those pipes or cases, from which the air of the drying-room is heated to as great a degree as is requisite for the purpose of drying the powder.

Good powder burns *red in the pan*, will keep its strength for full two years (or more, if made with due care and attention to the principles before mentioned), and may be had from most of the mills.

As I formerly observed, Pigou and Andrews's has the name of being the best, and is unquestionably most excellent; but I had never found any to please me so well as the *cylinder powder*, which was originally prepared by Mr. Butts, of Hounslow, whose more important concerns, in manufacturing for government, had for many years (luckily for his rivals), prevented him, in some degree, from showing forth in the sporting world. In my former editions, I stated that the government contracts, though probably not at an end with Mr. Butts, would soon be considerably lessened; and we should, therefore, have reason to hope that there would not exist that difficulty, which there was then, in procuring this extraordinary good powder. My predictions have long since been verified; and Mr. Butts, after highly distinguishing himself in the sporting world, retired with the ample fortune which he deserved; and died in November, 1824. His successors are Messrs. Curtis and Mr. Harvey, from whom I continue to receive powder, if possible, better than ever. Their mills are on Hounslow Heath; their gunpowder office is No. 74, Lombard Street.

Mr. Lawrence, of Battle, Mr. Burton,* and several others, have now brought their sporting-powder to the greatest perfection.

With regard to the strength and other good qualities of gunpowder, I shall, instead of saying anything farther, recommend the *epreuvette* (or *powder-proof*), whereby we can always be *certain* of finding out the best; provided that this machine is properly made, properly used, and nicely cleaned after every fire. I should observe, however, that the *little* trifling things called *powder-proofs* or *powder-tryers*, which sell for three or four shillings, are as likely to mislead as to inform the person using them.

The proper "epreuvette" is very correctly made; the wheel on which the gradations are marked is large, and the spring strong; consequently the resistance to the force

* I one day used some very good powder of Mr. Burton's (office, 69, Old Broad Street). But he does not sell less, at a time, than 28 lbs. Taken in this way, the price of it is *2s. 2d.* per lb., and *3d.* more for each pound if you have it in canisters. There are other powder-merchants who supply *sportsmen* in like manner.

of the powder is considerable. *The stronger it is, the better;* for without the *resistance is* strong, a *correct* proof cannot be obtained; because, if *not sufficiently strong to detain the powder in the chamber* long enough for *all* the particles to ignite, many of them (especially in powder of good firm grain) will *fly* off *unburnt*, and, of course, a *part only* of the charge would be proved.

The part, attached to the wheel of the epreuvette, which shuts the mouth of the chamber, should be so nicely adjusted, that on looking closely at the parts, when in contact, no light can be seen between them; for, if *any light*, there is of course so much *vacancy*, and consequently so much *windage;* and, in *proportion* to the *windage*, the proof will be *lower;* and, therefore, *incorrect*.

Three fires, at least, should always be made in proving, and the *average* taken as the mean amount; for variations frequently happen in fires immediately following each other, although made with considerable attention. Care should be taken, after every fire, to clean the chamber nicely, or otherwise the *foulness* left by the preceding discharge *would lessen the space*, by which the succeeding charge would become proportionally less.

The best powder for flint-guns is the "*fine cylinder;*" for copper-cap guns, either cylinder or No. 2, according to the length of communication; because with these guns the larger grained powder often fails to ignite. But with copper *primers* we should use No. 1, which is of larger grain; and particularly in damp weather, or on salt water. By long experience, I find that the size in grain of the powder should be as duly proportioned to that of the gun, and the long distances for which it is required, as the wadding must be to the size of the calibre.

As I stated to Messrs. Curtis and Mr. Harvey, I have invariably observed that small-grained powder fails to answer in large guns; particularly on salt water, and in damp weather. It always shoots weak, beyond fifty or sixty yards, and is very liable to hang fire. If a punt-gun is loaded with fine powder, and brought in at night, the chances are that it would hang fire in the morning. But, with coarse *cannon*-powder, I have known a gun that has been loaded above a fortnight go off as well as possible, by merely being probed and fresh primed. I may perhaps be asked by some green gunner (such a one, for instance, as would ask a man with a punt, a dog, and mud-

boards, how he got the birds after killing them !), " Why not fire off the gun, and reload it ? " To this the answer would be, that the discharge of *only the powder* would, most probably, clear a small pond, or even harbour, of every bird that was in it ; and therefore be liable to spoil a grand shot. *Un*glazed powder is the strongest and quickest. Why then glaze powder at all, I am at a loss to know, unless it is to tickle the fancy of the dandies.

I one day tried a coast-gun with fine powder,—it shot miserably ; then with large-grained powder (such as Joe used for detonators),—it shot but so so ;* and then with *unglazed cannon-powder*, and it shot *admirably*. Here is the thing proved at once ! I therefore requested Messrs. Curtis and Mr. Harvey to make me a sample of superior powder, unglazed, and of that sized grain. This I have tried for the last fifteen winters, and particularly in the hard winter of 1838, and, although the severe weather, by cutting off all communication, obliged me to *keep the gun* and punt *constantly afloat* for *several weeks*, I had not one missfire. Of all the powder used, I never had any so good as this ; and, in order to know what to ask for, I proposed that it should be called my " sea-gun " powder. [But, remember this is only for large punt-guns, that carry about two ounces of it.]

When using cannon-powder for small guns, you must regulate your measure by weight ; because the grains are so large that your common flask-top, if filled up, would contain as much vacuum as powder, and consequently give you scarcely more than half a charge.

Messrs. Curtis and Mr. Harvey now serve only the trade, which is perhaps no more than just : but I confess I regret this ; because, whatever powder came direct from them was of superior excellence ; whereas a retail dealer may receive his powder good, and then completely spoil it by damp, or too long keeping. *I* will be answerable only for gentlemen at the fountain-head ; so let *them* be answerable for their retail dealers. It may be right, however, to say that the gunmakers are by far the best deputy powder-merchants, and take great pains in the management of their powder ; because on that the killing of *their guns* must depend ; and therefore we must readily forgive any innocent little bit of " *bam* " as to putting their own names to it, etc. This is all fair ; and it is really a

* I once stated *this* to be the *best* of all ; but I have since had to apologise for an error, which I was led into by the bad quality of the cannon-powder against which I tried it.

charity to let them earn a trifle, now that they have been half-ruined by getting caught in their own trap—the detonating guns; and then sadly troubled with the "shorts," from gentlemen finding it impossible to "cash up," owing to the failure of their farming tenants.

SHOT.

Many select their shot *in proportion to the size of the bird*, when it ought to depend *more* on that of the *calibre;* for it is not so much the *magnitude of the pellet*, as the *force with which it is driven*, that *does the execution.*

For instance, a common-sized gun (well breeched, and properly bored) will shoot No. 7* better than any other shot; and although a deviation, according to circumstances, may be *sometimes* necessary, yet I am confident, that had you, for a whole season, no other sized shot in your possession, you would (*taking everything*, from mallard and hare to quail and jack-snipe) find that you had shot with more universal success, killed more game, and brought down your birds in a handsomer style, than you had ever done while whimsically following other plans.

For my own part, I should scarcely ever, *with a small gun*, use any other shot, except for killing snipes in February and March,[1] when other birds *should not be fired at.* In this case, unless I had a very close-shooting gun, I should use No. 8, the difference between which and 7 is more than that of any other two numbers, from 1 upwards. All sizes above 3, or 2 at largest, I shall bring under the head of duck-guns, with which only they will lie *compact in the calibre;* though, if I

* This size was always used by Joe Manton; and I recommended it, thirty years ago, in my 1st edition. But, of late years, No. 6 has been made about the size that No. 7 then was; and is now, what may be called, the "regulation" size for game shooting.

[1] Until recent years, it has been customary to extend the shooting of snipe and woodcock into February and March, when the ordinary game shooting season was at an end; the idea being that the birds which were shot in February were not resident, but would be returning to their breeding grounds in Norway, Sweden and other countries. Modern opinion, however, fortunately tends more and more towards closing down all shooting of birds at the end of January. Why should snipe and woodcock be excepted? Woodcock nest very early, before either pheasants or partridges; and I have heard snipe drumming, which is a sound of courtship, in January. County Councils, at all events, now have the matter in their own hands. Under the Wild Birds Protection Acts, they can make it illegal to kill or take any bird between any dates they choose, and many counties have already added woodcock to the list protected after February 1. Possibly snipe in the near future may be protected in the same way.

went out solely for the purpose of shooting *wild-fowl* with a small gun, then I should of course prefer No. 3 to No. 7.[1]

No. 9 is rather too small, and the *use of dust shot absurd*, except for *small* birds ; as, at any *distance* snipes will *fly away* with it, if *shot in the body ;* and, to *break a bone with it*, the bird must be very close : add to which, its disadvantage in windy weather, and the impossibility of manufacturing it so well as the regular numbered shot.

The reason why small shot answers best is, that it *lies more compact* in the barrel ; and, consequently, receives more effectually the force of the powder than large shot, which can only have this advantage in a proportionably large calibre. Thus it is, that *a grain of small shot, from a small gun*, will kill far better, *in proportion*, than *one of large ;* and, with it, you have not only the chances multiplied in favour of taking a vital part, but the same advantage of penetrating feathers, that a *pin* would have (*with a moderate pressure on it*) over a *nail ;* and it shoots so *regular* a surface, that a bird at forty yards could very seldom* get away ; whereas the large shot, from the objection before named, will often fly so wide and *irregular*, that the game will *escape between* the void *spaces* of the circle.

It must, however, be admitted, that, with No. 3 or 4, a few more *accidental* shots, at immense distances, may be made, than with No. 7 ; but then let it be recollected, that, for the sake of killing one bird now and then at seventy yards,[2] we

* I say, *very seldom*, instead of *never*, by reason, that the best gun in England, tried (although regularly cleaned) two hundred times at pieces of paper the size of birds, may once, or more, *not put a single grain in*, although *properly loaded* and *well directed*.

[1] This section dealing with shot is an interesting anticipation of history. No topic of shooting has filled more columns during the last twenty years than the relative virtues of different sizes of shot. Here Hawker sums up the whole matter in dispute. It is true that not everyone to-day will be found to agree with him. You will meet a certain number of shooting men—one cannot call them a school, but they use the same arguments—who claim No. 7 as "the best all-round shot" ; that is, for all purposes throughout the season. They prefer No. 7 for the highest of high pheasants and wild duck, arguing that to kill either you must hit the bird in the head and neck, and that No. 7 gives you the best chance of placing a close pattern on that small target. This is theoretically sound ; but other men reply very practically that they find as a fact that they shoot better with a larger size of shot, No. 6 or No. 5, or for high duck even No. 4. The point, of course, can never be decided finally to suit everyone. But Hawker, we may notice, declares specifically for large size shot for duck, and he only commends No. 7 as the best size if you are to choose only one. A very important point remains. Hawker has often been quoted by the "No. 7 school," if I may call them so, in support of their theory. But read Hawker's footnote to his text, and you will see that his No. 7 is in reality the more modern No. 6.

[2] This whole question of the distance at which long shots may fairly be

are not only *wounding* many others, by being tempted to fire large grains at such distances, but sacrificing the almost *certainty* of killing fair shots, for the *mere chance* of making long ones ; as well as *uselessly dirtying* and *wearing* our guns.

Now, as I have recommended small shot, many persons may say, " Suppose we go out in November, we may then possibly get twenty shots in a morning, provided we choose to take our chance at fifty or sixty yards, and perhaps during the whole day may not have one opportunity of firing our guns within thirty yards ; do you mean to argue that, in this case, small shot is best ? " In answer, I should say, " If you go out with the prospect of getting shots only at long distance, or through thick wood, you certainly may succeed better with No. 2 or 3 than 7 ; but if you wish to avoid occasionally *missing the fairest shots*, although with the *most accurate aim*, you will, for this purpose, lay aside your double gun, and take the largest single gun that you can possibly manage, as you may then use No. 1, 2 or 3 shot, without any risk of throwing it in patches."

All those who prefer No. 4 or 3 in common-sized guns, contend, that as large shot will kill at a long distance, it *must kill* at a short one. *Kill* it may, *when it hits ;* but is it always so sure of hitting ? And, if it does take a bird, is not a vital part more likely to escape from three or four straggling pellets, than from ten or a dozen grains, which are *regularly* distributed in the same space ? Why does large shot, in too small a calibre, fly not only thinner, but in a *wider circle ?* Because the larger the grains, the more, by rotary motion, they rebound away from each other.

The annexed schedule is about the usual weight of shot.

SCHEDULE OF SHOT,

According to labelled samples, which were sent me from Messrs. Walker and Co., Patent Shot Tower, Lambeth. The

taken stands on a different plane from that of a hundred years ago. We should not, to-day, shoot at a bird 70 yards away, nor should we contemplate going out in November " to take our chance at 50 or 60 yards." We kill most of our game at ranges between 15 and 30 yards, and count 50 yards a very long shot indeed—the kind of shot one only takes with a second barrel at a wounded bird. We must remember, however, that Hawker shot habitually with longer barrels than we use ; he recommends barrels of not less than 32 and not more than 36 inches, whereas modern guns are made with barrels of 28 and 30 inches. With longer barrels longer shots could be taken, and Hawker unquestionably took long shots. But he is also unquestionably a sportsman in his refusal, as in the above passage, to fire with the chance of only wounding. And his record of hits and misses (see page vi) shows that whatever distance he fired at, he very seldom failed to bag his bird.

firm is now Messrs. Walker, Parker, and Co., who have purchased, from Mr. Maltby, the fine round tower to the south of Waterloo Bridge.

MOULD SHOT.

	No. of pellets to 1 oz.
LG	5½
MG (hardly)	9
SG	11
SSG	15*
SSSG	17

PATENT DROP SHOT.

AA	40
A†	50
BB	58
B	75
1	82
2	112
3	135
4	177
5	218
6	280
7	341
8	600
9	984
10	1726

The *pleasure* of using and counting the *dust* shot, I leave to those who recommend it !

Many sportsmen recommend the use of unglazed shot ; others wet their shot with sweet oil. I had tried both these plans, but not finding sufficient advantage in either to justify my recommending them, I passed the matter, as one of little importance. I have since, however, in 1832, discovered, that with UN*glazed* shot a gun will keep clean much longer than with shot which is glazed ; or, in other words, uselessly dirtied by being polished off, for mere show, with blacklead.

* Best made, and by far the most useful of all mould shot.

† In the general use of a common duck-gun, at *flight*, where the coast is much *disturbed*, I have found this to be the best shot for wild-fowl, as they most commonly present *ten* long shots for *one* fair one, and are so apt to *fly* after being mortally wounded. But for the proper night-shooting afloat, with a 70 lb. barrel, that will burn 2 oz. of powder, No. 1 in the long run is worth all the other sizes put together.

Both AA and A are made at, and sent from, Newcastle, Messrs. Walker's London tower not being sufficiently high for the rounding of so large a grain.

I named this to Mr. Wardley, the *factotum* of Messrs. Walker, and he quite agreed with me, that we could dirty our guns fast enough without putting an useless material to soil them. It would therefore be a saving to the manufacturer, and an acquisition to the shooter, if this process were entirely dispensed with.

JOE MANTON'S PATENT SHOT.

Mr. Joseph Manton, some years ago, obtained a patent for a great improvement in shot, which simply consists in mixing a little *quicksilver* with the lead. By means of this process the shot is rendered harder and heavier, and wholly divested of the *arsenic*, which was one of the chief objections to the original patent shot.

The advantages thus derived are, that shot of a small size, which lies the most compact, and therefore always answers best, in the calibres of small guns, has, from its additional weight, the same force as shot of rather a larger size ; and the game, after being killed with this shot, will keep much longer. Moreover, by the foregoing process, the shot becomes as clean as silver to handle, or carry loose in the pocket ; and its friction, when firing, leads the calibres little or nothing in comparison to the old shot.

An advantage, too, above all others, I should not omit to mention, is, that in this shot the surface of every pellet is precisely alike, owing to a different process of manufacturing ; which could never be the case with shot that had arsenic in its composition.

This must, of course, tend to make the charge lie with more precision in the barrel, and consequently be more evenly dispersed in and round the object.

*** Before this article first went to press, I made a point of procuring for examination a sample of the new shot, and then of going down to Messrs. Walker and Co.'s manufactory expressly to ascertain all particulars as to its advantages : consequently I did not begin writing on the subject from the mere ipse dixit of Mr. Manton. I then used this shot for the only fortnight that I took up a gun the season after it first came out ; and, as I never shot better, nor made more long shots, since detonators have been the order of the day, I have every reason to speak well of it. The number of shots tried I do not remember ; but I have a memorandum of killing 207 head of game in six days (though a part of each day was devoted to some extraordinary sport in trout fishing, owing to damp *windy weather*). I may therefore venture to say that I have given this shot a pretty fair trial. It appears however that, perhaps owing to the extra price, there is now but little demand for it ; and indeed the new system of saturating the edges of the wadding with a mercurial preparation, serves as a substitute for many of its advantages.

ELEY'S PATENT SHOT-CARTRIDGES.

I have taken as much trouble about these cartridges as if I had been a partner in the concern; because I found the invention to be one of great merit. But, for want of their being brought to perfection before they were served to the public, there arose many prejudices, which it may be a work of time to overcome. It would be an absolute waste of paper to publish the experiments I have made, and the correspondence I have had with Mr. Jenour, the inventor, and Mr. Eley, the purchaser of the patent; because all that the public can wish for is, to hear, from some disinterested person who has thoroughly investigated the subject, the merits or demerits of the invention.—In 1827, Mr. Jenour waited on me, as an entire stranger, relative to publishing a pamphlet entitled "An Essay," etc. etc., on the "*Spiral Cartridge;*" an invention for which he received a premium from the Society of Arts, but which he had made too public to admit with safety of his taking out a patent. He, however, felt anxious to bring the invention into notice; and Mr. Davison (whose death I have sincerely to regret) most kindly, on my introducing him, undertook the printing of his pamphlet. To be brief,—this led to his inventing a better, because more simple, kind of cartridge; and this he wisely kept as a secret, till he could meet with someone who had the wherewithal to speculate in a patent. Messrs. Eley became the purchasers; but latterly the concern remained with Mr. Charles Eley alone. To describe the many blunders that were made, first by putting sand, and then tallow-grease, with the shot (against which I wrote letter after letter of remonstrance), would be needless; but suffice it to say, that, by the time the cartridges were brought so far towards perfection as to be *worth their weight in gold, for certain purposes*, the circulation of the *im*perfect ones had given them an almost irretrievable blow; and here ended the grand establishment in Charlotte Street. Mr. Eley then retired to Waltham Cross, and employed a Mr. Fairman as agent, at a little shop in Fitzroy Market; till, at last, Mr. Purdey, the gunmaker, took to the concern, and purchased for 100*l.* what had the year before been refused 10,000*l.* for. This Purdey told me himself; and I would take his word as soon as that of any man in London. At last, however, the business was again taken by Mr. William Eley,

who opened a factory in Bond Street, where he took more pains to bring the cartridges to perfection than all his predecessors put together. Here he undertook also the copper-cap trade; and, lamentable to relate, was blown to atoms by an awful explosion of fulminating mercury, from which every-one and everything around him escaped with, comparatively, little injury. A better man never lived! His two sons now (1844) carry on the business in Bond Street; and, I am happy to say, are fully competent to succeed him in this deservedly flourishing concern. But I beg pardon; I am intruding on my readers too much of the *history*, instead of the *quality*, of the cartridge. Let me then direct my observations to the more *useful* part of the subject. The rock on which Mr. Eley's patent at first became wrecked was this:—he made his wire a great deal too stiff, and his meshes too small; and the consequence was, that, every now and then, the cartridge either flew, like a ball, in one solid body, or left so much of the charge in one end of the cage, as to have an effect equally dangerous; and nearly as uncertain for correct shooting. But at last he became convinced of what I repeatedly stated to him, and sent me some cartridges that I tried for several seasons; and, for long shots, they surpassed anything I could have expected. They killed birds quite dead at distances that it would have been folly to fire at with a common charge; and when applied to *wild-fowl* guns, they *proved, as I always predicted*, the *most useful invention in existence*. He made some with mould shot, which were a decided failure. Since the last edition, however, he sent me a few that answered very well. Those with patent shot, and particularly the small shot, I have used for years, without their once "balling." But I found it necessary, with large punt-guns, at short distances, to *take aim lower with the patent cartridge* than with common shot; because it keeps rising in the same ratio with the cylinder of the gun; instead of falling, from its gravity, to the point-blank object. In short, for a wild *open* country, or shooting *by day* at wild-fowl, I cannot say too much in favour of the cartridge in its present improved state.

P.S.—1844.—Having revised, and confirmed by proof, all that I before said on this cartridge, it now behoves me to make a further report of it; as it has, within these few years, gone through so many more improvements.

Through the hard winters of 1837 and 1838, I generally loaded one of my large barrels with a light patent cartridge

(*made expressly according to my directions*) and the other with a heavy charge (20 ounces) of loose shot, put up, for the convenience of drawing, in a common cartridge, and was thus prepared for all distances. To show that the *new* cartridge will kill well, even at *short* distances, I need only state that one evening coming home, under the moon, I suddenly got within about 60 yards of 12 geese ; and, having only my left barrel loaded, I was obliged to shoot with the cartridge. I expected to blow one or two birds to pieces, and lose all the rest. But, to my surprise, on rowing up, I found 11 of the birds quite dead, and the other giving his last kick.—Now, on the other hand, to *long* distances :—I fired a cartridge, from the same lot, at not more than 100 curlews, on the ice, at about 140 yards. I picked up 28 of them ; and nearly a score more escaped, wing-broken, across the creeks.

Now for a proof of the *small* cartridges. I fired above a gross of them in stopping crippled wigeon and geese afloat, where I could, of course, observe the effect, on the water, of every shot, and I never once saw an instance of their balling. I sometimes used the "Reds" (which are my favourites), and, at others, the "Blues" (which are now recommended for general shooting), and stopped my cripples, at all distances, from 10 to 50 yards : and although, by trials at quires of paper, I had found that the new cartridge shot better *with* a wadding on the *powder*,* yet I here dispensed with wadding altogether, for the great convenience of loading in an instant, by which I can safely say I was a gainer of 100 more geese in the season. It was quite delightful to see the rapidity with which I popped them off (leaving my follower to pick them up), after stopping my 40 or 50 (and, at one time, near 100) with the double stripe of the great champion-gun. I found the little red cartridge a glorious dose for the heads of winged hoopers, that were *all but* beating me in a heavy sea. In short, all was perfection (except the repeated failure of copper caps) ; and I have, therefore, now only to say, that I can conscientiously give my unqualified approbation to the patent cartridge of Messrs. Eley ; who, I hope and trust, will recover all former losses, and ultimately make a fortune by it.

[1844.—As I found that the cartridges were often spoiled by the splash of salt water, I, of late years, got Messrs. Eley

* I have now a letter before me, of the late Mr. William Eley, admitting this.

to varnish them. If a cartridge is too tight, roll it hard on a table : if too small, ram it down with extra force.]

I will now conclude on these cartridges, by copying from my memorandum-book a trial (and here, for brevity's sake, giving merely the average of it) that I made on the 21st of July, 1837.

No. 4 Shot. 45 *Yards.*

Common Charge.		Patent Cartridge.		
In 1st sheet.	Through 24th do.		In 1st sheet.	Through 24th do.
39	32	Old Cartridge of 1835 .	72	65
		NEW.		
		Blue	74	45
		Red *without* wadding .	82	57
		Red *with* wadding .	82	74

Subsequent Trial.

Charge 1¼ *oz. of No.* 6 *Shot.* 40 *Yards.*

	Loose Shot.		Cartridge.	
	In 1st sheet.	Through 24th sheet.	In 1st sheet.	Through 24th sheet.
1st .	70	35	120	120
2nd .	75	22	143	143
3rd .	70	35	130	130
4th .	67	18	111	111
	282	110	504	504

Report which I sent to Messrs. Eley, in December, 1837.

I availed myself, one fine calm day, to take a shot or two at a mark. I put up an old door in the water with a sheet of brown paper nailed on it, and paced along the shore *a good hundred yards.* The first shot I put in 85 grains (out of 12½ oz. Cartridge of No. 1 Shot), and the second I think about 79, and the regularity of the pattern was perfectly *beautiful ;* and, on taking up the door, I found the whole charge had not only gone through it, but through the very pieces that held it together. I then fired two shots over the mud ; and, to all appearance, the shot would have killed anything at two hundred yards.

FLINTS.

None are better than the *most transparent* of the common black flints. Great quantities (considered as good as any) come from Lord Cadogan's estate, at Brandon.[1] They should be put in with the *flat* side *upwards*, stand *well clear of the hammer*, and yet be *long* enough to *throw* it. Screw them in *with leather;* as *lead strains the cock*, and *cloth* is dangerous, from being *liable to catch fire*. If very particular about the *neat appearance* of your gun, get a *punch* for *stamping* the *leathers*, and change them as often as you put new flints.

To make a flint strike *lower*, you have only to *reverse* the usual way of putting it in; but if you want it to strike *higher*, you must either put a *very thick leather*, or screw the flint in with a bit of *something under* it. This temporary way of regulating a lock, so as to *make the hammer fall*, is worth knowing, as it often saves vexation and loss of time.

WADDING.

Paper *not being stiff enough*, hat *dirty*, card *too thin*, and leather apt to soften with the heat of the barrel, the common, and perhaps the best *punched* wadding, is *pasteboard*. The *larger* the bore, the *thicker* should be the *wadding*.

All this attention, however, is only required in covering the *powder;* as (*except in double guns*, where the *charge* of one barrel has to *encounter the explosion* of the *other*), it would be better to wad the *shot* with common card, or even paper, knowing that much resistance on *that* does more harm than good.

Common cartridges are bad, as they do not keep the powder

[1] The industry of flint-knapping is still carried on at Brandon-on-the-Ouse, as it was carried on in Hawker's day, and, indeed, as it has existed there for thousands of years. To-day the Brandon knappers still send flints for gun-strikers to Central and Western Africa, and strike-a-lights and tinder-boxes to South America and to out-of-the-way corners of Europe, where the peasants prefer them to matches. Mr. Walter Johnson, in his book *Folk Memory*, states that the War Office bought 14,000 Lovett tinder-boxes for the Army in the Boer War; and during the great European war flint and steel became a common substitute for matches not only in the battle areas but at home. But it was at Brandon, too, as we know from the finding of deer horn picks and other relics, that knappers shaped arrow heads for our earliest hunting ancestors; and it is even said that you can trace the short, dark-haired Neolithic type in the worker of to-day, inheriting his trade through generations from father to son. We get thus an industry of weapon-making carried on continuously, in the same spot by the same race of men, through unnumbered centuries to the present day.

sufficiently air-tight, like the proper wadding; add to which, they sometimes fly unbroken, and can never be depended on. I should therefore make use of them only when I wanted to load in a hurry. I have a friend, however, an old sportsman, who would for many years never even hear of any other mode of loading. He was at last persuaded, by a gentleman in Dorsetshire, as good a shot, and as good a judge of a gun, as any man living, to try some experiments, which he readily agreed to do, from a confidence of making good his argument in favour of cartridges. What the particulars of this trial were, I do not exactly remember; but I know that my friend has *never used a cartridge since.*

Nothing is better to punch your wadding on than a round block, sawed out of some close-grained kind of wood; such as beech, chestnut, lime, sycamore, etc.: lead is improper, as it wears out the punch.

Be careful not to let your wadding get damp, or, in drying, it may shrink so much as to become too small for the calibre of your gun.

If you have a punch which is *too large,* and you have consequently trouble in forcing down the wadding, just *bite it* a little *edgeways,* and you will contract it so as to load in a quarter of the time, without the risk of either leaving a vacuum or breaking your ramrod. This, of course, I only name as an alternative, till you can change your punch. If, on the other hand, the punch is but a mere trifle *too small,* it may be enlarged by being *rubbed on a whetstone;* to do which, place it flat, as you would on the pasteboard; and, unless you grind it too much, there will still remain a sufficient edge, owing to the gritty substance in its composition.

If you have separate wadding in two pockets, and have that which covers the shot pierced with a small hole (or, what is *better,* cut with Mr. Joseph Manton's dented punch), you will load as quick again. I detest all frivolous trouble, but you will here find great advantage in the saving of time. The pasteboard which covers the *powder* should (as before observed) be kept air-tight from the shot. This, indeed, seldom troubles you, as the air that passes, more or less, through all locks, will admit the first wadding to go down pretty freely; but, after this and the shot are in the barrel, the resistance, if the wadding fits tight, as it ought to do, is then so great as to be unpleasant to the hand, and inimical to expedition.

Both pockets must be in reach of the same hand, as there would be no time saved if you had to shift hands with the ramrod.

When using different waddings, have them of different colours, to avoid mixing them.

NEW PREPARED WADDING, FOR PERCUSSION-GUNS.

Since I first had the honour to address my readers on the subject of *wadding*, as complete a revolution has taken place in *that* as in guns. Instead of sending sportsmen sheets of pasteboard and a punch, it is now the order of the day to serve them with bags of, what is called, "*patent* wadding." But who really has a patent for the article, or who has not, I never took the pains to ascertain ; though it may be known immediately by application at the Patent Office. The artist who first started this new concern is Mr. Wilkinson. He brought out his "*elastic concave wadding*," accompanied by a treatist on it, with explanatory drawings. At first, he made it a greae deal too thick ; and I begged of him to reduce it to one-third the size of the calibre ; since his doing which, it has shot remarkably well. This, being made of *felt*, is the only wadding, EXCEPT OAKUM, that I have ever found to answer well in duck-guns.

Mr. Purdey, and Mr. Lancaster, then brought out waddings, cut by a dented punch, and anointed round the edge with a chemical preparation (mercurial ointment will do), that has the effect, not only of cleaning the gun, but, in a great degree, of removing that increase of lead which is *now* occasioned by *retarding the charge*, in order to make a detonator shoot equal to a flint-gun. I received a sample of this wadding from Mr. Lancaster, and it answered most beautifully ; because, with this, the gun kept clean, and shot equally well through the whole day ; and *nothing could be more pleasant to load with.* Mr. Eley sent me a sample of cork wadding ; but with this the gun sooner became leaded. Then down came a batch of wadding, with a request that I would try it, from Mr. Joyce. I then underwent the operation of blazing away for a whole morning, at quires of paper, with these waddings, against Joe Manton's best pasteboard. (Nothing but a wish to give correct information, in a work that has been so kindly received, would have induced me to submit to this insufferable "bore.") While the guns were clean, the difference, among them all,

was so trifling, as scarcely to be worth naming; and indeed Joe's pasteboard was rather the best. But the guns which were loaded with cork and pasteboard soon began to "lead"; while those with the "patent" wadding kept clean, and free from being what Tom Fullerd used to call "choked up." There is not a question, therefore, as to their merit. But it is somewhat singular that, after all this exertion of their brains, our artists never served us with *one* kind of wadding for the *powder*, and *another* for the *shot;* because, if there is any way of making a gun shoot stronger into the bird, and easier against the shoulder, than another, it is this. For I must repeat, that the wadding which covers the *powder* should be *thick* and *air-tight;* while that which covers the *shot* should be *thin*, and *with vent*. This and a few trifling improvements in wadding, I was anxious to see put in practice; as I have *had my* day, and therefore wished to serve others, if I could. I then resolved to explain this to some new *wadding-merchant;* and as the gunmakers have enough to do, if they mind their *guns*, I thought no one more proper to select than Mr. Joyce, as the quality of his waddings has proved *most admirable*; and he is a practical chemist, who looks a little to the *esprit de corps*, as well as to the £ s. d. This wadding is now out, and every day increasing in circulation over the kingdom, which is the best possible proof of its efficacy. Mr. Joyce, I see, has made the shot-wadding with a *hole* in the *centre;* though my wish was to have it *triangularly dented* round the *edge*.

Some of the wadding-merchants object to the trouble of serving two sorts: when this is the case, let me recommend young sportsmen to wad their *shot* with *thin* pasteboard, cut by a *dented* punch. For the *powder*, however, they should use one kind or other of these anointed waddings; or their guns will soon get "leaded," and become as dry as the very subject I have been writing on.

Since the last edition, our uncle, Bishop, has started Westley Richards's wadding; and it proves so good, that half the gunmakers in town buy it, and call it their own. Nothing can be better.

[1844. There are now also metallic waddings. But they never can keep the powder air-tight like an elastic substance, nor can they assist in cleaning the gun like Wilkinson's felt, Richards's prepared wadding, or even common oakum; and I may add, that their injuring the inside of a soft twisted barrel does not appear to me an impossibility.]

LOADING.

*** The following directions were orginally written for, and therefore relate only to, *flint*-guns. But in *percussion*-guns the charge must be reduced about one-sixth part.

Much as may be said on this *important head*, I shall attempt to explain it by one simple example: for instance, to load a single gun of six, or double gun of seven, eight, or nine pounds' weight, take a steel charger which holds precisely an ounce and a half of shot; fill it brim full of powder, from which first prime, and then put the remainder into the barrel: to this add the same measure *bumper* full of shot, and then regulate the tops of your flasks and belts accordingly.

Some little difference of charge will, of course, be required between a twenty-two and a fourteen gauge; and in this we may be guided by the shoulder, observing, at the same time, the *proportion* of each here recommended: but, *unless* the gun is very *heavy*, a gauge of *fourteen* will *recoil more* than one of *twenty-two;* so that, after all, the above charge might do equally well for both.

For those who have scales at hand, another way will be, to ascertain this by *weight:* for instance, to the guns above mentioned put one drachm and a half of powder, *exclusive of the priming*, to an ounce and a half of shot. The proportion for a twelve pounds gun to be *doubled;* eighteen pounds *trebled;* twenty-four pounds *quadrupled*, etc.; with one trifling deviation; viz. the larger the gun the *less* should be the proportion of *shot*, as the larger and longer the calibre the more powder may be damaged in going down it.

Much more *may be fired*, but not always *with ease to the shoulder*.

The same proportion will hold good from a lady's gun to the fire-arms of a punt shooter; though it may, in a trifling degree, be altered, as barrels shoot thin or close.

Although I have mentioned being guided by weight as *one* way of regulating a charge, yet this is not the *most correct* means to be used with regard to the *powder*, for the following reason, which is not generally known:—As sportsmen charge by *measure*, the gunpowder-makers endeavour to include, in the *space* to be filled, as much *weight* as possible; and in so doing, include as much projectile force as the composition is capable of: it is, therefore, evidently better to be guided in the *fine powder* by *measure*. All the powder made for the

Queen's service is exposed to the air of the magazine, with the door open all day, for three weeks, before it undergoes a second proof, to ascertain whether it will imbibe moisture, and *increase in weight*, which if it does beyond a certain small allowance, it is *rejected*.

Gunmakers will obstinately dispute this method of loading; and for why? Because they try their guns in confined places, use larger shot than No. 7, and look chiefly to the *closeness* of their shooting. But we should remember, that if a gun is *overloaded* with *shot*, a great part of it, at any *distance*, *drops short* of the object; and the *remainder* has *not so much strength* left, as if *that only* had received the *full force* of the powder.—Try this *on the water*.—I do not, however, say, but, at even a little distance, *some shot* must strike (*not fall*) *short*, if a bird is swimming. These are the grains which, in spreading, would take the *under part* of anything placed perpendicular. It should also be observed, that with a *small charge* of shot you are not so liable to fire *behind* an object crossing, or *under* a bird which is rising, by reason that the *less* the weight of shot is in proportion to the charge of powder, the *shorter* time it requires to travel through the air.

POWDER FLASK.

If you expostulate with an old wild-fowl *gunner* on the danger of his *piece*, he may retaliate on that of your spring powder flask; while he (with a cow's horn, stopped at one end with a piece of oakum, and at the other with a bit of *ood*), can fill his *backey-pipe*, and load with more safety than *you gemmen!* 'Tis very true! Many serious accidents have happened from sportsmen not having had the precaution to *detach their charge* before they put it into the barrel, which *may* have a fatal spark remaining. A spring powder horn should have a cap to it, from which you can load, and by means of which you keep all dead leaves, and other dirt, that may fall in the pocket, from crumbling into the *top* of it.

Having pushed back the spring, to fill the top or charger, let it *gradually close* again on the thumb, instead of allowing it to fly back and *snap*. I mention this in consequence of an accident which happened to one who, in doing the latter, had his hand dreadfully mangled by the explosion of a flask, which it is supposed was occasioned by the adhesion of a piece of flint.

The late Mr. Egg and Mr. Sykes have each invented powder flasks, in which, if a charge is blown up, all communication is so effectually prevented, that no farther damage can be done. I have seen the one of Mr. Egg repeatedly tried by himself. To do this, he dropped a red-hot nail into the barrel, which, of course, instantly fired the measure put into it. He then unscrewed the top, and showed me the remainder of the powder in the horn, having only guarded his right hand by a shield of pasteboard, to avoid being burnt by the charge from the barrel.

The principle of it is so secure as to render it impossible for the powder in the flask to ignite, while in the act of loading, by the passage being completely cut off, from the lever being placed on the top of a strong plate, instead of underneath. It also prevents the flash out of the barrel from injuring the hand, as the charger is fixed in an octant position, with a vent to let out the flame.

The springs of these powder flasks must be kept very clean and free, or, like many other ingenious patents, they will fall victims to the abuse of slovenly sportsmen. Mr. Egg said, he "begged leave to caution gentlemen of a trumpery Sheffield flask (sold in the shops), with an upright charger, not being calculated to answer the purpose intended, though it was an infringement on his patent." I have now used also the flask of Mr. Sykes, since it has been improved. It appears to be perfectly safe; and nothing can be more convenient; and, what is desirable in these hard times, this flask is not an expensive one.

Another *caution* relative to powder horns in the *field*:— If you should have fired one barrel, and, while in the act of reloading it, other game should be sprung, *beware* of firing the other barrel until you have *either put the flask in your pocket*, or *thrown it on the ground*. I could name several who, through a neglect of doing this, have been severely wounded by blowing up their flasks; and among them, two excellent shots of my acquaintance.

With regard to a powder horn in the *house*, common sense will, it is to be hoped, teach us to take care of it; and, with a moment's reflection, convince us of the danger and absurdity of frying powder in the flask on the hob of a chimney, during the whole time of a meal, or other preparations before starting for the field.

SHOT BELT.

In my humble opinion there is, after all inventions, no method of loading better than the *common* shot belt; but it so often falls into awkward hands, and *steel chargers* are such a pretty little item for a gunmaker's bill, that it is almost considered too vulgar an appendage for a gentleman. Let it be observed, however, that a *shot belt* is *light*, and no incumbrance *when empty;* does not *fill the pockets;* is *not liable to be lost;* and, *if properly managed*, is on the whole *as quick* a mode of loading as any that can be adopted. For instance: First, if you have fired both barrels, and should take out a charger left full only on *one* side, some little time is lost in using another. Second, if you load with gloves on, the hand is apt to catch in the pocket, from which steel chargers are not so easily taken as a powder flask (or, if they were, they would be liable to be lost). Third, if you do not take a supply for the whole day, they must be replenished; and this office generally falls to the lot of some marker, or servant, who, being perhaps a clumsy-handed fellow, on a fidgety horse, wastes a considerable time as well as a great quantity of your shot.

Frivolous as it may appear to mention so trifling a subject, I shall endeavour to describe the manner by which a shot belt may be managed so neatly, that it may be used for a whole month without your losing half a charge.

While pressing the spring with the forefinger and thumb, draw the top just out; then take a fresh hold *over handed*, so as for the first finger and thumb to steady the hand by pressing the muzzle of the belt, and the second finger to be just within the ridge of the top, and by closing the second finger a little, the top will be sufficiently drawn out. The instant you have taken this fresh hold, lean the body, with a little jerk, to the right, and the shot will fill the top, of which your second finger will have such a command, that none will be spilt.

Before you put the first measure into the barrel, lean a little to the left, or the shot will pour out of the belt; and in loading your second barrel, you must observe the same motion of the body to the right and left. In doing all this, the left hand should never be taken from the gun. Be sure always to keep the *spring inwards*, and have your shot-top made rather *longest* in the part which *comes under* while filling it.

When we have acquired the knack of this, nothing can be more *quickly done*, long and *tedious* as it may appear in *explanation*.

Always have the tops of your shot belt made to fit nicely into the muzzle of your gun, by which means, in the process of drawing your charge, you can empty your shot into them without losing a grain.

DRESS OF A SHOOTER.

The study of dress in everything further than always to appear like a gentleman, or strictly in the character of what a man professes (except to the age of two or three and twenty, when it is as natural for a young man to study dress as for a child to play with toys), might possibly, with many persons, give rise to a reflection on a man's understanding, or a suspicion that he was a "knowing hand," who made a business of adorning his person, in order to get on the weak side of weak people. I therefore, lest the book should fall into the hands of some philosopher, feel a hesitation in introducing any subject so frivolous, except for the object of suggesting what contributes to *comfort*, for the perusal of some citizen, who makes his first start as a shooter. We all know that a jean, nankeen, or any kind of thin jacket, is the pleasantest wear for September, one of fustian for October, and one of velveteen for the winter; and that, for a man who, at all times, uses but one kind of jacket, fustian would be about the medium. That called "*baragan*" fustian is by far the *best and most durable*. After having tried almost everything that is commonly used,[1] and some of the wretched articles that are puffed by advertisement, I have found nothing better for a light summer jacket than what is made at Manchester by the name of *satteen*, *jeanet*, or

[1] In his choice of clothing, as in everything else to do with snooting, Hawker went his own way. Before all things he was workmanlike, choosing his clothes for lightness, strength and colour rather than tailor's fashions. But his choice seems to have been limited, for light materials, to various cotton stuffs; though there was possibly goat's hair woven into baragan or barracan fustian (a curious mixture if the derivation is correct from the Arabic barrakan, or Persian barak = a camel's hair garment, and Fustat, i.e. made at Cairo). I think he would have preferred to all these the homespuns which we can get to-day. For warmth in winter, coolness in the heat of August or September, and lightness—*the* necessity if one is to have freedom for quick shooting—nothing beats a jacket of the loosely woven Irish homespun, unlined. Years ago I bought a roll of this homespun, a mixture of browns and greys and yellows, from a woman on a snipe bog in the Joyce country, and have used the same stuff ever since.

florentine, which is printed on each side, in imitation of cloth. This stuff far surpasses the others for lightness, comfort, durability, and everything that can be required for warm weather; but, as there is no particular interest in making it (rather the reverse), it is not everywhere very easily procured; so that your tailor would probably be obliged to order it, in doing which he cannot choose it of too good a quality.

With regard to the other parts of the dress, but few persons appear to know what is really comfortable, and I may, therefore, appear singular for considering as most *uncomfortable*, that which is commonly, and was till of late years, universally worn: I mean *shoes* and gaiters.[1] To say nothing of being tormented with two or three dozen of buttons every morning, and having your ankles and knees in a state of confinement through a hard day's exercise, it need only be observed that, if you step in the least puddle, you are wet; if you tread in moist ground, your shoe is pulled down at heel; and you are often liable to be annoyed by your shoes untying, and thorns and bits of stick, etc., getting into them, or between the buttons of your gaiters. How much more comfortable, then, is the dress here recommended! With lambswool stockings and flannel drawers, put on a pair of *overall-boots*, and then draw over them a pair of *trousers*,[2] which may be made either of fustian or leather, and so *strongly defended inside the knees*, that no thorn can penetrate. Thus you are equipped without trouble or loss of time; you have your muscles perfectly at liberty for hard exercise, and are free from every annoyance: not to say a word on the advantage and safety you have in the stirrup, if on horseback, or on the infallibility of this remedy against the annoyance of harvest-bugs in September. Since this was first published, I see that what is here advised has become very much in fashion. I have

[1] In his admirable little book *A Shooting Catechism*, one of the best of modern writers, Colonel Meysey Thomson, recommends shoes and gaiters for the moors and for partridge-shooting, rather than boots, which he prefers only for wet weather and swampy ground. Scottish gamekeepers and stalkers, too, often seem to prefer shoes, and there is something, no doubt, in the force of habit. But I think one tires more easily in shoes, and as for getting wet, you will often come across wet, snipy places when you are walking a moor, and there is nothing much wetter than turnips after rain when you are shooting partridges.

[2] We can examine Hawker's dress in the delightful illustration of the arrival at Longparish. His preference for trousers was doubtless due to the fact that in a day's partridge-shooting he often rode from point to point, or after the coveys he had put up.

not, however, the vanity to suppose that it was from my recommendation, but because people now begin to find out the comfort of it.

For those who *prefer gaiters*, the best way to wear *them* is with *half-boots*, that *lace* close above the ankle, and which require them no longer than just to reach that part.

A shooting-waistcoat of the same stuff as the jacket is always desirable, and economical. It saves an increase of baggage in travelling, and may be made long to cover the loins, with pockets expressly to your own fancy. I have found, however, that one of dark-grey cloth, with mother-of-pearl or bone buttons, is the most comfortable (unless the weather be too warm for it), and will last so as to look well longer than any other. A small side-pocket above the left breast is handy for wadding, which may be got at with the forefinger and thumb, without taking off your glove: and as (by the way) keeping the hands warm in frosty weather is a matter of necessity in shooting, I shall recommend a little bit of copper wire fastened either to the lower button, or the shot belt, which is *always ready* as a *gunpicker;* never rusts; will not injure the platina of a touch-hole; and, if you fall, will bend instead of running into you. This, if bent to a right angle, does very well too as a probe for the nipples of detonators.

A dissertation on a shooting-jacket would be absurd, farther than to recommend, that, if you wish to have what is commonly called a *harepocket*, it be *lined with oilskin*, by which you may sponge off the blood, instead of having, as many do, a jacket, that would serve as a drag for a pack of harriers, by way of a nosegay for ladies at a breakfast table. But I have now totally discarded *black*, or *dark-green*, velveteen jackets, for *open partridge* shooting. They may please the "kiddies," but they frighten the birds. In the fourth week of September, 1829, an old sportsman laughed at the idea of this. But at last, he changed his black hat, and black velvet jacket with a servant of mine, who followed him, for a light fustian and a straw hat: he then became so convinced of his getting nearer to wild stubble-birds, as to swear he "would never mount another dandy-velvet!" Again, when driving a covert, place an old rusty-looking gamekeeper in one station, where hares and rabbits are driven towards him, and the black-velvet exotic in another, and see to which they will approach the nearest; barring, of course, the mask of yew-

tree, fir, or holly-bush. When too cold for a straw hat, use a white *radical*-beaver, or one of the new *felt* hats, or, what is better, a drab-coloured cap.* When advising all this, remember I am only prescribing for the advanced part of the season; because in the *early part of* September, while the *stubbles* are *thick* and the *birds tame*, a man might sally forth even in a regimental uniform, and not get a shot the less.

APPARATUS.

It may not be amiss to remind the *beginner* what articles he should *know that he has with him* before starting for the field (exclusive of having an oilskin, or, what we now find much better, a *Macintosh* guncover in case of rain): *viz.* powder flask, shot, wadding, a knife, and a flint case, with a gunpicker and turnscrew, which, as well as a little chamber-probe, are usually attached to this case. We will say nothing about a game-bag, as a man, who requires to be told all this, is very unlikely to kill more than may be contained in his pockets.

In case he should forget some of these things, I only beg the favour of him to learn one poor line of blank verse, which will be easier remembered than one quarter of what has been here said in prose:—

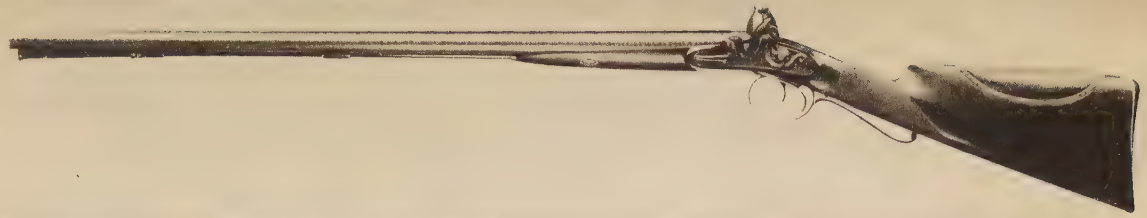
Take powder, shot, gun, wadding, flints, and knife,

or, if with detonator,

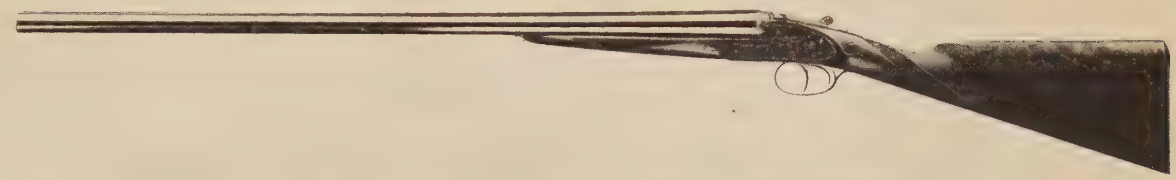
——————————————— caps, and case.

To make a cheap nipple-probe get a woman's hairpin and cut it in two; then break off about two inches of a clay tobacco-pipe; put the pin through it; and bend the blunt end so as to keep it firm, and the pointed end to a right angle. Put a cork or piece of elder on it, and carry it in your pocket. This is a plan of mine that I dedicate to misers, because you may get up about twenty of these nipple-pickers for a penny.

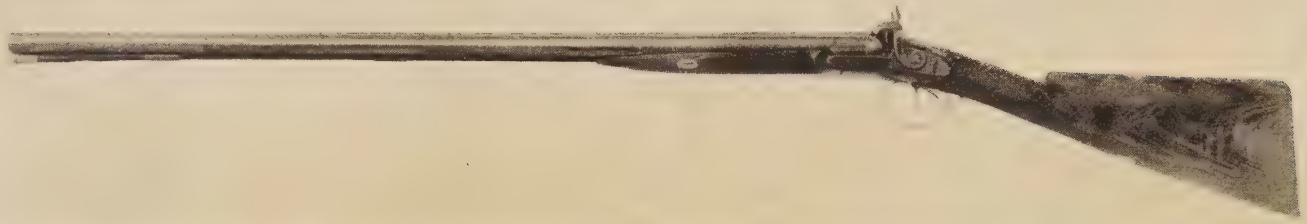
* The most *pleasant* hats to wear for shooting are those called gossamer, and sold for 4*s*. 9*d*. at the warehouse of Mr. Townend, 20, Bread Street, Cheapside. For neat appearance, they so "cut out" the others, that some of the dandy hatters must have been ready to commit suicide on their getting into fashion.



1821: A Purdey Flint-gun, contemporary with Hawker's Gun by Manton.



1921: Modern Purdey Breech-Loading Hammerless Ejecting 12-bore.



Side view of Hawker's Favourite 14-bore Gun by Joseph Manton.

CHAPTER III

THE ART AND SCIENCE OF GAME SHOOTING

How to Shoot—Swing—Snap Shots—Good Style—Nerves—A Trick with Pence—Cotton-wool and Sal Volatile—When Birds are Wild—The Flying Cadger—Noise is Ruin—Grouse Shooting—Peat Fires and Oatmeal Cakes—Pointer or Spaniel ?—Pushing a Stranger—"The Foxhunting of Shooting"—In the Snipe Bog—Keepers without Guns—Tricks of Poachers.

LET everyone, who begins shooting,* take warning from the many serious misfortunes that have, alas! too often occurred, and start with the *determination* of *never suffering a gun, at any time, to be held for a moment* or even *carried*, so as to be *likely to come in the direction of either man or beast.* One, who strictly abides by this *golden rule*, would be less liable to accidents, even if he *went from his door* with *both barrels cocked*, than he who neglected it for a few frivolous maxims.

Although we are not all blessed with such nerves as to aspire to being first-rate shots, yet I have no doubt but almost every man *may be taught to shoot* tolerably well; and, indeed, the art has of late been so much improved, that although but little more than half a century ago one who *shot flying* was viewed with *wonder*, we now frequently meet with schoolboys, who can bring down their game with the greatest dexterity.

Most men, who can, in a slow, bungling manner, kill more birds than they miss, or *now and then shoot brilliantly*, have the name of being "excellent shots"; and, as this character has an *opening for scandal*, the *world* is too *happy to indulge them* with a *circulation* of it, while others, who have *real skill*, are *laughing in their sleeves*, and have *real sense* to conceal it.

But (to be brief, which is here my study) allow me to suggest an humble attempt for the instruction of *the complete novice.* First, let him take a gun that he can manage, and be shown

* I shall leave the following directions, as they originally stood, for flint-guns; repeating my observation that, with *detonators*, the young sportsman has only to make *half* the allowance at crossing objects, etc.

how to put it to his shoulder, with the *breech and sight on a level*, and make himself master of *bringing them up* to a *wafer*.

Then [with a wooden or bone driver, instead of a flint; or anything to protect his lock from the concussion of iron, versus iron, if a detonator], let him practise at this mark; and, when he thinks he can draw his trigger *without flinching*, he may present the gun to your *right eye*, by which you will *see*, at once, if he is master of his *first lesson*. In doing this he must remember, that the moment the gun is brought up to the centre of the object, the trigger should be pulled, as the *first* sight is always unquestionably the best.

Then send him out to practise *at a card with powder*, till he has got steady, and afterwards load his gun, *occasionally*, with *shot;* but never let *the time* of your making this addition be *known to him*, and the idea of it being, *perhaps, impossible* to strike his object, will remove all anxiety, and he will soon become perfectly collected.

The intermediate lesson of a few shots, at small birds, may be given; but *this plan throughout* must be adopted *at game*, and continued, in the *first* instance, till the pupil has quite divested himself of all tremor at the springing of a covey, and observed, in the *last*, till most of his charges of shot have proved fatal to the birds. If he begins with *both eyes open*, he will save himself the trouble of learning to shoot so afterwards. An *aim thus*, from the *right shoulder*, comes to the *same point* as one taken with the *left eye shut*, and it is the most ready method of *shooting quick*.

Be careful to remind him (as a *beginner*) to *keep his gun moving*, as follows:—*before* an object, *crossing;* full *high* for a bird *rising* up, or flying away *very low;* and between the ears of hares and rabbits, running *straight away;* all this, of course, in proportion to the distance; and if we *consider the velocity*, with which a bird flies, we shall rarely err by firing, when at forty yards, *at least* five or six inches *before* it. (As the barrels of double guns usually shoot a *little inwards* at long distances, there is so far a preference in favour of the *right* barrel for an object crossing to the *left*, and *vice versâ*, that if we were beating along the side of a hedge, it would be best to keep the barrel next to it in a state of preparation.) Till the pupil is *au fait* in all this, he will find great assistance from the sight, which he should have precisely *on* the *intended point*, when he fires. He will thus, by degrees, attain the art of killing his game *in good style*, which is to *fix his eyes no*

the object, and fire *the moment he has brought up the gun*. He may then, ultimately, acquire the knack of killing *snap shots*, and bring down a November bird *the moment it tops the stubble*, or a rabbit *popping* in a furze-brake, with more certainty than he was once used to shoot a young grouse in August, or a partridge in September.

Many *begin* with very quick shooting, and kill admirably well; but are often apt not to let their birds fly *before they put up their guns*, and therefore dreadfully mangle them, and, I have observed, are not such *everyday shots* as those, who attain their rapid execution on a slow and good principle.

Others *potter* on, in the *old way*, all their lives, and offer to *shoot with any man in England*, because they can *cock an eye*, and kill *twenty slow shots running!* Such *adagio* sportsmen take care never to *fire random shots*, as *they call all that are the least intercepted*, or *confined to time;* but usually point, and then *take down* their guns—a practice that is seldom admissible. Such is my opinion of a slow poking shot, that I would rather see a man miss in good, than kill in bad, style. For instance, if I saw one man spring a covey of birds close to his feet, and keep aiming at one till the covey had flown thirty or forty yards, and even bring down his bird dead, and another man miss both barrels, within the same distance, I should say perhaps the latter, if in good nerve, may be a good shot, but I was quite sure that the former never could be one, because he was an hundred years behindhand in the art of using a gun. I know many old pokers who would feel sore at this assertion; but this I cannot help:—it is my humble opinion, and therefore I have a right to give it.

There are few of my young readers, I dare say, that have not, at some time or other, met with a man who, wishing to show off his shooting, has never fired but when he was pretty sure of killing, and whose pride was to be able to boast after dinner that he had bagged so many birds without having missed a shot the whole morning. But before we give this person credit for the name to which he aspires, let us ask him whether, in so doing, he brought home as much game as he ought to do? or whether, in order to bag a dozen head of game without missing, he has not refused at least twenty shots, in covert, etc., and, taking all chances, about eight or ten of which ought to have been killed? It is generally the mistaken idea of those who are no judges of shooting, that if a man kills a certain number of times without missing, he is

to be put down as a first-rate shot ; and that another person, because he has been seen to miss, is to be considered as his inferior.

For example, the one man goes out and springs birds enough to fire fifty times, within forty yards, and perhaps, being a *reputation* shooter, only twenty of these shots happen to suit his fancy. He never fires a second barrel unless the birds rise one at a time, or a covey happens to spring from under his feet ; and, in short, he kills his twenty birds in twenty shots. The other man takes the whole of the fifty shots, many of which may be very difficult ones, and under extreme disadvantages : he kills thirty-five, and misses fifteen. A fair sportsman and really good judge, I conceive, would not hesitate to say, that the latter has claim to be considered the better shot of the two.

We will then bring a first-rate shot into the field, and he shall kill forty-five out of the fifty (never failing of course to work both his barrels on every fair occasion) : he will then have missed five times ; and would any old sportsman judge so unfairly as to place *before him* the *never miss gentleman* with his twenty trap shots running ?

For my part, I should not, even if he missed an open shot or two within five yards of his nose ; because such a circumstance might arise from his being nervous, or an accident ; when the other, if put to the difficulties that he had been doing, would acquaint himself no better than an old woman.

If such a person, therefore, has a pride about him, and wishes to be thought a great shot, let him throw aside his double barrel ; and, under the plea of having only one charge to depend on, he may come off with great éclat among the average of shooters.

With regard to the *distance*, which constitutes *a fair shot*, there is no speaking precisely ; but, as far as such things can be *brought to paper*, and *guns to an average*, I should say, that, provided a gun is held straight, a bird should scarcely ever escape at *forty yards ;* and that *that* is the *outside* of *point-blank* range, although, at *fifty yards*, the chances are *three to one in favour of killing*, with a *good aim ;* but as a gun *never shoots twice alike*, a bird, at *this* distance, may *sometimes* be struck with *three or four shot*, and, at *others*, may *escape through an interval*, though the piece be never so well directed. But, if a pellet should take a bird in a *vital part*, or *the wing*, at *seventy* or even *eighty yards*, it would probably come down,

though the odds (at such distances) are, of course, against your hitting it at all. Birds *flying straight away*, or *coming to you*, require a *much harder blow*, than those *crossing* or *flying directly over your head ;* by reason that, in the *first* instance, they are partly *shielded by the rump*, and, in the *second*, the *feathers* are apt, at long distances, to *glance the shot.*[1]

Under these circumstances, a man MUST *either* PICK his SHOTS *or occasionally* MISS, though his gun *be every time held straight.* I may venture to say, there is no sportsman living who has not been known to miss the *fairest shots ;* and there are very few but *now and then in a season* will shoot badly for a *whole day.* It stands to reason when the *most skilful* may become, for a time, *unnerved* for shooting, by *ill-health, oppression of mind, one night's debauch*, or anything that will operate on the *temper or nerves.*[2]

One, who vexes himself about missing a fair shot, is the less likely to support himself at all times as a first-rate performer, because that vexation alone might be the very means of his missing other shots, and therefore he could not be so much depended on as another man, who bore the disappointment with good-humour. When a good shot misses, from being nervous, it generally occurs through his *left hand dropping* as he pulls the trigger ; and, if it happens that his gun should missfire, he will immediately detect this, by seeing that the muzzle has fallen below the line of aim. The best way to remedy this is to make a firm resolution to *fire full high*, and *firmly grasp the stock* for a *few shots ;* and, as soon as a few birds have fallen handsomely, he will, most likely, recover

[1] Here, as with his remarks on sizes of shot, Hawker anticipates a modern controversy. Opinions differ widely as to the power possessed by a bird's feathers in deflecting shot. Everyone who has stood in a grouse butt, particularly such a butt as one may find just below the sky-line, knows that he can kill a bird coming straight at him at the shortest possible distance from the muzzle of the gun, and that the bird so taken will not be damaged ; whereas, had it been shot at the same distance from the side or going away, it would be smashed to pieces. Then do the neck feathers, pressed down tight behind the head, deflect the shot ? I think this the only explanation. But what is wanted is the dissection of a number of grouse killed in this way ; we should then be able to see how many shot had struck the bird, where they had struck, and in what direction. This would settle the matter.

[2] Hawker writes over and over again in his diary of weakness and "nerves," which he doctored with quinine, sal volatile and so on, but you will seldom find even a hint of his shooting badly "for a whole day." He comments unconsciously on his own hardness and fitness in that he does not mention, among the causes that make a man shoot badly, mere physical fatigue. Yet among men who would ordinarily be called good shots, there is no commoner reason of missing.

his nerves and his shooting. I have luckily felt just enough of this annoyance to enable me to prescribe a little remedy for it; as I well know the unpleasant feelings of a shooting sportsman when deprived of his usual skill:—he becomes, like one with gout, love, or sea-sickness,—cruelly tormented, and laughed at into the bargain.

When two persons are shooting together, there cannot be a more simple way of avoiding confusion than for each man, when a covey rises, to select the outer birds on his own side. Let all birds that cross belong exclusively to that shooter for whose side their heads are pointed; and let all single birds, that may rise and go away fair for either person, be *taken alternately*, and *left entirely for the two barrels of the shooter to whom they belong*. By this means there is no "*wiping of noses!*" as they call it; no "*blazing a volley into the brown of 'em!*" or, in other words, no jealousy; no unfair work; and two sportsmen may thus shoot coolly together with good nerves and in good friendship, instead of with jealousy and greediness, which not only destroys all pleasure, but soon lessens their good shooting, if not their good fellowship. I adopted these regulations for three seasons, with one of the best shots that ever went into a field; and our diversion, by this means, invariably went on so pleasantly, that we shot with additional confidence when in each other's company. The gentleman alluded to was my lamented friend, the late John Ponton, Esq., of Uddens House, Dorset.

Taking the average of shooting companions, however (except to beat a double hedge-row, or divide what could not be seen on both sides), I should pardon any old sportsman for saying that he would rather have their room than their company.

From one, who professes himself an adept with a *double gun*, it is expected, that he will kill a bird with each barrel, almost every time the covey rises within fair distance; unless impeded by the *smoke of his first barrel* or other *obstacles* which he should *endeavour to avoid*. The usual method is to take down the gun, and present it afresh, after the first shot; but as I have seen fourteen successive double shots killed the *other way*, I shall venture to recommend it, as being more expeditious. It is, never to take the gun *from the shoulder* till *both barrels are fired;* by which means so little time is taken between the two shots, that the *first, as well as* the *second* bird may be suffered to fly to a proper distance; and let those

who are *not to be trusted* with *both* barrels cocked, get the *gravitating stops*, or use *a single gun*.

Since publishing the first edition of this work, I have seen, on the plan here recommended, *fifteen* double shots at partridges fairly killed in succession, provided I may be allowed to include one of the number which towered[1] and fell at so great a distance that it was never bagged. It is, of course, *not* meant to include among these *doublets* such birds as were *sprung* by the *report* of *one barrel*, and *killed with the other*. Shots of this kind certainly intervened, as well as single ones at different sorts of game. The number altogether, killed by the same person, in about five days, amounted to sixty head, without one miss.

As a further proof of the quickness with which two barrels may be correctly fired, *provided the gun is kept to the shoulder*, I shall mention an instance.—John Ford, gamekeeper to the Earl of Portsmouth, and a man about *six feet six ! laid his gun on the ground*, of course with both barrels cocked ; and, after *throwing* off two penny-pieces *himself*, he *took up his gun*, and hit them both, most handsomely, before either fell to the ground. He requested me to try, with his gun, if I could do the same. At first I failed, for want of being, what we used to call at Eton, a good "*shy*" ; but, after Ford had given me a few lessons in the throwing department, I did it the first time (though, perhaps, more by luck than skill), putting five shot in one, and six in the other ; which led me to conclude that, by *practice*, this might be reduced to about the same degree of certainty as other quick double shots. As to a man with his gun in his hand, throwing up, and hitting, two penny-pieces, or halfpence, it is no more than what many good shots can do, by the mere knack of *catching the first just after the turn*, and *presenting well under the second :* but the other performance is really a difficulty. Let some of the pigeon-shooters try this, by way of a "spree," and they will save a deal of innocent blood, and find they have enough to do. Most people will say, "This is not like shooting *birds*."—True ; but I say this,—it distinguishes, to speak musically, the *prestissimo*

[1] Hawker nowhere, I think, discusses the cause of towering—that singular phenomenon familiar to all shooters of a bird climbing higher in the air and falling dead. Yet he must often have talked of it. The question was not settled till 1877, when the late W. B. Tegetmeier, after dissecting a number of towered birds, showed, in the columns of the *Field*, that the cause of towering was a shot in the lungs, which choked the air passages—an explanation confirmed later by aid of the Röntgen rays.

from the *allegro* in *handling a double gun ;* and this is one of the points by which we may judge as to the brilliant or *first-rate* style of shooting. But Ford is a capital game-shot *also ;* and, as for his talent as a dove-butcher, a pair of old blues have no chance with him ; though he is unknown to all the celebrated artists of the trap. (His gun was made by Willmot of Andover, successor to Long, and *élève* of Parsons ; and never, since the days of Joe, have I seen one that pleased me better in the mounting. Since the sixth edition, Willmot has gone off, on " *spec.*" to America, where I hope my recommendation, though not I, may follow him. And since the eighth edition, people have told me that my " book has been the making of him in America.")

Many sportsmen of the old school would be quite irritated if laughed at for their extreme caution in never allowing their gun to be cocked till *after the bird had risen ;* but if they will show me one among them that can cock a gun, and bring down a snap shot with as little loss of time as one who had nothing to do but to present and fire, and particularly in making *double* shots, I will resign all pretensions to argument on the subject. This system may have done very well half a century ago, when they might also have " put salt on the birds' tails," and when the art of neatly using the second barrel was wholly unknown ; or even now, among the tame birds in the preserved turnip-fields of Norfolk and Suffolk, where they may pick both their shots or keep the second barrel for the chance of springing another bird. But those who shoot on this system, in a wild country, would stand a poor chance in competition with one who went up to his game with both barrels cocked, at a time when the birds were wary, and when the loss of an instant made the difference of ten yards in the distance. Then only is it that the difference is to be seen between a first and second-rate shot ; and, consequently, that those who pride themselves on skill, instead of easy slaughter, have the opportunity of distinguishing themselves. The argument, therefore, as to not cocking a gun, can only be heard on the question of *safety*. And here again I must confess I have my doubts as to their correctness. We will put a cool and steady old sportsman out of the question : but suppose an eager young man, who is unaccustomed to shooting, walks up to his dog with his gun half-cocked ; the moment the birds rise he is in such a state of agitation, that in attempting to draw back the cock of his gun, with a trembling hand, he lets it slip before the scear

has caught the tumbler. Off goes the gun! and the best fortune that can be expected is the happy escape of a favourite dog, or the life of his fellow-shooter. While, on the other hand, if he goes up with his gun cocked, *and his companion or follower sees that he advances with the muzzle in a safe and elevated position*, the worst that can happen is, that he may fire it by accident, in a direction that may be as likely, or more so, to kill a bird than when he aimed at it, or, at all events, in one that could endanger neither man nor dog. With regard to presenting a gun, the hand when near the guard is in the safest, and when grasping the stock, in the firmest position. Here let the shooter please himself.

Avoid squaring your elbows when you present a gun; it gives you an unsteady position, and has the same outlandish appearance as the squared elbows of our half-strangled exquisites who drive about the streets. Nothing can be neatly or gracefully done that is not done with ease; and a man may as well say that he can sit with the same comfort in the stocks as on a sofa, as that he can, in reality or appearance, be as easy with his elbows forced outwards, as when in their natural position.

If we consider for a moment, then, we shall perceive, that in doing most things, squared elbows have not only an unskilful, but an ungraceful appearance.

When a man is no further versed in shooting than just to have become quite expert at bringing down his bird, I conceive that he has only learnt about one-third of his art as a shooting sportsman. Knowing where to place himself for shots,—how to spring his game to advantage,—what days and weather to choose for the different kinds of sport,—constitute at least the other two-thirds; till he is master of which, he may often get beat in filling his bag, by a very inferior *marksman* to himself. Again; admit him to have learnt everything in the ordinary way, then comes wild-fowl shooting; the requisites for understanding which are so totally different, that there are many of the greatest field sportsmen in the kingdom who know no more about it than children.

FINISHING LESSONS IN SHOOTING.

I shall now add a few little hints, that may possibly be of service to many of my readers who have had some practice in shooting; but who, I trust, will not be offended at my

offering a few *finishing* lessons, under an idea that something, in general, may be learnt even from the most inferior person, and because that, after I had shot for more than thirty years, not a season, no, not even a month or a week elapsed, without my discovering that I had been previously ignorant of some trifle or other. If, therefore, a person feels himself above hearing an opinion in this, as well as in every other art, he decidedly gives the greatest and most positive proof of his own deficiency and narrowness of conception. Safely, however, may it be said, that in field sports, as well as in other pursuits, there are thousands who fancy that no one can show them anything, when they have literally not learnt above a twentieth part of their art ; and such people are always best left alone ; as, like blighted fruit, they have a bastard colour of maturity, that must for ever debar their coming to perfection.

With apologies for this digression, let me now endeavour to recollect what hints I can, that are not universally known.

In killing snap shots, fix your eyes, and immediately pitch your gun and fire, as it were, along, or rather over, the *backs* of the birds. Recollect they are generally *rising*, and not flying forward, *when you take them very quick ;* and that as the birds required to be so taken are usually at a distance, an elevation, at all events, can do no harm. If you cannot acquire the knack of doing this, your snap-shot birds, being struck in the breast, will go off, and tower before they drop.

If you have a double gun, always contrive as much as possible to get cross shots (which you will most likely do by walking across, or heading your dog, instead of going, like a bungler, directly from him to the game), or otherwise your second-barrel birds, by flying straight away up wind, down wind, or, in short, in the smoke, may sometimes defy the best shot in Europe. Recollect further, that, as birds fly across you, they not only become clear of the smoke, but give you more time, and present to your charge a more vital part. Be assured there is a great deal of *generalship* (if I may use the expression), as well as *marksmanship*, in showing off a brilliant day's shooting. But when a man, over his bottle, talks to his company of killing to a certainty double shots in whatever situation you choose to spring the game, within forty yards, " hear him," as Lord Chesterfield says, " with patience, and at least seeming attention " ; although you might feel disposed to confer on him the order of the long bow, or put him on your list for a knight's companion of the golden hatchet. Recollect,

however, it is but liberal to allow those persons, who have most frequently the mortification to do but little, the comfort of astonishing the credulous by talking a great deal.

In firing at random distances, where birds are crossing you at the distance of sixty or seventy yards, the average of good shots generally present not more than half a foot before them. But it should be recollected, that after the shot has been driven through the air to the point-blank distance, it travels so *much slower*, that the allowance must be *greatly* increased; and that although a few inches may be sufficient to fire before a fair cross shot, yet at sixty or seventy yards I should fire at least *two or three feet* before the bird, *if it went with any velocity*. Yes, even with a *detonator* I should do so, at *this distance!* Let any one of my young readers, who shoots fairly, try this against one that adopts the ordinary system, and see who will make the greatest number of long shots. While attending to this, however, he must take care not to present too low, but pitch his gun well up, or, if anything, full high for the mark.

In shooting by guess at rabbits, or anything in covert, fire at least a foot or two before the object, because, *on losing sight of it*, your hand will *imperceptibly obey the eye* in coming to a sort of check, by which you will invariably shoot a long way behind it.

In walking up to your dogs, in turnips or high stubble,[1] when birds are wild, lift your legs high; and by thus making less noise, you will get twice as near to your game. In an open country, where the stubble is thin, advance as quick as possible, tread light, and crouch your body as low as you can. Why does a pointer sometimes get within ten yards, when the birds fly up from the shooter at above 100? Because a dog is so low the birds cannot see him, and rapidly advances on them without making a noise. The sceptic may fancy this an "old woman's story,"—but, for all that, he'll get beat by the man who attends to it.

If a dog stands at a high hedge, go yourself on the opposite side, and let your servant be sent where the dog stands. When he hears you arrive opposite, let him call to you; and when you are ready for him to beat the hedge, give a *whistle*, because

[1] We have no high stubble to-day; indeed, modern farming methods leave us very little stubble of any kind that is not quickly ploughed. The highest crop we walk through to-day, I suppose, is potatoes, which were not so common a field crop in Hawker's day as they are in ours. Hawker mentions them as a difficult crop in which to work pointers, except "as spaniels."

a bird, being less alarmed at a whistle than a man's voice, will most likely come out on your side. Some people heigh the dogs in. This, I need not tell a *sportsman*, is the way to spoil them, and to prevent them from being staunch on such occasions. It sometimes happens, that there is a close twisted hedge on the opposite side, so that the birds, in order to extricate themselves, must face the dog ; and it is for want of cunning to do this, that young birds are so often caught in hedges, to the great delight of ammunition-savers and pot-hunters. In the latter case, keep with your dogs, and send round your man to poke the hedge with a stick.

If your object is to get a great deal of game on the same beat, *provided you have it to yourself*, do not go out above three days in a week. By so doing you will kill at least twice as much as by following the birds without intermission. Many people, who wish to secure all the partridges they can during the month of September, make a point of shooting every day, and are quite disconcerted if they lose even half a day's sport. All this is natural enough in keen young sportsmen, and very well, *provided* they have fresh dogs, and *fresh ground to beat ;* but under other circumstances they would stand no chance with a man who went out three times a week ; because his birds, having intervening days to be left quiet, would lie so much better, that he, *towards the end of the month*, would continue to fill his bag, while another would have so driven and harassed his coveys, that he would scarcely be able to get a fair single, much less a double shot. (I name this, and indeed all I have asserted, not as a mere opinion, but as the result of decided proofs, that I have witnessed no small number of times.)

In boisterous weather, contrive, as much as you can, to sport on the windward part of your beat, or you will drive the birds away from your own property, to where they may fall a prey to other shooters, or be driven into the heart of another manor by some knowing gamekeeper. Many old sportsmen will not beat their ground at all in windy weather. This I hold to be bad, for birds run a great deal when it blows hard ; and, by such means, often *run* out of bounds. When birds are young and tame, a windy day is generally the ruin of good sport ; but when they are strong and wild, the most boisterous weather is frequently the best for one who shoots quick and well, as the birds cannot hear so far, and will often lie the closer, for the sake of shelter.

For one who happens to be deprived of his only dog at the critical time of the shooting, or when there is no scent, on a dry sultry day, there is many a worse plan for killing birds than to get two boys to drag the ground with a rope, from ten to twenty yards long, kept down with a weight or stone at each end This plan first struck me from the immense number of birds that have been sprung by the land measurers, after harvest, at a time when the best of sportsmen have left behind them a great deal of game. If there is one shooter, he should keep in the middle, a little behind the rope, and the boys should be well drilled to drop like dogs when the game rises. But if two shooters, then one may be on each flank, and the rope may have a longer sweep.

For a person who has regular business to attend, and therefore can only go out for a few hours in the day, I should, in *September*, always recommend him to dine at one o'clock, and shoot in the afternoon (the grand time for filling the bag). His nerves are then sure to be in a pretty good state for shooting, and his head perhaps would then be less disposed for application. When he returns, let him take with his refreshment *tea* or *coffee*, instead of other beverage, after which he will feel himself cool, clear-headed, and again fit for business, instead of being disposed to throw himself into an arm-chair, and snore away the evening in concert with his dog. Do not let him think that by thus advising I wish to deprive him of his *nightcap*, or he may at once condemn me and my book for ever! No! if he likes grog, or other liquor, he may finish the evening with a *bucketful*, only let business be first done, and put out of the way.

For gentlemen who require a delicate hand in drawing, mechanism, surgical operations, music, etc., etc., I should advise them always to shoot in gloves, and the moment they return from the field to wash their hands in very warm water, using with it a more than usual quantity of soap; or their hands, by constant shooting, will, for a time, become so coarse and hard as to spoil and unfit them, in some degree, for that nicety which may be required in their more valuable occupations. Many people cannot, or rather fancy that they cannot, shoot in gloves, and consequently their hands become as coarse as those of a gamekeeper, which, utterly as I abhor *dandyism*, I must yet observe, is not quite in unison with the appearance of a perfect gentleman. I shall, therefore, recommend to them dark kid gloves, which will stand a month's shooting much

better than might be supposed; and if they fit nicely to the fingers, are so thin as not to be the least encumbrance between the triggers. Of these and other gloves, the best and strongest that I could anywhere procure were sold by Mr. Painter, No. 27, Fleet Street; and his late partner, and son-in-law, Mr. Chapman, only son of my old brother-dragoon, the late Major Chapman. But since our last edition, Mr. Painter died, and Mr. Chapman retired. The business, however, goes on as well as ever, with Messrs. Fownes, who were their wholesale dealers, keeping up the good name of "Painter," who had reigned as king of the glovers since 1786.

If a person is extremely nervous from hearing the report of his gun, or from the noise of the rising game, let him prime his ears with cotton, and his inside with tincture of bark and sal volatile.

It sometimes happens that a covey of birds is always to be found, but never to be got at; and are always seen going over one hedge, as soon as you arrive at the other. In this case let the shooter, if distressed for a brace of birds, place himself behind the hedge they fly over, and send a person round to drive the birds to him. He will then probably get a double shot, and very likely disperse the covey.

When birds are so wild that they will not lie, you often see them running across a barren field; in which case keep out of sight, if you can, and make a little noise, in order to drive them to the opposite hedge; but do not show yourself, or they will perhaps fly up, and be afterwards so much on the alert as not to be got at without great manœuvring.

When birds run (but are not visible on the ground, and the dogs keep drawing across a whole field), as they will do, most particularly in a dry easterly wind, they are almost sure to get up at a long distance. My recipe on this occasion is, to have a man on horseback, and make him take an immense circle, and after he thinks he has arrived well ahead of the birds, to gallop up and down in a transverse direction; by which means, between the two enemies, the covey are often induced to squat down close in their own defence; or, what is even better, to *disperse* before they take flight. In beating a narrow strip of turnips, with two shooters, when birds are wild and run, let one of them enter the croft about 80 yards in front of the other, and walk on in *echellon*, as the man in advance will then have the wild ones coming to him, and his partner the tame ones, if some of the birds happen to lie well.

If you have a piece of turnips very near a small covert, into which you wish birds to be driven for good shooting, at a time when they have become wild, be careful what you are about in windy weather; because birds, when shot at, will of course fly much farther than if quietly sprung, and particularly if borne away by the wind. It will often happen, therefore, that by your refusing two or three shots on such an occasion, you will get twenty or thirty shots after the birds (which, from running among the turnips, frequently become dispersed), are dropped all over the covert; whereas if this covert is not very large, they might probably have flown beyond it, had you discharged a gun. Many eager sportsmen, however, would be loth to trust to such a lottery, and argue, that "a bird in hand is worth two in the bush"; but such I have proved to be the case; and this, as well as every other part that relates to shooting, has been pencilled down in the field, with a *query* as to its future confirmation; and if it has stood repeated tests, entered in MS. for this work.

If birds are so very wild that all fair and quiet shooting fails, they are *still*, ninety-nine times in a hundred, *to be got*, if absolutely wanted, to win a wager, for a sick person, or any very particular purpose. But the process for *this* is *anything* but steady sporting, and can only be well followed in an open country. It is simply to establish a picket of mounted markers, with directions to give a signal when the birds drop; on receiving which you must gallop to the one who has watched the birds down, and instantly gallop with him to within about eighty yards of the spot. Then spring from your horse, and walk briskly to the birds, without a dog, taking care to advance, if possible, in a direction that may drive them to the best of your other markers. Many a brace of birds have I seen bagged this way, before an old dog could canter up fast enough, even to be in at the death, much less to run the risk of spoiling your shot for want of scent. Another recipe, for wild birds, and for which we have to thank a gentleman in Norfolk, where it is least wanted, is to fly a *paper kite*, regularly painted like a bird of prey, at about thirty yards above the ground, and with a very long string, so as for the man who flies, and walks on with it, to be at a distance; while the shooter and his dog approach behind the kite. I tried this one day, and it answered; otherwise I should not have named it.

In calm weather, after September, never go bellowing out

"P—o—n—t—o," "T—o—h—o," etc. (like a boy hooting at bird on corn). Your keeper will do this, at another time, if the dog requires it, and be pleased with his own noise. But rather take your chance of the second dog's seeing the point in time; or you may probably do much more harm than the very dog that you are rating. If, however, the dog is going down wind, the case alters; but even then I should rather try the expedient of a menacing attitude, seconded by a clod of dirt, or a turnip, to using my voice on such an occasion. (Of course I mean if I *wanted birds*, otherwise a good sportsman ought always to lose a shot, rather than neglect his dogs.)

If you *really want game*, when the scent is bad, and see precisely where a covey has dropped, let your dogs be taken up, and go first without them; and if the birds get up singly, never think of picking them up, but make the best of your time in loading and firing. Should you, however, want your dogs, have them one at a time, by making a signal, or whistling to your man who holds them; but do not speak, lest, by so doing, you might spring the covey.

If you have a small beat, rather give leave to one of the best shots in England, who is content to shoot twice a week, than to an idle bungler, who is lounging out with a gun every day; because the one, although he kills game himself, does not prevent you from doing the same; while the other, by harassing the birds, day after day, without intermission, will make them wild, and very probably drive them into another country. When permission is asked to shoot "occasionally," recollect this means as often as a person thinks proper to go over your ground; or, in other words, a *carte blanche* amounting to no more or less than to obtain the same advantage that you possess yourself. Be "wide awake" to such *modest* applications!

To be in good nerve for shooting, have all your arrangements made, and your apparatus prepared, over night; and then you have only to take your breakfast, and go off in the morning, in time to find your beat undisturbed, and without having anything to flurry you, by which you may become irritated and unsteady in the field. This is often the case with gentlemen on their own estates, who are sometimes so interrupted, that they lose half the morning before they can get away from home. None but weak men, therefore, envy the proprietor, who has all the trouble and vexation inseparable from landed

property and manors. The happy man is the flying cadger, who adjourns to the railway from his London den, with his gun-case and his portmanteau, and with no earthly care beyond the scent for his shooting, the wind for his fishing, and the resources and amusements afforded by his country friend. In short, he luxuriates in the cream of the sport; while the Squire has all the trouble and anxiety of preserving it, and can perhaps only enjoy an uninterrupted day's pleasure when he leaves his own place with all his cares behind him, and sports in some other, where he has nothing to ruffle his temper or divide his attention.

The foregoing are a few hints that I had hitherto kept to myself; but as now (thanks neither to age nor imprudence, but to accidental circumstances) I have no longer eyes or nerves for pretensions to the name of a shot, the greatest pleasure that can possibly remain for me is to resign the little I have learnt for the benefit of young sportsmen. The rising generation of shooters might otherwise be left, as I was for many years, to find out all these little matters, which not one man in a thousand (admitting that he knows them) likes to impart to another; and yet which are so necessary to be known, before even the best shots among them would be able to cope with a crafty old sportsman.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

Most young sportsmen, and many old ones, fancy that nothing great can be done on the first day, without they go out as soon as they can see to distinguish a bird from a dog. This may possibly be necessary for those who start from a *town*, where two or three unfortunate coveys are to be contended for by half the lawyers, doctors, schoolmasters, sporting parsons, and tradesmen in the place; but under other circumstances, this is the very *worst* method that can be adopted.

In the first place, the birds being at this time on the feed, will very seldom lie well. By your *springing them from the run*, the covey are pretty sure *to take wing altogether*; and being *once disturbed in this state*, it becomes, afterwards, much *more difficult to disperse them*, than if they had been *left quiet till the dew had dried on the stubble*. Secondly, you throw off with long shots, instead of fair ones; which, to say the least of it, is not a favourable beginning, either for yourself or dogs. Thirdly, for one who may have no relay of pointers or setters,

it should be recollected how much better bestowed would be the work which he takes out of them while *slaving to little purpose* in the *dew of the morning*, if he reserved it for the *afternoon*. This, from about three till six, is the time of day (in the early part of the season) that *all the best shots are to be got*. The birds are *then scattered*, and driven to the low grounds and meadows; where, with steady dogs, they may be found one or two at a time, and kicked up as fast as you can load and fire.

The most partridges that I had seen bagged in a day by one person (*when this work was first printed*), in a country *not* preserved, were twenty-three brace, in killing which I remember that although he *began* in the very best quarter, and everything *favoured*, as well as it possibly could do, his *starting at daylight*, yet he only got *three shots before nine o'clock*.

Although he had *four relays of dogs*, he felt confident that he should have killed at least *seven brace more*, if he had left the coveys *undisturbed* till about *half-past seven or eight*.

The person[1] who performed this, and the double shooting before alluded to, went out in a subsequent year at nine o'clock, surrounded by other shooting parties, who had been hard at work since the break of day. He had this season a far inferior breed of birds, and he had only one, and that a very old, dog. He took refreshment, and rested from twelve till two; shot again till six, and then went home to dinner, having killed fifty partridges and a hare, with only missing two very long shots, though he invariably used both his barrels whenever the coveys rose within gunshot. To this one dog he bagged in all, at different times, in a wild country, 3163 head of game. In 1827, when the breed of birds was good, the same person shot with only *one dog* (except a short trial of a young one, that did more harm than good, but with several markers), and, in eight hours, he bagged fifty-one brace of

[1] "The person," of course, is Hawker himself. I cannot verify in his *Diary* the first account; but the second appears to refer to September 1, 1819, which he describes at the time as "one of the most brilliant day's shooting I ever made in my life." In the *Diary*, however, he gives the bag as "45 partridges and 1 hare, bagged; misses, 4 very long shots, 2 of which were struck and feathered." The third day is September 1, 1827, "the greatest day on record" at Longparish. He "started at nine, had the first 'butcher's halloo,' or three cheers for 20 brace, at two. A second 'butcher's halloo' twenty minutes before six, and I then worked like a slave for the glory of making up 50 brace off my own gun." He is evidently writing from memory throughout, for he gives the number of head bagged to "this one dog" (his favourite Nero) as 3163; whereas a reference to the added yearly totals in his *Diary* shows it to be 3263.

Photo. by W. A. Rouch. *Copyright.*

PARTRIDGE DRIVING. A MODERN CONTRAST TO HAWKER'S METHODS OF WALKING UP PARTRIDGES.

partridges (besides three brace lost) and a hare ; and then he did not " throw off " till nine o'clock. This is perhaps the best day on record, for a *wild country* and *one dog*.

Much game as I have seen killed in a September day, I do not recollect one solitary instance of anything *extraordinary* being done *very early* in the *morning*. Many people tell me about killing ten and even twenty brace before breakfast ; but I never yet had the fortune to *see* the chance for such a performance ; because the dew is seldom off before eight or nine o'clock. It would be bad manners to doubt their word ; so I will conclude that they mean before some *dejeuné à la fourchette*, at 12 ; or perhaps *before their breakfast on the following day*. With regard to where and how we are to beat for game, etc. etc., it would now be unnecessary to inform even a schoolboy ; and, indeed, *others* having mentioned all particulars, is a sufficient reason for *my* not imposing on the reader's patience with what he will have seen before, and what, to describe, would lead me into the very subject of other sporting-authors. Suffice it therefore to say, that the great object is, *first* to have good *markers** judiciously *placed*, and *then* to disperse the birds ; the best way to do which, is to head your dogs, by taking an extensive *circle*. The second is, to make no more noise than what cannot absolutely be avoided, by doing as *much by signal* and whistling, and as little by *hallooing* as possible. Thirdly, go first on *hills to find*, and drive down from them, the birds, and then in *vales* to *kill* them. Fourthly, when distressed for partridges, in a scarce country ; at the end of the season, take a horse, and gallop from one *turnip-field* to another, instead of regularly slaving after inaccessible coveys. After a storm, *as soon as the ground is dry, or the next day*, birds will lie in a calm ; and, after a calm, they will lie in windy weather. Birds are frequently as much on the listen as on the watch ; and this is why, towards the end of the season, we sometimes do best in boisterous weather.

Many an excellent shot has come home with an empty bag, under the following circumstances. He has gone out in a cold raw day, and found that the birds were scarce and wild, and that even in turnips they would not lie. But had he then

* Always be sure to tell a young marker that he must *carry his eye well forward* when a covey of birds begin to skim in their flight, and consider, that as they may continue doing so for a field or two, he cannot safely say that he *has marked them down*, till he has *seen them* stop and *flap their wings*, which all game must do, before they can alight on the ground.

tried one kind of land, to which almost every men, as well as his dog, has a dislike—the *fallows*, he might possibly have got some good double shots ; because the birds, finding it a misery to run here, particularly if he walked across the fallows, will sometimes lie till they are sprung the fairest possible shots.

Let me conclude, under this head, with a few observations as to taking *horses* into the field. If birds are wild, a sportsman, who goes out with his man, and has no other attendant, will bring in more game if he contrives to mount that man, *or rather a light boy*, behind him ; because, the moment the dog stands, he can then dismount (by throwing his right leg over the horse's neck), and leave the man in full possession of the Rosinante, instead of being encumbered with a led horse, which frequently precludes the possibility of his galloping on to mark a covey, or follow up a towering bird. Moreover, it requires no conjurer to discover that two horses make more noise than one ; and all *noise, after the first few weeks*, is the *ruin* of *sport*. The gentleman with his stud would say,—Why not have three horses ? This, I admit, is a more dignified way of taking the field, than the subaltern turn-out of the Johnny Trot behind ; but then we have the clatter of three horses, with the chatter of two servants' tongues, an increase of noise that would set the birds on the run ; and it would be as vain to attempt the suppression of the one as the other. In short, I would back the double-mounted gent. against the great squire and his stud. Two on a horse, and the " cad " to be *helmsman*, is an excellent way of giving the shooter the liberty of his hands, the moment a covey springs unexpectedly. Recollect too, in wood about five feet high, a mounted man can shoot, where one on his legs cannot see ; and again, if a hare runs straight away, she may be killed ten yards further if you are well above her, and catch her head and pole clear of her high rump. All these little *et ceteras* are what we may call the finish : as to ordinary sporting, in the present day we may as well tell a man how to eat his dinner. Double-mounted markers are always ready to act in any country. I took the hint from the French cavalry, who had frequently riflemen mounted up behind them, for the purpose of what as a foxhunter, I should call " drawing the covers." Mounted markers have a droll appearance ; so I chose a respectable group of them for our old frontispiece, but they shall now be shown off in their proper place ; as I have, in this edition

Drawn by J. Ackle

Engraved by H. Adlard

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER AT LONGPARISH.

In his Diary, Sept. 17th, 1827, Col. Hawker describes the drawing of this picture. On Sept. 1st, 1827, he made his record bag of 102 partridges to his own gun.

selected, for a frontispiece, a still more original subject. Going out with banditti of this kind appears like anything but fair sporting. It is therefore proper that I should explain why it was done. The country which it became necessary to scour, *in one's own defence*, was in an absolute state of siege with contending shooters; insomuch that, unless you killed the birds down, within the first ten days, you could scarcely make up a basket for a friend. Directly the birds got wild, and began to run, they were cleared off by wholesale, with a new mode of snaring, in places too far from home to be conveniently defended from poachers. Now, however, this country is in peace; and, therefore (after exhibiting a few of the characters, taken by Mr. Childe on the spot, and among them our old rat-catcher,* who is up to everything, from a foxhunt down to the killing of all kinds of "*warmunt*," and even the taking of a "*wapses*'"† nest), we will disband the army; and, for the future, conduct the partridge shooting on the peace-establishment.

P.S., 1844.—When this group was drawn, it was not an uncommon occurrence to bring home from fifty to sixty brace[1] of partridges in a day. But, within these few years, the shooting has so fallen off, that we can rarely get our ten brace even on the 1st of September. Many people say, "How do you account for this?" Why, the reason is obvious, from a combination of circumstances, all against the sportsman; viz. the "march of intellect" in poaching—a sale-of-game act without a summary proceeding against trespassers who are *without* guns—the increased demand for partridges' eggs—the facility of railway—the farmers cutting up the grass-banks for fuel, and thereby driving the birds to breed in open fields, at the mercy of hawks, wet weather, and scythes—putting among their seed-wheat vitriol (to prevent smut), which poisons many birds, that would otherwise be left to breed—and mowing their wheat, by which means they destroy all

* To find him, look on the donkey. † Wasps'.

[1] Hawker's *Diary* shows that, as a matter of fact, he never had a better day with partridges than September 1, 1827, the day to which he has just referred. It is the only occasion on which he bagged more than 50 brace. But the interest in this postscript lies in the causes to which Hawker attributes the poor partridge seasons of the 'thirties. Poaching, demand for eggs, the railways, disturbance of ground, hawks, rain, cutting, grass, chemical dressings for wheat—we have only to add motors, telephone wires and poultry on the fields to complete the modern list of grievances; and we have only then to substitute for all Hawker's and all our own complaints the single, ever-recurring reason of failure with partridges—the weather

fine stubbles for shooting !—In short, the only wonder is that we have any birds at all ; and the scarcity will, no doubt, increase every year, unless some alteration be made in the game-laws, and the landlords adopt certain restrictions in their leases, taking care, at the same time, to make amends to the farmer for any new clauses they may choose to introduce ; or he will either destroy the game himself, or encourage his labourers to do so.

GROUSE SHOOTING.

The foregoing observations relative to partridges may be nearly as well applied to grouse shooting, when we recollect that Lord Strathmore's keeper, *in killing forty-three brace* of muir-game *before two o'clock* in the *afternoon*, had only bagged *three birds* at *eight* in the *morning*. [This, however, is nothing in comparison to the recent performances of the late Lord Kennedy, Captain Ross, and many others of our first-rate shots.]

The chief difficulty to be guarded against in this delightful sport, is the manœuvre of the old cock, who runs cackling forward, in order to lead you away from the brood. Old sportsmen and old dogs, however, should be too well aware of this stale trick to pay any farther attention to him, than to destroy him, if possible, on his first appearance. A dog who has been used to this sport, will sometimes *head him*, and be too cunning for him ; or at all events will not suffer him to prevent the sportsman from getting a good shot at the rest of the pack.

To *find* muir-game at the beginning of the season, take as many pointers or setters as you can get to hunt steadily together. To *kill* them, when *found and marked down*, take up all but *one staunch dog*.

For shooting grouse, select a fine sunshiny day, from *about eight till five in August or September*, and from about *eleven till three* at the *later* periods of the season, as they are then extremely wild, and will only lie tolerably during the few hours which are favoured by a warm sun. Unless the weather is very fine, you will *see them running* and getting up five hundred yards before you. In this case, let one person take an immense circle, so as to head them, while the other remains behind, to press them forward when he is ready ; and above all things you should, for killing them at *this* time

of the year, use either No. 1, 2 or 3 shot, in the *largest single gun* that you can possibly manage ; or, what is better, a good stout double gun, loaded with Eley's cartridges. Grouse take a harder blow than partridges, and do not fly quite so regular and steady.

Scotland is the best place for this sport, as the *heather* there being much *higher*, they will *lie closer* than in Yorkshire and the other moors of England : add to which, the sport there has, in many parts, the pleasing addition blackcock and ptarmigan shooting. Such, however, is the misery of the Highland public houses, and particularly to our perfumed young men of fashion, that I have generally observed nine out of ten of them, however good may have been their sport, come home cursing and swearing most bitterly about their *wooden berths*, *peat fires*, and *oatmeal cakes*.

I have had very good grouse shooting close to the inn at Arden Caple, in Dumbartonshire, although in the depth of winter, when interspersed with woodcocks and wild-fowl. But these birds *then* lose their fine flavour, and become somewhat similar in *taste* to a *dry red-legged* partridge. The Highland shepherds poach them in the snow, by means of decoying them to an ambush with an imitation of their call, and then raking them with a large gun.

To send grouse any distance, put some pepper to the parts where they have been shot, as well as into their mouths, and then pack them, carefully separated from each other, and kept as air-tight as possible, in boxes of *hops*. For all other information on grouse shooting, I refer my readers to an admirable little book called the " Moor and the Loch," by John Colquhoun, Esq., after whose long experience in the Highlands, I can have no farther pretensions to write on the subject.

PHEASANT SHOOTING.

For shooting *pheasants* it often becomes necessary to start very early in the morning, as *they* are apt to lie, during the day, in high covert, where it is almost impossible to shoot them till the leaf has fallen from the trees. We can never be at a loss in knowing where to go for pheasants, as we have only to send some one the previous evening, for the last hour before sunset, to watch the different barley or oat stubbles of a woodland country, and on these will be regularly displayed the whole contents of the neighbouring coverts. It

then remains to be chosen which woods are the best calculated to shoot in; and, when we begin beating them, it must be remembered to draw the springs, so as to intercept the birds from the old wood. If the coverts are wet, the hedge-rows will be an excellent beginning, provided we here also attend well to *getting between the birds and their places of security.* If pheasants, when feeding, are approached by a *man*, they generally *run* into covert; but if they see a *dog*, they are apt to *fly* up.

If a person holds land, over which keepers have a reservation, and therefore *drive it* in the morning to spoil his sport, he should sprinkle it well with buckwheat, barley, and white pease, for which the pheasants would most likely come back again in the evening, and he has then only to *begin beating with his back to the extreme point of his liberty*, and the birds, being cut off in their retreat, will either *fly to him* or *lie very close.* If the wind should blow strong *from* the preserves, or if the foxhounds should happen to run through them, he would then, by this means, be still more sure of having retaliation on those who had been taking pains to defeat him in the fair and lawful amusement of sporting on his own ground.

This plan, however, would be followed with little success, if the person adopting it should take out a cry of *noisy spaniels* or a set of *wild pointers.* He should recollect, that in order to intercept the birds, he may be obliged to work down the wind; and it therefore becomes necessary that he should have only *one steady old pointer*, or *setter*, who will keep within gunshot, and quarter his ground with cunning and caution, so as to work round every stem of underwood, instead of hastily ranging forward; and, above all, be well broke, either to *fall to the gun*, or *lie down when he has brought a bird.*

There are very few old sportsmen but what are aware that this is by far the most sure method of killing pheasants, or any other game, where they are tolerably plentiful, in covert; and although to explore and beat several hundred acres of coppice, it becomes necessary to have a *party* with *spaniels*, yet, on such expeditions, we rarely hear of *anyone* getting much game to his own share, except some sly old fellow, who has shirked from his companions to the *end of the wood*, where the pheasants, and particularly the *cock* birds, on hearing the appoach of a rabble, *are all running*, like a retreating army, and perhaps flying in his face faster than he can load and fire.

For one alone to get shots in a thick underwood, a brace or two of very *well-broke* spaniels would, of course, be the best. But were I obliged to stake a considerable bet (*taking one beat with another*, where game was *plentiful*), I should back, against the sportsman using them, one who took out a very high-couraged old pointer, that would keep near him, and would, on being told, break his point to dash in, and put the pheasants to flight *before they could run out of shot.* This office may be also performed by a Newfoundland dog; but, as *first getting a point* would direct the shooter *where* to *place himself* for a *fair shot*, the Newfoundland dog would always do best *kept close to his heels*, and only made use of to assist in this; and particularly for *bringing the game;* as we rarely see a pointer, however expert in fetching his birds, that will *follow* up the scent of, and *find* the *wounded* ones half so well as the real St. John's *Newfoundland* dog.

It will, of course, be recollected, that the pointer kept for *this* purpose should never be taken with regular-broke dogs. He will, however, before the season for pheasant shooting, be as *well worth his keep* as *spaniels*, by the service he will render his master (single-handed) among potatoes and bean-fields; the beating in which (and particularly if there are landrails, or *red-legged* partridges) is by no means a good practice for thorough-broke pointers or setters.

It often happens that the boundary of a liberty ends with a broad hedgerow, which may be *too high to shoot in*, and may have *land* on the *other side belonging to some one* who is *not on terms* with the owner, and for whose property all his game fly out on the *wrong side* of this little covert. He has then only to sow *buck-wheat, sunflower-seeds*, and plant *Jerusalem artichokes* for the *pheasants;* and *Swedish turnips, Dutch clover*, or *parsley*, for the *hares*, on his own side, and cut down a space *broad enough to shoot*, on the *enemy's* side, *in* the hedgerow, which will soon induce him to compromise on equitable terms: because, should his competitor even do the same, he will most probably still have his share; and, if not, he will get away a great part of *his* game.

If the hedgerow is hollow at the bottom, he should send some one to the end of it, as many of the *old hares* would probably *run forward* rather than *cross him*, or *take away from home.*

If a rival shooter (some stranger) races to get before you, push him hard for a long time, always letting him have rather

the advantage, and then *give him the double* without his seeing you. Having done this, go quietly round (supposing you have been beating up wind); and, on reaching the place where you began, work closely and steadily the whole of the ground or covert that you have both been racing over, and you will be sure to kill more game than he, who is beating and shooting in haste, through fear of your getting up to him; and (if the wind should rise) driving the *dispersed*, and, consequently, *closest-lying* birds to your beat, as fast as he finds them.

When staying in a *town*, take care not to let everyone know where you shoot, by pompously riding through it with a display of guns and dogs; but either send on the latter in the dark, or take them closely shut up in your dog-cart. If driving, cover your shooting-dress with a macintosh or a box-coat: if on horseback, ride out of the town on some road diametrically *opposite* to where your sport lies, and then double back again on other roads, or by crossing the country. If you return by daylight, enter the town again by this means, or at all events in the most quiet and private manner, otherwise you will soon have your beat (if on a neutral place) worked by every townsman who can muster a dog and gun.

If there is one month worse than another for the amusement of shooting, I should be apt to consider that it is *November*. The warmer weather of September and October is then gone by, and the birds become wild and cunning. The fall of the leaf, with the sports of rabbit, woodcock, and wild-fowl shooting, are not in general to be fully enjoyed till December and January; so that, in the event of a sportsman finding it necessary to leave the country during the shooting-season, on any business, the precise time for which might be at his own option, I should advise him to choose this, the middle month, for laying aside his gun.[1]

[1] There is no form of shooting which has changed more in method between Hawker's day and our own than shooting pheasants. Hawker walked up his pheasants in covert, and he would spend hours in outn anœuvring a single old cock. But since it became the fashion to rear pheasants by hand in large numbers, it became also the fashion to try for higher and higher birds, and covert-shootings were managed with that purpose. Pheasants will not fly high when driven from "home," i.e. the place where they are used to be fed; but they will run long distances. The modern practice, then, has been to push the pheasants away from home to a chosen distance, where they are stopped by beaters, netting, etc.; then to flush them there, so that they will fly home, which by choosing the ground carefully they may be made to do at a great height, travelling at a great speed and passing over the guns on their way. This may be termed in a sense artificial, but it undoubtedly affords

COCK SHOOTING.

The pursuit of woodcocks, with good spaniels, may be termed the *fox-hunting of shooting!*

A real good sportsman feels more gratified by killing a woodcock, or even a few snipes, than *bags full of game*, that have been reared on his own or neighbour's estate; and one who does not, may be considered a *pot-hunter*. In a country where cocks are *scarce*, be sure to put a *marker in a tree*, before you attempt to flush one a second time; and when you have *marked down* a cock, remember how very apt he is to *run*, instead of *rising* from the spot in which you may have seen him drop. If a cock flies away, and continues to rise wild, go safely beyond where he may have last dropped, and then back again to beat for him (leaving some one to make a noise on the side where you had before advanced on him), and he will then most likely either lie close, or fly towards you. If this will not do, take your station quietly to windward (as

exceptionally difficult shooting—far more difficult than walking the birds up in covert.

The war of 1914 put an end for years to this kind of pheasant-shooting, which, with its thousands of birds on the wing, perhaps may never be revived. Probably it offered the hardest chances possible for fine shooting—such chances as can only be obtained here and there with wild birds, as in Wales, for instance, or in the high hanging combes of the West Country. This kind of pheasant-shooting makes other forms tame, if not dull. At all events, the walked-up shot, or the pheasant beaten out anyhow, so that he has no time to get up his full pace, seems to me of all shots the least interesting.

Hawker writes only of wild pheasants, and it is usual to assume that the hand-rearing of pheasants for shooting dates only from the middle of the nineteenth century. But this is not so. In 1790 Pye, the Laureate, wrote a poem entitled "Amusement," which was a satire on the effeminacy or degeneracy of the age, particularly in the matter of out-of-door sports. It contains the following lines:—

> "Swoln opulence is not content to stray
> In anxious search thro' many a tedious day,
> Where constant hopes the eager thought employ,
> And expectation doubles every joy:
> But the wing'd tribe, by care domestic bred,
> Watch'd with attention, with attention fed,
> Where'er the sportsman treads in clouds arise,
> Prevent his wish, and sate his dazzled eyes;
> And each redoubled shot with certain aim
> Covers the ensanguin'd field with home-bred game—
> Transporting joy! to vulgar breasts unknown,
> Save to the poulterer and the cook alone;
> Who search the crouded coop with equal skill,
> As sure to find, almost as sure to kill."

'With attention fed,' 'dazzled eyes,' 'homebred game'—to what else can these lines refer, if not to pheasants?

cocks generally fly against the wind) give a whistle when you are ready, and let the other person then draw on, and flush him. His cry of "Mark!" will assist in frightening and driving the cock forward, and be a signal for your preparation.

No more on cock shooting, as directions enough about it have been given by other authors.

SNIPE SHOOTING.

The pursuit of snipes is declined by many, who plead their inability to kill them; than which nothing may be easier acquired, by a pretty good shot. Snipe shooting is like fly-fishing: you should not fix a day for it, but when you have warm windy weather, saddle your horse and gallop to the stream with all possible despatch. Should there have been much rain, allow the wind to dry the rushes a little before you begin to beat the best ground, or the snipes may not lie well. Although these birds frequent wet places, yet the *very spot* on which they sit requires to be *dry to their breasts*, in order to make them *sit close;* or, in other words, lie well.

If they spring from nearly under your feet, remain *perfectly unconcerned*, till they have *done twisting*, and then *bring up your gun and fire;* but, if you *present it in haste*, they so tease and flurry, that you become nervous, and, from a *sort of panic, cannot bring the gun up* to a proper aim. If, on the other hand, they rise at a *moderate* distance, *down with them before they begin their evolutions.* When they cross, be sure to fire *well forward*, and (if you possibly can) *select*, as I have before said, a *windy day* for this amusement; as snipes then usually *lie better*, and, on being sprung, *hang against* the wind, and become a good mark.

In springing snipes, always contrive to get *to windward* of them, by which you will be more likely to prevent their moving, and seldom fail to get a cross shot; in taking which a young sportsman is not so liable to be confused by their twisting.

To kill snipes, *first* go *silently down wind* to *walk up the wilder ones;* afterwards let go an old pointer *up wind* to find those which may have lain so close as to allow you to pass: and before you spring them, take care to make a circle, and head your dog. Look always for snipes in places which are *not frozen.* I have always found, that the worst time to shoot snipes is in a *white frost*, as these birds then generally take to

the uplands, or get into some rivulet, in small whisps, or flocks, and spring up all together, instead of being well dispersed, and thereby affording a number of shots, as they do in boisterous weather. But, *after* a *frost* has *brought the snipes into the country*, you are pretty sure of *good sport* on the *first open windy day* that follows it. Stick to these birds when once you find them, as they may all disappear in one night In the New Forest, however, Old Primmer, the celebrated keeper, told me that snipes will *generally* remain in, or near, the same quarter, when not disturbed; so that, by leaving them quiet awhile, at the fall of the year, they will call down all the passing flights, and, if you have patience to wait, you may get a brilliant day's sport.

There, sometimes, is a peculiar difficulty in snipe-shooting, which every old sportsman must acknowledge (though I have never yet heard it remarked!) and that is, the inconvenience of the place from which you have frequently to stop and fire:—sometimes up to your knees in a rapid stream,—at others, tottering on a quagmire, or having to pull your leg out of a stiff bog, at every step; and then being obliged to "look all ways at once," lest you may slip in over your boots; and all this while the snipes keep flying up so fast as to require the quickest shooting. This is the reason that these birds are never so sure a mark as other game; and hence the cry-out about extreme difficulty. But even in this there is a little tact required: for instance, a sportsman should go as quiet as possible till he is firm on his legs; and he should at all times *walk slow in treading a bog;* because if he steps too fast, he is neither so steady nor so ready to stop and fire; and, of course, more liable to stumble on the springing of a snipe. (These are a few little finishing hints, that I forgot to give in my previous editions.[1])

Before I conclude under the head of "snipe-shooting," I am induced to insert a letter that I wrote to Mr. Martin, wherein I had occasion to introduce this subject. I hope my readers will pardon me for copying the letter at full length; as, although in other parts wholly irrelevant to the present subject, yet it all, more or less, may concern young sportsmen. They may, however, say, and with reason, what can *snipe-*

[1] It is interesting to find this postscript as to foothold added in 1844, thirty years after the first edition. It really sums up the main difficulty of snipe-shooting, and the earlier editions are incomplete without it. With it, these two or three pages on snipe-shooting, written by one who first killed snipe with a flint-gun, remain the last word on snipe-shooting to-day.

shooting have to do with *fly-fishing?* With their indulgence, then, I will tell them:—most young sportsmen, probably some old ones, are not aware, that no two sports may be better combined than snipe-shooting and trout fishing! The snipes are never better than in February and March, and at this time the trout are often pretty good, and of course much easier caught by a young angler than when in high season, as they have then scarcely tasted a gnat, and will rise at anything. A dark and mild dry day, with a good breeze from the south and west, is the most favourable time for *both* of these sports, which may also be combined at the fall of the year, when the trout, and particularly the large ones, often remain in high season.

Mr. Martin, it appears, has published my letter in his second edition, from which I copy it verbatim, and wherein he does me the honour to say—

"Major P. Hawker, who is an entire stranger to me, further than as the well-known author of that much-admired work, entitled 'Instructions to Young Sportsmen,' has done me the favour to transmit the following letter:—

"Longparish House, October 11th, 1818.

"SIR,

"On my return to this place, I was favoured with a copy of the '*Sportsman's Calendar*,'* which you have done me the honour to send; and which, no less for its utility than for the remembrance of your attention, shall have a place in my library.

"I can, without flattery, assure you, that I am well pleased with the work, because you have comprised, in a small compass, all the necessary information; and, instead of prosing on the various subjects, and taking up the trade of *book-making*, by the detail of useless anecdotes, that are perhaps nothing more extraordinary than have occurred to every old sportsman, or have been handed, for ages, from one book to another, you have judiciously inserted that which is most useful on other points. In short, you have given, in the way of directions, recipes, etc., all that can be required for a good sportsman; and then, very properly, devoted the remainder of your little volume to the purpose of becoming an universal, though portable, calendar.

"As I see you have thought a few of my instructions worthy of notice, permit me to observe, that there are two points on which I dissent from you in opinion:—

"1st. About cocking the gun after the bird rises:—I have so many times nearly had one of my dogs killed by young shooters

* Now out of print.

letting the cock escape from the thumb before the *scear* had caught the *tumbler* (through eagerness to fire), that I have, by subsequent experience, found less danger in allowing them to cock their gun when the dog stands, making it my first object to see that their guns are always carried in a safe direction. No man can kill *double shots brilliantly in December*, if he takes down his gun to cock the second barrel: and as for *danger*, Mr. Joseph Manton's gravitating stops, which may be put to any gun, will preclude the possibility of an accident, even admitting that you are so unfit to be trusted with a double gun as to load one barrel without uncocking the other.

"2ndly. With regard to *Snipes:* It is only when they *lie well* that you can allow them to finish their twisting; the greater part of them require to be taken extremely quick, and the knack of doing *this* constitutes the *crack snipe-shot*, who will kill a dozen of those birds where a slow *poking* marksman of the old school can only fire his gun a few times.

"Having been thus far so rude as to criticise your work on the subject of *shooting*, allow me to make the *amende honorable* by giving you a useful hint on trout *fishing;* viz. For small rivers the *yellow dun*, as made by Chevalier, is, in the long run, worth all the other flies put together; and I can safely assert, that my sport has never been so good as when fishing through the whole season with this fly at the end, and a small *red palmer* for a *bob*.* A great deal, however, depends on *throwing well*, so that the gut should drop on the water before any part of the line, which is seldom the case when our *soi-disant* anglers fish with their whole bodies; and, instead of throwing gracefully from the wrist, which ought to be done equally well with either the left or the right hand, they labour like a person threshing, and keep bowing like a candidate to his constituents at an election. What is the consequence of thus flogging the water? they frighten away the large fish, and catch only the small ones.

"With many apologies for the scarcely legible manner in which the greatest haste and an accumulation of unanswered letters oblige me to write,

"I have the honour to remain,
"Sir,
"Your obedient humble servant,
"P. HAWKER.

'P.S. One who can throw a fly well *across* the wind has a great advantage in catching the large fish, as in this case the line, before it falls, becomes for a moment suspended over the water, and therefore drops lighter than when thrown directly with the wind."

* It would be ridiculous to lay down this as a rule for every county. I only speak of the small rivers that I happen to have fished for many years, in Hampshire and part of Dorsetshire, concerning which I can therefore speak from experience.

PRESERVATION OF GAME.

Having said enough on the *destruction*, let me now proceed to the *preservation* of game.

A man, who, as a friend, had been hospitably entertained, or, as a stranger, accommodated with a day's shooting, would scarcely deserve the name of a gentleman, if he afterwards, clandestinely, set his foot on the ground of one, to whom he was thus far indebted ; and it is, therefore, extremely illiberal to infer, that a good shot cannot sport like a gentleman ; or that, when invited to shoot, he would destroy an unfair quantity of game ; so far from it, a first-rate sportsman takes a pride in showing mercy to what is in his power, and piques himself upon strictly conforming to what he thinks would please his host, and being called a "nice gentleman" by an honest gamekeeper. Not only this, but from being cool and steady, he has better nerves to withstand all temptation, than a raw shot, who has scarcely any command of himself on springing a forbidden bird. There are many 'squires, however, so hoggishly tenacious of their game, that, in spite of all reason, they continue their prejudice against a cracked shot so far as studiously to avoid his acquaintance ; because there are some greedy destroyers, who take an unfair advantage of their own skill and their host's indulgence ; and, on the other hand, correct men, who have been known to kill an immense bag of game, at his particular request, for the supply of an election dinner, or some other reasonable purpose.

Thus many lords of manors, who would rather lose an ounce of their own blood than a brace of their pheasants, have been striving to preserve *every head* of game *by day*, while the poachers, unmolested, were *clearing it* by *wholesale* during the night. Sometimes, too, notwithstanding all their caution, their manors are invaded even by day, with old stagers from a garrison, who select market days, when the tenants are absent, and windy weather, when they can manœuvre to leeward and outflank the keepers.

Others again manage to create a diversion in favour of their trespass, by having the keepers drawn to opposite points, with the discharge of double guns and pistols ; or, getting some bad shots, on promising them a share of the booty, to throw themselves in the way of the lookers out, and occupy their whole attention ; first by running away to give them a

chase that will prolong their distance from the real point of attack; and then, by warmly arguing in a wrong cause so as to engross their attention with a triumphant explanation of their own knowledge, and their prisoner's ignorance in the game laws.

Many *gentlemen-poachers* have, by running away, through pretended fear, drawn a gamekeeper off his boundary, who, being possibly there followed by his dogs, and having only a *gamekeeper's licence*, becomes so far in doubt as to his own safety against information, that he is too happy to compound for the day's sport being finished in peace, by those before whom he may have committed himself.

Some, with a polite bow and shrug of the shoulders, have pretended to be foreigners, who do not understand a syllable of English, and by this means deterred keepers from asking those questions, which, *if once put*, the usual *penalty* of twenty pounds would *bind them to answer*.

Others, regardless of either word or credit, most faithfully assure the keepers, that they have got leave from their master, inquire after his health, pretend to be on the most intimate terms with him and his acquaintance, and (probably, knowing him to be from home) have even had the effrontery to call at his house, in order to give still more plausibility to *their word*. A keeper should, therefore, *always serve the notices* on every one, who is not perfectly well known to him. This may be done with a degree of respect and civility, that could offend no gentleman, and would often be the means of outwitting many, who are regardless of all pretensions to that name.

Some attempt to carry their point by sheer bullying; threatening to box with, or shoot the keepers, and (under a hope that their masters would not offer themselves as a target to every puppy who came to poach on them) talk of "satisfaction—" "pistols—" "fighting in a sawpit—" and hold forth vaunting proposals, in which, if they were once *taken at their word*, they would, in all probability, like most *bullies* or *soi-disant* heroes, who *prattle too much* about "fighting," be the very first to *sport the white feather!* They are not all men of war who strut about with colossal brass spurs, and ten shillings' worth of hair, like a magpie's nest, pasted round their jowls.

Though last not least, among the successful plans of the day poacher, is that of taking a double gun, and an old steady

pointer, when travelling, and *cutting out* the game from the farther end of the preserved fields, which flank the turnpikes (as a cruiser would a flotilla from under a battery) : or, if the fields are so large that he might be *coursed and caught*, simply to draw them within a *short run* of his carriage. A keeper, in this case, would do well to gallop quietly round to some likely field *in advance*, for which our friend would be pretty sure to turn out again ; and here the keeper, by *hiding himself*, might pop on him, with all the necessary articles to put an end to his progress. For stopping one, who carries a gun to shoot *birds feeding* as he *travels along the road*, the better way would be to tie down the innkeepers, by a threat of withdrawing your custom, not to allow their postboys or coachmen to stop for *such purposes ;* and, through a fear of getting in a scrape, these men would most likely contrive to pass by or frighten up the game. *Now however the power of seizure and the 2l. penalty*, WITHOUT NOTICE ! *alters the case : though unfortunately, this summary penalty is calculated to annoy only the open, and perhaps fair, sportsman, instead of the runaway shooter, or secret poacher.*

If you owe a greedy shooter a grudge, give his dog, in *hot weather*, a *carte blanche* at a large tub of buttermilk, just before he takes the field. He will then have many points ;— but few birds.

It would far exceed the limits of this work to insert every *ruse de guerre* that is successfully practised, for a tolerable shot to come home with a full bag. All keepers and lookers out, therefore, should be constantly on the alert, and made strictly acquainted with the game laws, at least as far as they relate to themselves ; but although this may be learnt by a little conversation with almost any attorney's clerk, or a few written instructions, yet not one in ten knows how to serve a notice correctly, or even the most common points of what so materially concerns the duties of his situation.

Keepers should be as widely distributed as possible, by which means a marauder would have some difficulty to steer clear of them all ; but these men (*like markers*) are too apt to get idling and chattering together, instead of minding their business. Each gamekeeper would do well to have with him a *witness*, for which any common labourer would be sufficient ; and, above all, a *spy-glass*, by which he would most likely be able to distinguish any man, who might beat him by being longer in the legs than himself, or having a horse which was

a better *fencer* than his own ; and who he may, by this means, be able to recognise hereafter, so as to find him out, and proceed against him. A few words more, with regard to gamekeepers :

Be careful how you trust any of them with guns, under the pretence of their killing vermin ; for it is an undoubted fact, that many of those, who are considered very honest men by their employers, are yet so much the contrary, that they will take every opportunity to destroy game, when not under the immediate observation of their master. For instance—a gamekeeper is in a covert : he fires his gun, and *pockets* a pheasant or a partridge, or kills a hare and *conceals it:* his master, who is perhaps not out of *hearing* of the *gun*, comes up and says—" John, what did you shoot at ? " " A d——d hawk, sir," replies the *trusty* guardian of the *preserves*. " Did you kill it, John ? " " Oh, no, sir, he was too far off ; but I'm sure I properly peppered him." " Where is he now ? " " Lord bless you, sir, he's been out of sight these five minutes ! "

Be very cautious whom you trust with fowling-pieces ; they are not so often required as keepers would *wish to persuade you they are ;* and do not be led away with the *mistaken notion*, that it will be a protection to your game to have a dozen fellows running about with *guns* in their hands. It may be asked, How then are the various kinds of vermin to be destroyed ? To which I would answer, that if a keeper cannot effect this by means of traps,* gins, poison, and the various other artifices, he is by no means qualified for his place. And, with regard to hawks and other mischievous birds, these underlings have only to keep a sharp look out, in the breeding season, to find their nests, and then take the head keeper, or some one proper to be trusted with a gun, to shoot them.

In case it should be considered unsafe for keepers to go their nightly rounds without fire-arms, I should rather recommend the use of *pistols* than guns, though I have little doubt but a *fierce dog*, and a *sabre* or a *bludgeon*, would effectually answer the purpose of defence against poachers. If you have reason to expect a gang of poachers, that may be too strong for your keepers, let someone go through your covers, and thrash away at all the trees till he has driven the pheasants from their roost. Having then spoiled the night's sport, you may go

* The best trap I ever met with shall come hereafter. It was a new subject for the last edition.

home and sleep in peace. This was the plan of my friend, the late John Ponton, Esq., who, with only one regular keeper, had plenty of pheasants, in the midst of poachers.

The poachers, when not in bed, or at their work, generally frequent what were formerly called "*bough-houses*"—*un*-licensed places where beer was sold, but *now* regularly *licensed*, as "*beerhouses;*" much increased in number; and therefore a ten times greater nuisance than ever!—The very ruin of the lower classes and their families. [If beer must be sold, it should be taken home by the poor man to his wife and children, and not guzzled by himself, in half a day's idleness, among, and perhaps under the tuition of, a den of thieves. We sadly want some amendment to regulate this abominable bill!] In haunts like these, it may be contrived to discover a whole gang of poachers, by having them closely watched, or buying over, for a spy or keeper, some well known "old hand." In short, if these fellows are *never lost sight of*, they *must* be taken sooner or later; but, if only watched for in the fields and woods, they may escape their pursuers till they have stripped a manor.

The most scientific poacher, and the least likely to be detected, is the one who snares partridges in the open country, or catches hares and pheasants, in covert, in the middle of the DAY. Take a covert, for instance—the poacher with snares and silk nets goes through it, and quietly sets them. When this is done, throughout the whole extent of covert, where there are paths or runs, the coppice is then disturbed by a mute and unsuspected cur, and the destruction immense, if well supplied with game. The grand time for this is on a Sunday; or on a wet day, when no sportsmen are likely to be out. The fellow, if caught, has of course some prepared excuse, such as that of nutting—of cutting a stick—having lost his way, etc. You find no game upon him, and therefore can do nothing with him! While possibly his fifty brace are hid away in sacks to be brought off at midnight to the *receiver*—perhaps the ci-devant man-cook of a country inn, or some such "deep old file," who generally contrives to keep out of all scrapes, and pass himself off as a respectable man.

Before concluding on the subject of poaching, let me give a hint about taking the *eggs* of game:—Some time ago the poachers, in the Andover district, made a practice of going out on *Sundays*, either in the morning, or during divine service, for the purpose of taking the eggs of game. It was not

uncommon to see them walking five or six abreast (similar to coursers looking for a hare) in order to spring the partridges from their nests, and thereby discover the eggs. This practice has been considerably increased by gentlemen, who were no doubt little aware of the consequence, having had remittances of eggs to stock their preserves. These gentlemen will perhaps be the very first to suffer from, though they should be the last to complain of, this wholesale and unseasonable mode of destruction.

The real way to keep up a good stock of game, we may rest assured, is, *first*, to be well guarded against all such incursions as those previously alluded to. *Secondly*, to get the poachers watched at *their own houses*, by concealing people during the night, near *both* their *front and back doors;* also to have, *up the road, an eye on the stage-coaches;* and, above all, some *spies over the wagoners*, who are often their *very employers*, and who are enabled to *smuggle to London both* your *game* and *poultry*, not only *better concealed*, than if sent by the coach, but in much *greater quantities*. *Thirdly*, to keep *on good terms with the farmers*, who, it should be remembered, have a right to *tread on their own ground*, though the nest of a *partridge* or *pheasant* be *under their feet!*

In a few words, a gentleman, who, living on his estate, is liberal and popular with his neighbours, his tenants, and the poor, will seldom have much difficulty in preserving his rights of every kind. Few will be disposed to infringe on them, while everyone is ready to offer assistance for their protection. But, on the other hand, the tyrant, hated and despised by all, when shot over by day, poached on by night, or even robbed of his property, becomes only the laughing-stock of his villagers, who would perhaps rather succour than inform against the offenders!

Nothing will *keep pheasants at home* better than stacks of *buckwheat, oats, white peas*, or *barley;* provided you dispose of them IN coverts, where there is *access to water*. It is equally as well known, that high turnips will be a shelter for your partridges, as that *Swedes* will attract hares, and strong furze be the means of preserving game of every description.

I may add, that *woodcocks* have been often collected together by *decayed apples*. This discovery was first made in consequence of their having frequented the orchards in some parts of Dorsetshire, where they have appeared in numbers, and are called "ditch-owls."

In the four last editions, I observed, that there remained much to be done for the effectual preservation of game, to which the legislature would no doubt attend, when matters of more serious consideration were happily adjusted; and the game laws would, in all probability, undergo the improvement, for which there was ample scope.

HUTCH-TRAP FOR VERMIN.

I here present my readers with a trap that has been used by our old vermin-killer, for these thirty years, and with which he has caught more weasels, stoats, wild cats, rats, and polecats, than any man in the county: and, as he is not quite so

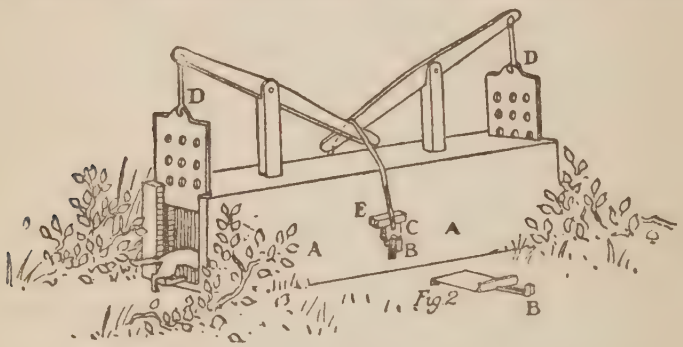


Fig 2

Length, 3 feet 6 inches; height, *in*side, 9 inches; breadth, ditto, 9 inches. A A show how far within the box the two baits are to be laid. B shows the stud at the end of the plate, which, when the vermin tread on that plate (in passing from the bait they have seized to the other bait that remains), becomes disengaged from the button (C and E), and the trap is instantly closed at both ends by the shutting down of D D, which should be made of either strong wire or thin sheet-iron with holes, in order to show some light, to which the vermin are attracted: otherwise they would gnaw a hole through the box and make their escape.

Fig. 2 gives a separate view of the plate, or "trencher."

active as when drawn on the donkey, among the mounted markers (having now seen the 1st of September eighty-on times), he gives me, as a legacy for all his brother-sportsmen what he "counts to be the best thing as is for tackling a them there plaguy warmunts." This trap, I am aware, i

nothing new; and yet it is but little known. It has the advantage of taking everything alive and uninjured; so that, if your game get into it, no harm is done; and it may therefore be set in the middle of a path; whereas, with all kinds of *gins*, you must either set *them* at the *side* of the path (with a bait suspended to a stick, to windward, for the vermin to smell, and jump at), or be liable to destroy your hares, pheasants, and other game, by putting what would mutilate them directly in *their* track. But, in order not to dwell on so stupid a theme as a weasel-trap, let me hasten to conclude with the necessary directions.

This trap should be set in any track, or beaten path. The vermin are conducted to it by means of sticking up a little avenue of boughs, so as to become more and more contracted as it approaches the trap; and thus to lead the vermin up to it, in the same manner that wild-fowl are conducted into the pipes of a decoy. There should be an avenue at *each* end, in order that the unsuspecting animals may see an easy thoroughfare, where, after having seized one bait, they are sure to pass on for the other, and thus tread on the fatal plate, which, by the way, should be full the width of the box, lest they might otherwise pass on one side of it. Any kind of bird, flesh, or entrails does for a bait. It should be cut up so as to have a good scent, and then be dragged along the ground as a trail, from the burrow, or haunt, of the vermin to the spot where you find it most convenient to place the trap, and up to which they will follow the scent till they find and seize the bait.—So much for the vermin-trap, for the masterly execution on which old Siney is the artist: I am only the inspector, reporter, and principal witness as to its efficacy.

CHAPTER IV

A CHAPTER ON ANGLING

The Best Rod-maker—The Beaver Hat—Gut through India-rubber—Whipping off Flies—Dr. Johnson—How to Cook a Trout.

AS the letter quoted in the foregoing chapter, page 96, has led us into trout fishing, it may really be worth while (before I proceed to the alphabet of birds) to make a few remarks on this favourite pursuit, for the information of the young sportsman ; because, although much has been, yet a little more may be said on the subject, as every art must daily improve in a new school.

A few hints, however, are quite enough on that which is foreign to our title. Almost everyone is nowadays a "*piscator*." The *Fanatico*, about Easter, goes off as busy as the cockney on his *n*unter, when bound to Epping. He generally takes a great many things, and kills a few fish. The old angler takes a few things, and kills a great many fish. Some dark, warm, windy, drizzly days, early or late in the season, and particularly when a fine breeze blows from off the banks of a river, where no one has begun fishing, the trout are so easily taken, that a basket full is but little proof of skill. One might then almost train a monkey to catch a trout.* In the month of March and beginning of April, therefore, I should advise everyone who has a trout-fishery to be cautious in complying with the applications of travelling gentlemen ; because there are hundreds who make a point of going off in search of leave to angle, under divers pretences, before the trout are anything like in season ; and for why ?—because they have scarcely tasted a fly of any kind, and therefore are so greedy that a third-rate trout-killer

* It is not generally known, that at the very early part of the season, and before the trout are worth dressing, they will sometimes rise in almost any wind (*except just before rain*), and even with a bright sun. A friend and I caught twenty brace in an hour and three-quarters, on the 24th of March, in a severely cold wind, and on a sunshiny day. But, *after the season had advanced*, we might as well have thrown our flies on the grass, as attempted flogging the water at such an unfavourable time.

(I'll not say angler) may destroy his 50 or 60 brace in a day; and despatch his baskets—containing all sizes, down to that of an anchovy—to those who scarcely know the proper taste of a trout; and then return home to be complimented on his wonderful performance. The best way to choak off such frying-pan fishermen is, either to refuse them leave till later in the season; or make them "cash up" a little fee to the keeper, according to the number of fish they land; and I'll warrant you'll soon shorten the number of their applications.

When fish are well fed, or at least in fair season, is the time to see who is, and who is not, an angler. About ninety in a hundred fancy themselves anglers. About one in a hundred *is* an angler. About ten in a hundred throw the hatchet better than a fly. Here we take the average. Now for a few very common faults. One who lets his fly lie too long in the water, after dropping it, is a better killer of time than of fish. He who tries to land a large fish against weeds and stream, when he can take him down, or allows a fish so much line as to be able to rub his nose against the bottom, may be considered as one in need of a *fishing-master.* Enough, however, of defects. I will now, therefore, take in hand the best fly-rod I have (which was made by the late Mr. Higginbotham),* and a set of tackle, as made to my order, by the late Mr. Chevalier (No. 12 Bell Yard, Temple Bar), with a pen and ink before me. Though I should first premise, that I only speak of fishing in a *trout stream.* I have no right to go further, because a man cannot be answerable for what he publishes, unless all his statements and representations are faithfully *written on the spot,* and *with the materials before him.* The directions for a *two-handed* fly-rod (*for trout in a small river*), I leave to those who can see the use of it; for my own part,

* Mr. Higginbotham was, to my fancy, the very best fly-rod maker in the kingdom. He was succeeded by Mr. Clark, and Mr. Willingham; but all this concern is now at an end, and 91, Strand, I see, is metamorphosed into a cook-shop.—Poor old Chevalier died since the seventh edition. But the business is now carried on, much better than before, by Mr. Bowness and his son, who have taken his shop, with all the stock; and keep also their original one; and as Bowness was, latterly, a better *fly*-rod maker than Chevalier, we shall now have every article in perfection, without the trouble of going to one shop for flies and tackle, and another for rods, as we formerly were obliged to do. [In order that anglers may now have fly-rods made as they ought to be, I have lent, and explained, to Messrs. Bowness this *chef-d'œuvre* of Higginbotham, from which to work a standard pattern.] Though I have, for years, upheld the late Chevalier, and now recommend his successor, yet it is but justice to say that Ustonson, Holmes, and some few others, are also first-rate makers of all that can be required by fishermen.

I can see none, except to drop the *natural* May-fly with, or to facilitate the art to those who have not learned it in the best manner.

Now, then, to the point.

Rod.—About twelve feet three inches long ; about fourteen ounces in weight ; and *without brass ferrules*. It must not be top-heavy, nor must it have too much play in the lower part, but the play should be just in proportion to the gradual tapering ; by which there will be very little spring till after about the third foot of its length. A rod too pliable below is as bad a fault as being too stiff ; and, from being too small there, is, of course, more liability to be top-heavy, which nine rods in ten are. The consequence is, they tire the hand, and do not drop the fly so neatly. The only remedy for this defect is to put some lead into the end of the rod. I have seen some Irish rods (I think of Mr. Martin Kelly's, Dublin), which, if they had not been too pliant, would have been worth any money.

Reel.—Put on your reel with a *plate*, and *wax-end*, fifteen inches from the bottom ; and handle your rod close below it, keeping the *reel uppermost*, as the line then lies *on*, instead of *under*, your rod, and is, therefore, *less likely* to *strain the top* between the rings. The closer the rings are put together on the top, the less chance, of course, you have of straining or breaking it between them. Use either the multiplying or the new *click* reel, *without a stop ;* and, by not confining it with the hand while throwing, you are sure never to break your rod or line, by happening to raise it suddenly, at the moment you have hooked a large fish or a weed. Let your reel be full large in proportion to the quantity of line, or it will not always go pleasantly with it in winding up.

Gut *and* Flies.—Use about eight feet of gut, and the addition of that on the tail fly will bring the whole *foot-line* to about three yards. Put on your *bob* fly a few inches below the middle ; or, if in a very *weedy* river, within a little more than a yard of the other ; lest, while playing a fish with the bob, your tail fly may get caught in a weed. More gut than is here prescribed will be found an incumbrance when you want to get a fish up tight : insomuch, that, of the two, I would rather have a little less than more of it.

A small fly-book may, of course, be taken ; and I should recommend it on my plan, which is of *Russia*-leather, in order to repel the moth. This no one will do better for you than

Bowness. A common *beaver hat* is the best thing to *hook*, and *keep* flies on ; and, if you have not two rods by the river-side, always keep a gut-length and flies ready to put on, round your hat, in order to avoid the waste of time and torment which you would have, if you had much entangled your line. An apron with pockets, or a French round frock, is convenient to protect your clothes, and wipe your hands on, if you have no attendant to handle your fish, and particularly in trolling, which is dirty work compared to fly-fishing.

The beauty of fishing is to do the business quick (though not in a hurry), because this sport is every moment dependent on the weather. Walton says, " before using, soak what lengths you have in *water* for *half an hour.*" In the new school, I should rather say, draw what lengths you want through *Indian rubber* for *half a quarter of a minute.* Let a gut length or two (ready fitted up with flies), and also a few spare tail flies, be thus prepared to go on in an instant, and put round your hat. For flies (as Barker observes for his night angling), take *white* for *darkness ; red* in *medio ;* and *black* for *lightness.* The yellow dun and red palmer, which has a black head, partake a little of all ; and therefore, with the addition of a white moth for dark *nights*, the angler may, in what few rivers I have ever fished, do vastly well. No doubt, however, that an occasional variety of flies might answer a little better, and particularly if these had been too much hackneyed by other people. But, in the long run, I have never found sufficient advantage from variety to be troubled with taking more than two or three kinds of flies. As to carrying, as many do, a huge book of flies, nearly as large as a family Bible, for common trout streams—it is like a beginner in drawing, who uses twenty cakes of colour or more, where a quarter the number, if properly managed, would answer the same purpose. The " *piscator,*" however, has a right to take what he pleases. He may go to the river-side with a book of this sort, or even twelve pounds of lead in his pocket ; they will both, perhaps, be equally necessary. But who has a right to find fault ? If he is determined to go well laden to the river—why let him. With regard to *hooks*, I have always found the Irish ones far superior to ours. The best, I believe, are bought in Limerick.

Now I have given the outline as to tackle, I will proceed as to *throwing ; not in my chair*, with a pen and ink ; but with a pencil and a book, *on* the *banks of the river.*

* * * * * *

THROWING A FLY.—I am just returned from the river (and, by the way, not badly repaid for my trouble), and, as near as I could there bring the matter to paper, shall now say as follows :—

In throwing a fly, raise the arm well up, without labouring with your body. Send the fly both backwards and forwards by a sudden *spring of the wrist.* Do not draw the fly too near, or you lose your purchase for sending it back, and, therefore, require an extra sweep in the air, before you can get it into play again. If, after sending it back, you make the counter-spring *a moment too soon,* you will *whip off your tail fly,* and if *a moment too late,* your *line will fall in a slovenly manner.* The knack of catching *this* time is, therefore, the whole art of throwing well. The motion should be just sufficiently circular to avoid this ; but if too circular, the spring receives too much check, and the gut will then most probably not drop before the silk line. In a word, allow the line no more than just time to unfold, before you repeat the spring of the wrist. *This must* be done, or you will *hear* a *crack,* and *find* that you have *whipped off* your tail fly. For this reason, I should recommend beginners to learn, at first, with only a bob ; or they will soon empty their own, or their friend's fishing-book ; and, at all events, to begin learning with a moderate length of line.

I have observed, that those young men who have supple wrists, and the power to whip off flies, ultimately make better anglers than those who do not, because, in this action, like most things, there is really but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous : and the poor fellow, who makes no attempt with energy, will most probably in this, as in other pursuits, remain all his life in the background. Walton, in speaking of throwing a fly, says we should fish "*fine and far off ;*" but we must except *very* windy weather, or the result of a very long line may, with a very good angler, be *crack and whip off.* If, therefore, you have got into a particular current of wind, where this is the case, wind up your line a few turns, or you may soon lose another fly. Sometimes the wind blows very strong, directly across you, from the *right,* insomuch that it becomes an exertion to raise the rod enough to prevent the line from being blown back. Throwing with the *left* hand is then a convenience ; but for those who are not able to do this, I can suggest no better *makeshift* than to raise the rod over the *left* shoulder, and throw the line by a motion similar to that

used with a whip when lightly hitting a leader on the near side. (Anyone who has driven in double reins will know what I mean.) I made a point of killing some fish this way, in order to try the experiment ; which is, of course, a mere substitute for the best method of throwing. So much for *throwing*. Now for what few finishing touches I can think of :—Avoid, if you can, going too close to the edge of the water. Throw, if you are *au fait* enough to do it well, rather for the fly to become for a moment suspended *across* the wind, than directly down the wind ; as it then falls still lighter, and, from this circumstance, is, of course, more likely to deceive a large fish. Prefer dropping the fly just under a bush or hedge, or in an eddy, to the open river, because your line is then more obscured from the light, and the largest fish generally monopolise the possession of such places, in order to find, and devour, the more flies and insects : and, also, to be near their places of security. If the spot is quite calm, watch the first good fish that rises ; avail yourself immediately of the ripple that has been made by the fish himself ; and drop in your fly a little *above* where he last rose. Never let your line lie too long, as by so doing you either expose your tackle to the fish by leaving it stationary, or draw the line in so close, that you lose both the power of striking your fish, if he rises, and that of getting a good sweep for your next throw. The *first fall* of the *fly*, in *fishing*, is like the *first sight* of a *bird* in *presenting a gun—always the best.*

Killing your Fish.—A small fish is, of course, not even worth the wear and tear of a reel. But, if you happen to hook a good one, *wind up immediately ;* and the moment you have got him under command of a short line, hold your rod well on the bend, with just purchase enough to keep him from going under a weed, or rubbing out your hook by boring his nose into the gravel. (Observe a fish, and you will always perceive, that, after he finds he is your prisoner, he does all he can to get *down*, as the best means of escape.) After getting your fish under the command of a short line and well-bent rod, let him run, and walk by the side of him, keeping a delicate hold of him, with just purchase enough, as I before observed, to prevent his going down. When he strikes, *ease him at the same instant ;* and when he becomes faint, pull him gently *down* stream : and, as soon as you have overpowered him, get his nose up to the top of the water ; and, when he is nearly drowned, begin to tow him gently towards

the shore. Never attempt to lift him out of the water by the line, but haul him on to some sloping place; then stick the spike of your rod in the ground; with the rod a little on the bend; crawl slyly up as quick as possible, and put your hands under him, and not too forward, as a trout thus situated is apt to slip back; so that handling him in this way must be rather a different touch from that of *weed-groping*. If you use a landing net (which for saving time, and particularly where the banks are steep, is *sometimes* a necessary appendage), let it be as light as possible; very long in the handle; and *three times as large* as what people generally carry. Take care that neither that, nor the man who may assist you with it, goes even in sight of the water till the fish is brought well to the surface, and fairly within reach; and then you have only to put the net under him, or keep his eyes above water, and tow him into it. *Mind this;* or the landing net and your man will prove enemies, instead of assistants to your sport. Nothing will so soon, or suddenly, rouse a sick fish as the sight of a man or a landing net. With regard to the time and weather for fishing, it is now well known to almost every schoolboy. But it may be proper just to observe, that however favourable the time may be to all appearance, yet trout will seldom rise well *just before rain*, or when they have been *filled by a glut of flies*. Moreover, trout will frequently cease to rise well, even at the best of times, from being *every day whipped at, by anglers, from the same bank*. My plan, in this case, is to go to the opposite side, and throw against (or rather under) the wind. A friend and I by this means once caught two and twenty brace, and all very large trout, while a tribe of professed anglers, who were fishing from the windward side, caught (as we afterwards heard) but three fish among their whole party.

Trolling, or spinning a minnow, is the other most general mode of trout fishing; or, I may almost say, trout *poaching*. It is, however, very rarely done in a proper manner; though every man, as a matter of course, upholds his own system. I, like all the rest, did the same, till after fancying, for years, that I could challenge anyone, was beat and laughed at by a *trout-killing divine*. At last, however, I not only got master of his plan, against which all others that I had ever seen, read of, or heard of, had no chance whatever; but remedied a few trifling defects that it had, and put the late Chevalier in possession of the improvement. Now I have given it to

Mr. Bowness, his successor. The great advantage of it is, that it takes the trout when they run and *bite short* by means of fly-hooks, that play round the other, on a *separate branch of line;* so that I have often killed three or four brace of trout, without the minnow being in the least injured, or even touched by the fish. To describe the tackle *properly*, without giving a plate of it, would be difficult, if not impossible. After all, however, knowing how to bait the hook is the chief art; and even after being shown, requires practice on the part of the fisherman who adopts it. Supposing, however, that some angler might have confidence enough in what I have said to get a set of this tackle from Bowness—or from Burnett of Southampton, to whom I have also given and explained it—I will endeavour (having *now a minnow in my hand*) to direct him as to baiting it. After choosing a *white-bellied* minnow, of *rather small size*, and hardening it in bran for an hour or two, first draw back the plummet, and put the *large* hook into the minnow's mouth, and out through the right gill, taking care not to tear the mouth or any part of the bait: draw the line three or four inches to you, so as to be able to get the hook back again into its mouth. Take the minnow between the finger and thumb in the left hand, and the large hook in the right hand, and run the hook *all down its back, close to the bone*, to the very end of the fish, and let it come out about the *centre* of the *tail fin*. Then with your right hand pull the minnow out as straight as it will lie and press it into natural form with the finger and thumb. Afterwards *nip off* the *upper* half of the *tail fin*, in order to prevent a counteraction to the spinning of the minnow.

Having done this, draw down your plummet again, and see that your branch-line falls smoothly by the side of your bait-line; and if not, rub it with Indian rubber till it does. Your hook is then ready for action—and action indeed it may be called if properly done. I should observe, that a new gut seldom spins the minnow so well as one that is half worn out (by reason of the stiffness which encircles the minnow's gill). Therefore ten minutes soaking in water, and sometimes a little hard friction of the gut, just above the large hook, may at first be required; besides the working it with India rubber. So much for this plan; there *may* be many better; but all. I can say is, that I have not yet *seen* one fit to be named with it.

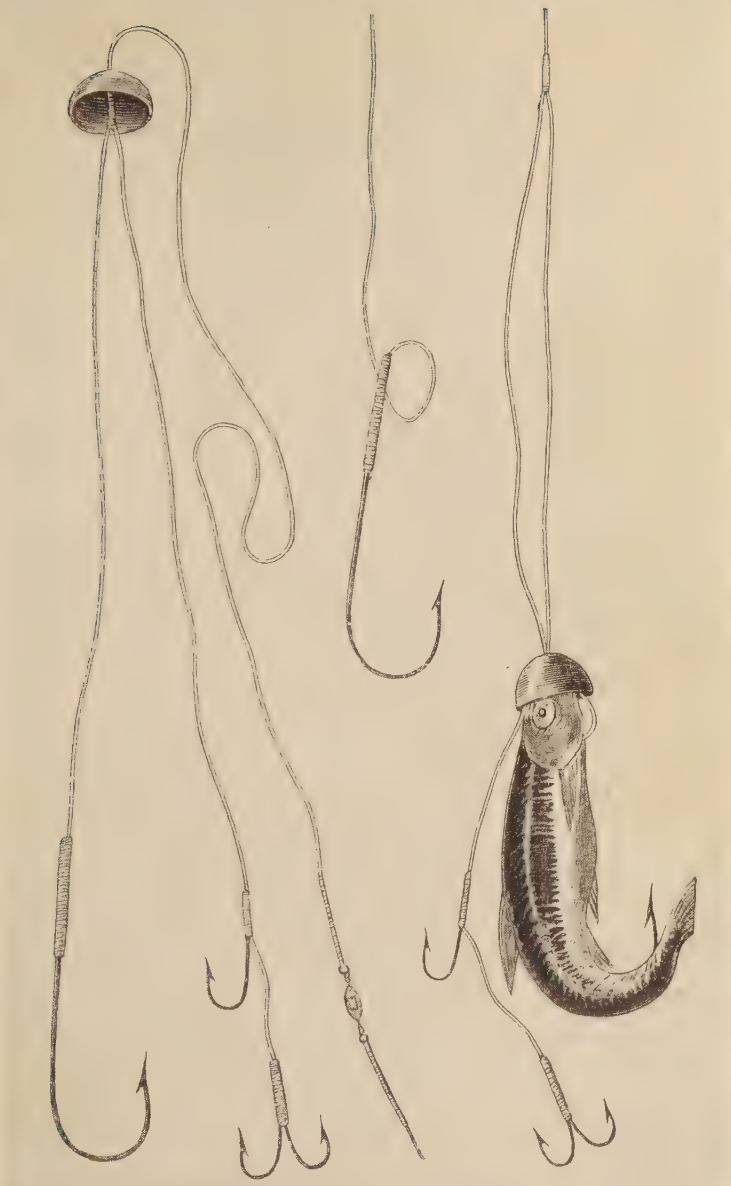
1844.—"By particular desire," as the players say, I now

present my brother anglers with a wood-cut of this tackle, every part of which Varley measured as he drew it. The 1st figure shows the tackle complete, after being *measured* to the *real* size (except three feet *more* gut-line, about the middle of which comes a *second swivel;* but which cannot be brought into the page).

The 2nd, or middle figure, explains how the line becomes shortened—by first putting the large hook into the minnow's mouth, and out at the gill; and then again in at the mouth, and down by the backbone till it comes out at the tail-fin, the lower half of which, as before observed, must be nipped off by the thumb nail, in order to prevent counteraction to the rapid spinning of the minnow.

The 3rd figure shows the tackle baited and ready for use; and by this it will be seen that when trout run shy, or bite short, they are taken by the fly-hooks.

The *rod* for *trolling* should be from eighteen to twenty feet long, and made as light as possible, though *neither too pliable nor top-heavy:* except just the top and bottom, a *minnow rod* is best when made of cane. This rod of course requires two hands: no matter therefore where the reel is placed. If the top is *too stiff*, you *strain a fish's mouth* so much as to run the risk of breaking out his hold, which is nine times in ten on one of the three small fly-hooks. But, if the top is *too pliant*, the fish will frequently *make his escape* on first being pricked. Here, therefore, as in all things, the medium is best. A *minnow* must of course be *thrown underhanded*, and the line got well on the swing before it is sent out. You should throw it till it comes to its end, and then, by drawing in the hand, give it a little check, so that it should be laid delicately in the water, and not thrown in with a splash. *The very instant your minnow is in the water, begin drawing* it at *one unvaried pace, down* stream, and then towards you, till near enough to require a fresh throw; and in *this, as well as fly fishing, never keep trying too long in the same place.* If a fish comes after your minnow, *never stop it*, or in any way alter the pace, or he will most likely be off again directly; though, if you can tow your minnow into a rougher place, without giving it any sudden motion, the fish will most likely follow it there, and be still more easily deceived than in the smoother water. To get your bait, use a silk casting net; and remember, that the chief art in throwing it is to hurl the right hand *well round horizontally*, instead of inclining it upwards. Keep your bait,



Hawker's Trolling Gear.

with bran, in anything but tin or metal, which is liable to heat in warm weather. This, I believe, is all that need be said on the best mode of trolling.

I have sent for, and read, the whole of this article, on the subject, to his piscatorial reverence, who, after the most rigid criticism that he could make, approved of it in the extreme, as well as of the improvement in the tackle, with which, before he would pronounce his judgment, he fished for a whole morning. The previous one, on fly fishing, I have submitted to the very best fly fisher I ever saw; but as it would ill become me to repeat his remarks, I must leave the correctness of it to the judgment of the reader.

There are generally known three other modes of trolling. The first is the *diving minnow*, which is precisely on the same plan as the gorge-hook for pike. This answers well in very deep holes, where you may frequently kill trout when the sun is too bright for the more common mode of trolling. On *this* plan, you must, of course, loosen the line, and allow the trout some time to pouch his bait. The second is the *artificial minnow*, which is the worst of all, because it does not, in general, spin so well; and, particularly, because it is too frequently made of *hard* materials, on which a fish, unless very hungry, will seldom close his mouth enough to get hooked. The third is called the *kill-devil;* and although, in appearance, not near so like a real fish as the other, yet it spins so well, and is so much softer in the mouth, that it answers, I think, the best of all plans, when you cannot procure the natural bait. Any good fishing-tackle shop will furnish these articles, and therefore it would be a waste of time and of paper to give a minute description of them.

1844.—Mr. Bowness, a year or two ago, gave me two of what he called "Lord Saltoun's kill-devils"; and, although made of yellow metal, and like anything but minnows, they were the only artificial ones that I ever found to answer in the Longparish river.

Worm fishing.—Though fishing with a lob-worm cannot be called trolling, yet it may be right, *en passant*, merely to state, that this is the best way to kill fish in a *mill-hole, when the sun is too bright* for the *fly*, or the *minnow;* and also a very destructive plan for *night work*. But I name such a diversion only as a pastime for the juvenile performer, though not with the contempt as does Dr. Johnson, who says, "Fly fishing may be a very pleasant amusement; but angling or

float fishing, I can only compare to a stick and a string, with a *worm* at one end, and a *fool* at the other."[1]

If, however, the poor angler should feel sore at the wit, he might, in his turn (if scavenger enough to descend to verbal criticism), have a little pleasantry with the philologer, by brandishing his rod and exclaiming,

———— " almost as bad, good " doctor,

as—a wag and a worm-fisher, with a *comparison* at one end and *nothing to compare with* at the other! And when he has put away the stick and the string (and washed his hands) he may substantiate the propriety of his retort by looking out the words " *compare to* " in the doctor's own dictionary; which we should be as unkind to the doctor, as he has been to the angler, if we did not acknowledge as the best authority in existence.

The foregoing subject has led to a wide digression, or, to have recourse to a musical comparison, has thrown us into an extraordinary modulation, which, as the great Albrechts Berger observes, " *may astonish*," but " *not please*." By this rule, therefore, I should not have presumed to speak on what is foreign to my subject, by introducing that of fishing, if I had not some example of exception as authority to do so. Isaac Walton appears to please everyone; and this gives me a sort of licence to consider that I may now even go further on the subject. Before dismissing it, therefore, I may as well tell a gentleman's cook how to dress a trout in my shooting book, as he introduce a milkmaid's song in his fishing book, particularly as eating is a more general concern than singing; and, above all, as there is not more than one cook in a thousand that does not spoil every trout in the dressing.

If a trout is out of season, or in poor condition, it would be needless to attempt dressing it in the *ne plus ultra* way; and, perhaps, the best simple recipe might be to split it, and broil it, with an occasional touch of cold butter. But when fresh caught, and in high season, the way to dress it is thus :—

Directly you have caught the trout, crimp it, with about

[1] This *dictum* is not to be traced, I believe, in any other record of Johnson. But Hawker writes it confidently enough, and why should we be sceptical? Boswell, after all, did not write down everything that Johnson said, and there must have been many *obiter dicta* of his repeated round the town. Hawker, who was an enthusiastic opera-goer, may very well have met play-going friends of Garrick; Garrick, we know, was a fly-fisher, and what more likely remark would Johnson have made to him?

four cuts on each side, taking care to let the *blade of the knife* be in a *sloping direction*, so as to make every incision rather circular and parallel to the gills, instead of having the blade of the knife perpendicular, by which you would cut too much across the fleaks, and the fish would not be near so firm. Then, if you have a pump at hand, let the trout be pumped upon as hard as possible, for about ten minutes ; and if not, the laying it in cold spring water will do nearly as well. Having done this, put the fish away, *not* in *water*, but on stones ; or, in short, in the coldest place that can be found.

When dinner is nearly ready, clean the trout, leaving the scales on, and pump on it for a few minutes more. Then have a kettle of water, with a large handful of salt, and when the water properly boils (*but not before*), put the fish in ; and an average-sized trout (say one of a pound weight) will be done in about ten minutes, and should then be sent immediately to table.

A trout, if possible, should always be dressed the day it is caught ; and never put to soak and soften over the fire, in cold water, as is the general custom.

Remember, also, that if trout are suffered to remain in the water after being sufficiently boiled, they will directly become soft, and lose all the firmness which is given by this mode of dressing them. The same fish, if a large one, may be brought to table a second time, even for days or weeks after it has been first served up, by being put away in pickle enough to cover it, consisting of three-fourths of the liquor it was boiled in and one-fourth of vinegar. These should be boiled up together, and poured over the fish, which must have with it some spice, bay-leaves, and either oil or fresh butter. The fish may then be taken from the pickle, when wanted ; put, *over the fire, into boiling water*, for a few minutes, and then served up. This is a convenient recipe where a man has dressed some extraordinary fish, and then been disappointed of his dinner-party.

It has been remarked by many other people, as well as myself, that, of all fish in existence, there is not one that you can partake of so many days in succession, without ceasing to enjoy it, as a trout, provided it be fresh caught, and well in season. Almost every sportsman, and every fishmonger, has his own way of fancying that he can tell when a trout is in season. As to the red spots on the skin having anything to do with it, the very idea is absurd and fallacious. But the

more general criterions are a small head and high crest, a full tail, and the roof of the mouth, or, what is still better, the flesh *under* the *tongue* being rather of a pink colour. Another excellent criterion is the *smallness* and *tightness* of the *vent*, for the better the trout is in season, the smaller will be that venthole which is formed just before the under, or belly, fin. After all, I prefer this, and one other, way of deciding ; which is by the *bright and silver-like appearance of the scales.* Take twenty trout, and, I think, if you dress them all, and previously mark that one on which the scales shone the brightest, it will prove to be the best fish. This may be frequently ascertained, even before you land a trout, as a bright one, on being first hooked, generally gives two or three leaps out of the water.

Before you send trout on a journey, have them gutted and washed, but *leave the scales on,* and let them be laid on their backs, and closely packed in *willow* (not flag) baskets, and with either flags or dry wheat straw. Packing in damp grass or rushes is apt to ferment, and therefore liable to spoil your fish. Moreover, you should have the baskets made long and *shallow,* in order to avoid, as much as possible, laying the trout on each other. For the last hint I am indebted to my old factotum, Mr. Grove, in Bond Street, whom, not only for his fish, but for his honour and honesty, I consider as No. 1 among the fishmongers.

Having had some experience in sending trout to, as well as receiving them in, London, I may venture to prescribe for those who are in the habit of doing the same. Trout should be sent, as soon as possible after their arrival, to be laid *on* (not in) *ice.* I have repeatedly tried the efficacy of this. The trout which I received, the day after being caught, were soft and watery, in consequence of the journey ; though they had travelled only by night. But those from the ice on the *next* day, were almost as good as if taken fresh from the river ; for, by this process, the curd becomes set, and the fish recover their firmness. Trout will retain their flavour pretty well for two or three days, by being laid on ice, and turned, about once in twelve hours ; but, if merely put on stones, they will be scarcely eatable, and frequently quite spoiled on the third day after being caught. This plan, by the way, holds good for other fish ; insomuch that the ice will preserve them for many weeks after the flavour is quite gone. Thus it is that people are so frequently taken in with a fine-looking piece of salmon ;

which, although apparently fresh, and perfectly sweet, has been so long in a state of petrifaction as to have no more flavour than a bit of old leather.

*** I have been solicited by sportsmen on the Continent, as well as of my own country, to enlarge on angling in general. But, as my experience has been chiefly limited to *trout* fishing, I should be sorry to impose on that confidence with which they have honoured me, by attempting to write on other branches of the art where I have but a superficial knowledge: and I would scorn to become a book-maker, by stealing from other authors.

CHAPTER V

A LIST OF BIRDS AND GAME

Bog Bumpers—When one Coot is worth Three—Outlying Deer—Morillons—A Garrison of Pop-gunners—Gray Godwits and Red—Blackgame in Hampshire—Sport for a Schoolboy—White Pheasants—A Tip for Shooting Rabbits—Rook Pie—The Whooper's Song—A Recipe for Sauce

IN selecting this list, it becomes a question where to draw the line between those which are and those which are not considered *sporting* birds; but as many shooters would be eager to kill what others would scarcely deign to fire at, it is presumed that the better way will be, not only to insert those which are followed by the keen sportsman, but all that are shot at for diversion or practice.

With regard to the proper names of *land* birds, there is little difficulty in selecting them; but for those of *water* birds, and particularly *wild-fowl*, there are so many provincial terms that it would be a dull and endless task to construe the appellations given them by the decoymen, poulterers, and *gunners* into their proper names in natural history. For example the *dunbirds* are called *redheads*[1] on the South and West coasts and *Parkers* or *half-birds* in the fens. This is also a general term *here* for all birds under the size of the common wild duck. The *morillons** are called *douckers* in Scotland, and *gingling curres* in the West. *The tufted ducks* are *blue-billed curres* on the Western, and *dovvers* on the Eastern coast, in many parts round which the *wigeon* are only known by the name of *winder*. The *golden-eye* is commonly called *pied curre* and the *scaup-duck* is known by the name of *gray-back curre* in the South and West, and that of *teal-drake* in the North

* Or young Golden-eyes, according to Leadbeater.

[1] Dunbirds, i.e. pochards. Parkers, possibly a countryman's corruption. The head of the male is a bright rufous brown, with, in the adult, a crimson eye. The provincial names for different wild-fowl are not always easy to follow in the *Diary* and *Instructions*. Thus "curres" in the *Diary* are scaup duck; green sandpipers are referred to as ox-eyes (not so named nowadays) and "olives" are oyster-catchers.

For these, and all the various tribes of smaller wild-fowl, the decoymen and poulterers have a sort of *sweepstakes* appellation, by putting them down as *dunbirds and divers*. Again, there are many absurd names for other birds, such as *Tommy Loos* for the *divers, Isle of Wight parsons* for the *cormorants*,[1] and so on.

On the French coast, the same. We here find the *dunbirds*, and others of their kind, provincially called *vignons; the wig on, sarcelles;* and *coots, marcareux*, etc. etc. In short, it would be a waste of time to explain the nonsensical terms by which only birds are known in many places; and more particularly as the naturalist or sportsman should be provided with "Bewick," which has not only the advantage of being portable as a pocket companion, but will answer his purpose far better than any other work, during his pursuit in sport, or search of natural history.

1844.—We have now also the splendid modern work of Mr. Yarrell, which contains many things not known in the days of our immortal wood-engraver, Bewick.

The birds marked thus (*) are those of the *Anas* kind fit to be eaten, and which are usually considered as *wild-fowl*. For the general pursuit of these, specific directions shall be given in another part of the work, as my young readers will be able to understand them better, after they have received a few lessons in shooting from a punt. The following alphabet therefore is chiefly intended as a directory for the more common mode of shooting.

In getting at all wild birds, approach them circuitously, instead of going directly up to them; and avoid looking full at them until you have got within shot, or till they shall, if flying, have come sufficiently close for you to fire. If you see a wild bird, when unprepared for him, either continue your course without looking at him, or instantly retreat, and he may then probably sit quietly till you can advance with caution on him a second time.

If a valuable bird lies wounded, always go up to him prepared to shoot, lest he should rise again, and make his escape.

BITTERNS.

To know if there are any in the fens, send out in the evening, when they may be seen on the wing, and heard making a hollow

[1] In the *Diary* Hawker more than once quotes the phrase "lowering a parson" for shooting a cormorant.

booming noise.[1] The following day you may beat for them with dogs, that will either point them, or hunt near enough to spring them in shot; as they will lie so close among the rushes, as to be sometimes nearly trod on before they will rise. If you wing a bittern, be careful that he does not strike you with his beak.

There are two sorts of bittern; the COMMON one, otherwise called Bogbumper, Bitterbum, or Miredum (*Ardea stellaris—le butor*); and the LITTLE BITTERN (*Ardea minuta—le blongios*).

BUSTARDS.

From the open plains,[2] which they frequent, you have fewer opportunities of approaching bustards than most other wild birds. They will, however, sometimes suffer carts and carriages to pass very near them, from which they have been frequently shot; and they are also killed in places where they have been used to see shepherds, by means of the shooter carrying a hurdle to conceal his gun.

There are two kinds of Bustard; the GREAT, or COMMON (*Otis tarda—l'outarde*); and the LITTLE BUSTARD (*Otis Tetrax—la petite outarde*).

COOTS,

When found in rivers, are scarcely thought worth firing at; yet they are in great *requisition* when they arrive for the winter *on the coast*, from the immense numbers that may be killed at a shot, as they roost on the mud-banks. They are generally sold for eighteen-pence a couple, previously to which they are what is called *cleaned*.* The recipe for this is, after

* A coot shot in the morning, just after roosting, is worth three killed in the day when full of grass, because he will then be whiter, and milder in flavour. A Poole man is very particular about this, as the sale of his coots much depends on it.

[1] The bittern (*Botaurus stellaris*: Linnæus), at one time common in the fens, became almost extinct as a nesting species when the fens were drained, though still continuing to reach us as a winter visitor. Of late years bitterns have nested again on the Broads, and with protection may once more establish themselves. Hawker writes of the bittern as if it boomed while on the wing, but the bird utters its curious cry when standing among the reeds, with its beak pointing vertically upwards and its striped head and neck blending like a stem with the yellow blades.

[2] Bustards became extinct in this country about the year 1833, when improved methods of cultivation broke up the rough, open ground in Yorkshire, the eastern counties and Salisbury Plain which they used to frequent. Many efforts have been made to re-establish them, but in vain.

picking them, to take off all the black down, by means of powdered white rosin and boiling water, and then to let them soak all night in cold spring water; by which they are made to look as delicate as a chicken, and to eat tolerably well; but without this process, the skin, in roasting, produces a sort of oil, with a fishy taste and smell; and, if taken off, the bird becomes dry and good for nothing. After all, however, these birds are in no way delicate, except when skinned, and, after being soaked twenty-four hours in cold spring water repeatedly changed, made into a pudding, by which, as with all such birds, when in puddings, pies, or soup, you can get rid of their strong skins without losing the juice of their flesh; and their fishy taste is, in a great measure, drawn off by steam. (*Moorhens* may be cleaned in like manner; and if in good condition, *they* will then be nearly equal to any wild-fowl.) Coots, when on a large pond, generally swim or flutter out of reach, on being approached by a shooter; and as they are not worth bestowing much trouble on, the best way to kill them is to place yourself somewhat concealed under the leeward bank, while another person goes round, and fires a gun to windward *before they can swim into any rushes.* They will *then fly* up in great confusion, and most likely, for some minutes afford employment for a dozen guns. *Shoot well forward,* as one shot before and under the wings of a coot will stop him sooner than ten in the hinder parts. *This,* by the way, *should be observed with most other birds.*

Coots, when on the coast, usually travel to *windward,* so that a west wind brings them to the west, and an easterly wind to the east, instead of *vice versâ,* as with other fowl. These birds take such a hard blow, and are so tenacious of life, that you may often stop ten or twenty at a shot, and by the time you have got on your mud-boards, or made your dog go after them, not above three or four may be left on the spot, and the others, if they have a spark of life, will swim, or what the gunners call "skitter" away. The plan that I have found best for slaughtering the coots by wholesale, is either to listen for them before daylight, and rake them down, at the grey of a white frosty morning, or watch them at some distance in the afternoon, and set into them as late in the evening as you can see to level your gun, taking care, if possible, to keep them under the western light.

If you think your wounded coots worth collecting, you will find nothing like a double gun to give them the *coup-de-grâce,*

as they are sometimes most tormenting birds to catch with a dog, or kill with a pole. *Coots*, instead of drawing together before they fly (like geese and many other fowl), always *disperse on being alarmed;* and as they generally fly to windward, the *gentlemen's* system of wild-fowl shooting answers well, which is to embark with a party; sail down on them; and, as they cross, luff up and fire all your barrels. When an infant at wild sport, I used to be mightily pleased with this diversion. When on the coast, you may easily distinguish coots from wild-fowl, by the *scattered* extent of their line; their *high rumps;* their *rapid swimming;* and their *heads* being *poked more forward.* Beware of a winged coot, or he will scratch you like a cat.

N.B.—If a gentleman wishes to have plenty of wild-fowl on his pond, let him preserve the coots, and keep no tame swans. The reason that all wild-fowl seek the company of coots, is because these birds are such good sentries, to give the alarm by day, when the fowl generally sleep. But the *mute*-swans will attack every fresh bird that dares to appear within reach of them—not so with the *hoopers—they* are "the peaceful monarchs of the lake."

Naturalists have so far agreed, that there are two sorts of coots[1] (the GREATER, and this, the COMMON BALD COOT), that for the one, Linnæus gives us the name of *Fulica atra*, and Buffon that of *la foulque*, or *morrelle;* and for the other we find, in the Latin, *Fulica aterrima*, and in French, *la grande foulque*, or *la macroule.* But, after all, some consider the one bird a mere variety of the other.

CORMORANTS

Have generally some regular evening course to the cliffs where they roost; and as they *fly low* towards *sunset*, they repeatedly balk the young shooter, who fancies them *Brent geese.* But as they seldom appear so very late as not to be distinguished, he may perceive the difference by the *extra length* and *sharpness* of the *head* and *tail;* and their occasionally ceasing to flap their wings as they fly. These birds may be easily killed in the breeding-season, if a shooter chooses to run the hazard of concealing himself about the middle of the cliffs. This many people do by being let down, for which some use a kind of saddle, and others a strong basket, or finding places where

[1] There is only one species of coots, though they vary considerably in size.

they can climb up for some distance. But as such dangerous schemes are by no means to be recommended, I should prefer the use of a *rifle*, or content myself with the few chance shots, that could be fired from a place of safety.

There are three sorts of Cormorants. The COMMON GREAT BLACK one, alias Corvorant, or Colegoose (*Pelecanus Carbo—le cormoran*); the Green, Shag, Scarfe, or Skart (*Pelecanus Graculus—le petit cormoran*, or *le nigaud*); the third[1] is the CRESTED CORVORANT, but for this we have neither the names of Linnæus nor Buffon, as it was not ascertained to be a distinct species till a *dissection* of one took place, subsequent to the works of these great authors.

CURLEW. *Scolopax arquata—Le courlis.*

To get at a flock of curlews on the sea-shore, go in a small punt or canoe, when it happens to be high water *just after dusk*, or *before daybreak* in a *white frost*. They will then be assembled by hundreds on the small *headlands* of the *beach*, where they are at first so cautious in alighting, that the various plans of burying casks, etc., to wait in, do not always answer. In approaching these birds, be careful to keep *close alongside*, and *under the shade of*, the *land*.

In autumn, the curlews, from all parts round the neighbouring coast, will congregate in one enormous cloud, when they have generally two or three favourite roosting-places. To drive them to anyone in particular, send a person towards the others with a *lantern*; on seeing which, they will immediately take wing, and may be heard repairing to their next evening haunt, with cries, which echo through the air for miles.

For curlews always contrive to have a second gun in reserve, because, if you happen to wing a curlew, he will generally cry out, and thus entice the flock to hover round, and sometimes to pitch down again. You will then most probably get much nearer than you might have been able to do previously to your first shot. The curlews, when fat, and in frosty weather, are tolerably good: but, in open weather, when they go inland to feed, they are so strong as to be scarcely eatable.

[1] There are only two species, the Cormorant (*Phalacrocorax Carbo*; Linnæus) and the Green Cormorant or Shag (*Phalacrocorax cristatus*). Both assume feathers on the head in the breeding season, and Hawker's third species is doubtless only the shag with its spring crest.

THE LITTLE CURLEW, or WHIMBREL. *Scolopax Phœopus —Le petit courlis.*

Whimbrels appear on the shores, in small flocks, about April and May, and are much easier of access than the other curlews. These birds are called "Titterels," in, and about, Langston Harbour; and "Chickerels," in the district of Poole.[1] They are very common in Romney Marsh, where they are called "Curlew Jacks," and may be killed in great numbers, without much trouble or difficulty. When in condition, they are excellent eating.

THE STONE CURLEW. *Charadrius Œdicnemus—Le grand pluvier.*

This, being altogether a *land bird*, is *classed among* the *plovers*, and called the *great or Norfolk plover*, and *thick-kneed bustard*.

This bird, though not amiss in flavour, is in general so dry and tough as to be scarcely eatable, except when young. There are few sportsmen who have not sprung these birds while crossing fallow fields in September,[2] when the young ones are often found by the dogs, in beating for game.

DEER.

The art of killing deer with a rifle is so well known to every park-keeper, that it would be needless to mention more than the most approved methods of shooting them. For a deer standing *sideways*, take the *forelegs*, the *neck*, or the *head;* but, in firing at the latter, be careful not to shoot *too forward* or *too low*, as you would then *only break his jaw*. A deer *facing you* affords the *worst chance* of all; but, if he is standing *from you*, it is the *best*, as you may then take him in the *poll*, or the *back of the head;* and, if struck anywhere in *these* parts, he will come down. For a bad marksman, or a long shot, the surest way to *hit* him (so as to have any effect) is to fire *just behind the foreleg*, and *pretty low down:* this is the best and easiest target that he can present, and here you will have a

[1] Harting, in his *Handbook of British Birds*, says that in Cumberland the whimbrel is known as the Half Curlew, the curlew jack, and curlew knave. Compare "jack" snipe. The names titterel and chickerel are derived from the bird's peculiar cry, as is whimbrel, an older form of which seems to have been whimpernel.

[2] The stone curlew is considerably less common to-day, though it still breeds in rough uplands and in open, shingly spaces near the coast.

chance of taking the *heart*. He will, however, unless shot through the *neck*, *brains*, *spine*, or *forelegs*, generally, bound away, and apparently unhurt, till he has gone a considerable distance: he will then begin to stagger, and fall.

If you have an *outlying* deer, and are without bloodhounds to hunt him back to the park, or wish to save your corn by shooting him, go out in a summer morning just after sunrise, while the dew is on the grass, or unripe corn, and look with caution into every inclosure, and particularly among young *peas*. You must be very *silent*, because, if a buck *hears you*, he will probably *lie down* so close as to escape your notice; but, if you go carefully and silently, you will *see him feeding*, and most likely at no great distance from a hedgerow.

If he happens to be near some hidden place, that you can approach without being smelt* (by going to windward), seen, or heard among the boughs, you will probably get a good shot; but, if not, your best chance is to send some one *round* to the field beyond, and there to walk, or ride along the other side of the hedgerow, nearest which the deer is feeding. On hearing this person, he will, in all probability, either lie down so close as to *let you walk up to him*, or *come directly away from* the *hedgerow*, opposite to which *you should be concealed*. If he is pretty wild, and sees the man behind him, he will come bounding with such rapidity, that the most expert rifleman may miss him. In this case, a pretty stout gun, loaded with a mixture of mould and A or B shot, would be your best chance. If with this, however, you *even mortally* wound him, the chances are twenty to one, that he continues his course with unabated speed; so that, instead of beginning to despair, you must follow him up as fast as possible, by doing which, you will most likely find him dying in some hedgerow, a few fields distant. For this purpose a Newfoundland dog is very useful, as the moment the dog has run up to him in the covert, he will begin bellowing so loud as to be easily discovered.

To approach a buck in an open field, crawl as low as possible on the ground, and hold before you a *green bough*, which, *if there is a hedge or wood* behind, will *appear so confused with it*, that he will often suffer you to come within rifle shot.

The outlying deer usually *browse* all day among the thickets, where, amidst the verdure of the summer leaf and herbage, they are very difficult to be seen. They are particularly fond

* There is a remedy to obviate this, which frequently answers, and that is, to carry before you an armful of very sweet *hay*.

of apples, and the poachers in the cider counties, well aware of this, make frequent use of the apple pummice.

The three sorts of deer *common* in Great Britain are the FALLOW already mentioned (*Cervus Dama—le daim*); the RED, or Stag (*Cervus Elephas—le cerf*); and the ROEBUCK (*Cervus Capreolus—le chevreuil*).

The two last are now chiefly confined to the Highlands of Scotland. The latter of them, being very small, is generally killed with common large *shot*. The sportsmen place themselves at the leeward end of a long wood, or *planting*, which the keepers go round for a great distance, in order to draw regularly down the whole range of coverts. By this means the hares and roes are at last driven out before the guns.[1]

With regard to red deer, I regret to say, that I have never had any opportunity of shooting them; and therefore I should be a *quack* to pretend giving instructions on the subject. I do not, however, abuse this pursuit because I am ignorant of it; on the contrary, I should conceive it to be most noble sport.

DIVERS.

To shoot a diver, when he is fishing up a creek at low water, contrive to get your boat below him; as although he will perhaps rather dive close by you than suffer himself to be hunted up to a shallow place, yet he will, at last, be so much in need of breath, that, by *firing the instant he comes up*, you may be able to kill him. The large divers are most savage birds, and will, if wounded and driven to extremity, attack either man, dog, or boat. To kill divers along shore, peep over the banks in windy weather, when they are not so apt to *duck the flash*. Suffice it to say, that of those birds, which

[1] Roe-shooting still remains much what it was in Hawker's day, and the roe, which do much harm to young plantations of trees, are killed down in these drives every winter. Stalking roe is a sport which, because of its separate difficulties, has its own enthusiasts, though to me personally—perhaps illogically enough—the very sight of the creature in the open is his protection. St. John, in his *Wild Sports of the Highlands*, has a characteristic passage on the damage done by roe. "They commit great havoc in plantations of hard wood. As fast as the young oak trees put out new shoots the roe nibble them off, keeping the trees from growing above three or four feet in height by constantly biting off the leading shoot . . . Always graceful, a roebuck is peculiarly so when stripping some young tree of its leaves, nibbling them off one by one in the most delicate and dainty manner. I have watched a roe strip the leaves off a long bramble shoot, beginning at one end and nibbling off every leaf. My rifle was aimed at his heart and my finger was on the trigger, but I made some excuse or other to myself for not killing him, and left him undisturbed—his beauty saved him."

are literally and properly called *divers*, there are *seven kinds* to be found in Great Britain, exclusive of *six others*, which are separately classed as the *Genus Mergus*.

DUCKS.

Including all the various kinds of *wild*-fowl, which are common in, and occasionally migrate to this country, there are said to be *sixteen*, which come under the denomination of *ducks*. But as the young *golden-eye* and *morillon* are now discovered to be the same bird, we should be more correct in saying *fifteen*. For, since the earlier editions, I have pretty well *proved* that Leadbeater is right, and Buffon, etc. all wrong. I have now no doubt that the " morillon " *is* a golden-eye under two years old.

* BIMACULATED,[1] or CLUCKING DUCK. *Anas glocitans*—French not given.

BLACK DUCK,[2] SCOTER, or BLACKDIVER. *Anas nigra—La macreuse.*

I fell in with several of these birds during the hard winter of 1829 ; and in my life I never saw such creatures to swim, dive, and carry off shot. They take as hard a blow as a swan ; and will even swim for a short time after being shot in the head.

BURROUGH DUCK,[3] or SHELDRAKE. *Anas Tadorna—La tadorne.*

The young sheldrakes, directly after being *hatched in the rabbit burrows*, are taken by the parent birds to the sea, where they may be seen in what the boatmen call *troops* of from thirty to forty ; but, as the female seldom hatches more than fourteen eggs, it is clear, that each flock is formed by two or three broods. On their being approached, the old ones fly away, and leave the young to shift for themselves by diving. They may be easily shot when they come up ; but you can seldom kill more than one or two at a time, as they always *disperse* before you can get very near them.

Read, who was born, bred, and long the champion canoe-

[1] This is not a separate species, but has been proved to be merely a hybrid between wild duck and teal.

[2] Possibly a variant of " scouter "—a bird which heralds the coming of the main body of wild-fowl.

[3] Should be spelt sheld-drake ; " sheld " = particoloured.

gunner, in the Isle of Purbeck, says that all the Burrough ducks there, so soon as they have hatched their young in the rabbit-holes, take them to the water ; and there leave them in charge of only two or three old birds, which, like school-masters, have sometimes the care of about 100 young ones. Thus they remain till all the troop are able to fly away with them ; and then you see no more of these birds till they return, with other wild-fowl, to take up their winter-quarters.

Burrough ducks show but tame sport with a gun, and, to my taste, are good for nothing when killed ; though some people consider the *young* ones good for the table. But, in winter nights, they often give you a fine shot on the mud, though they are so *white* that you can seldom perceive them, even afloat, without a good moon. Be prepared to fire directly you rise ; as they, being *very quicksighted* birds, will give you but little time to present your gun. We had a great many Burrough ducks on our coast during the hard winter of 1838. They were the *wildest* of birds till half-starved by the freezing of the shellfish ; and *then* they became the *tamest* of all wild-fowl.

You may keep young Burrough ducks for five or six weeks, provided you give them crumbs of bread, and *only a little* water three times a day. But if you let them *get into the water*, or even *drink too much, before they are full grown*, and fit to be turned out on your pond, you are almost sure to *kill them*. This appears quite a paradox with birds that, in their *wild state*, are always in the water ! But, such is the case.

* COMMON WILD DUCK. *Anas Boschas—Le canard sauvage.*

The *male* bird of which is called *mallard*, and the young ones *flappers*. To find a brood of these, go, about July, and hunt the rushes in the *deepest* and most retired parts of some brook or trout-stream ; where, *if you spring the old duck*, you may be pretty sure that *the brood is not far off*. When once found, flappers are easily killed, as they attain their *full growth* before *their wings are fledged ;* and for this reason the sport is often more like *hunting water rats* than *shooting birds*.

If you leave the brood, after having disturbed them, the old bird will remove them to another place long before the following day.

When the *flappers* take wing, they assume the name of

wild ducks. About the month of August they repair to the corn-fields, till disturbed by the harvest people. They then frequent the rivers pretty early in the evening, and show excellent sport to anyone who has patience to wait for them. Our sporting writers in general have given no further directions for duck-shooting, than to walk quietly up a brook, and shoot them as they rise. In doing this, if you have only a single gun, and should spring a bird at an uncertain distance, *halloo out* before you shoot, as there may be others under a bank, and much closer to you, that would spring on the discharge of your gun.

You need not be at a loss to know a *wild* duck. The *claws* in the *wild* species are *black.*

Some sportsmen recommend common land spaniels for duck-shooting; and nothing is more common than to see, in a picture, a smart-looking tyro attacking a flock of wild-fowl with two open-mouthed dogs of this description. This is an art we have yet to learn; and, I conceive, the best recipe to acquire it, would be, first to tie the ducks by their legs, taking care not to do as the Italian once did with a hare, that he bought and tied up, in order to win his wager of shooting one,—blow off the string, and set the game at liberty. I must, therefore, to be on the safer side, recommend *my* young pupils to use either a Newfoundland dog, a *mute water* spaniel, or an old pointer, that will keep close, and fetch dead birds.

EIDER. St. Cuthbert's or Great Black-and-White Duck.
Anas mollissima—L'eider.

The only three I ever heard of on the Hampshire coast, appeared in the severe winter of 1838. I stopped them all; though got but one, as the other two beat me in a sea.

* FERRUGINOUS DUCK. *Anas rutila.*

No French to be found for this.

* GOLDEN-EYE DUCK. *Anas Clangula—Le garrot.*

* GREY DUCK, or Gadwall. *Anas strepera—Le chipeau.*

LONGTAILED DUCK, or Swallowtailed Sheldrake.
Anas glacialis—Canard de miclon.

* MORILLON. *Anas glaucion—Le morillon.*

Leadbeater,[1] whose authority I consider as emanating from the fountain-head, says, that we have been all in the dark about the morillon. He positively affirms that the bird so called by Buffon and other great men, is merely the *female* or *young* male of the *Golden-eye*, and that, as most of the males never come to their full size or plumage till just before the breeding season, it is no wonder our ornithologists should be thus deceived about a bird that only migrates to us for the winter.

* PINTAILED DUCK, WINTER DUCK, SEA PHEASANT, or CRACKER. *Anas acuta—Le canard à longue queue.*

Pintails are delicious eating; and most expert birds in running or diving when winged. I remember, a few winters ago, stopping about a dozen at a shot, on the mud; and I could only get six of them, after a chase of three hours, in a pour of rain. The Pintails frequently mix with the wigeon both by day and night. I've often killed both at the same shot.

* SCAUP[2] DUCK. *Anas Marila.*

For this we have not the name by Buffon; though I am pretty sure I have seen scaup ducks on the coast of Normandy, where, with the dunbirds, they are collectively called *les vignons*. I have generally found these birds so easy of access, that when I see a *few* of them, I take up my small gun, instead of lying down to my swivel-gun.

* SHOVELLER, KERTLUTOCK, or BROADBILLED DUCK. *Anas clypeata—Le souchet.*

Birds of this kind are more common in the fens of Norfolk than in those other marshy parts of England which lie farther from Holland. The Shovellers breed in Norfolk, where they are called "*Becks*," and, in some places, "*Scopper-bills*." The flappers of this species are easier found, and show more sport, than those of the common wild-duck. Their flesh, too, I think, is of a superior flavour.

[1] The leading taxidermist of his day. See page 303.

[2] Scaup, i.e. mussel duck (scalp or scaup) from the mussel beds on which it feeds.

There is a variety of this kind, called the *red-breasted Shoveller*,[1] for which, as well as all other varieties of wild-fowl, I have found the coast of Norfolk to be the best. This, no doubt, is in consequence of its being the nearest to Holland; from whence there are driven across the channel, by a strong easterly wind, many birds that will seldom travel farther to the westward.

* TUFTED DUCK. *Anas Fuligula—Le petit morillon.*

Why this is called by *Brisson* "the *little* morillon" I am at a loss to discover, as the *other* morillon is in every respect the *smaller bird* of the two. This is well known to all wild-fowl shooters; and Mr. Bewick corroborates it in his quoted statement of weight and dimensions.

VELVET DUCK, Great Black Duck, or Double Scoter. *Anas fusca—La grande macreuse.*

These black ducks are seen more in summer than in winter. I have killed them on the coast of Dorsetshire, about the month of August.

* DUNBIRD, Pochard, or Greatheaded Wigeon. *Anas ferina—Penelope, le millouin.*

FIELDFARE. *Turdus pilaris—La tourdelle.*

As long as the berries remain on the hedges, fieldfares continue in the uplands, and are very fat; but afterwards they betake themselves to the water meadows, and feed on worms. These birds are then the "head game" for schoolboys, and people who go hedge-popping during the Christmas holidays. They are, however, scarcely tame enough for this diversion till they have somewhat lost their condition by hard weather. As fieldfares are so dispersed when feeding, the only way to get five or six at a shot is to hide under some place near the trees, which they fly to, on being disturbed, and on which they will collect if some one goes round to drive them from the water meadows.

[1] This is possibly an ordinary shoveller undergoing its seasonal change of plumage, or a young male before attaining his full dress. There is no separate species.

GANNET, GAN, or SOLAN GOOSE. *Pelecanus Bassanus* - *Le fou de Bassan.*

Gannets are occasionally seen on almost every coast, at times when the shoals of herrings are most abundant ; and, in stormy weather, they come pretty near to land, where, like large seagulls, they may be seen hovering over the foaming surge. These birds may be easily distinguished from the gulls by the additional length of their necks, and the sharp black ends of their wings, the motion of which is, at times, more like that of the *heron.*

The sailors sometimes catch these birds by fastening a fresh herring on a floating plank, against which the gannet's neck is broken, when furiously pouncing on his prey.

With regard to the swarms of *solan geese,* which breed on the islands near North Britain, and the manner by which the fowler may distinguish their alarm, I find that precisely what I should have observed is already so much more ably described, that I consider it better to quote the accounts from Dr. Harvey (as translated in Pennant), Bewick, and Martin, than attempt any one of my own, which would be a mere corroboration of what these authors have asserted.

" There is a small island, called by the Scotch Bass Island," in the Firth of Forth, " not more than a mile in circumference : the surface is almost wholly covered, during the months of May and June, with nests, eggs, and young birds, so that it is scarcely possible to walk without treading on them ; and the flocks of birds in flight are so prodigious as to darken the air like clouds ; and their noise is such, that you cannot, without difficulty, hear your next neighbour's voice. If you look down upon the sea from the top of the precipice, you will see it on every side covered with infinite numbers of birds of different kinds, swimming and hunting for their prey ; if, in sailing round the island, you survey the hanging cliffs, you may see, in every crag or fissure of the broken rocks, innumerable birds, of various sorts and sizes, more than the stars of heaven when viewed in a serene night. If from afar you see the distant flocks, either flying to or from the island, you would imagine them to be a vast swarm of bees."

This island is " farmed out at a considerable rent for the eggs of the various kinds of water-fowl, with which it swarms ; and the produce of the *solan geese* forms a large portion of the rent ; for great numbers of their young ones are taken every

season, and sold in Edinburgh for twenty-pence each, where they are esteemed a favourite dish, being generally roasted and eat before dinner."

"The solan geese have always some of their number that keep watch in the night-time; and if the sentinel be surprised, as it often happens, all that flock are taken one after another; but if the sentinel be awake at the approach of the creeping fowlers and hear a noise, he cries softly, *grog, grog*, at which the flock do not move; but if this sentinel see or hear the fowler approaching, he cries softly, *bar, bar*, which would seem to import danger, since, immediately after, all the tribe take wing, leaving the disappointed fowlers without any prospect of success for that night."

Notwithstanding that the young gannets may be considered a delicacy, the old ones are so fishy as to be, in general, scarcely eatable.

* GARGANEY. *Anas Querquedula—La sarcelle.*

Birds of this description are frequently killed in the fens of Norfolk, where they sometimes breed, and are called summer teal.

GEESE.

There are six *wild* sorts which visit Great Britain.

BEAN GOOSE.

A variety[1] of the common one.

* BERNACLE, TEARGOOSE, or CLARIS. *Anas erythropus—La bernacle.*

Most common in Scotland and Ireland, and very good for the table.

* BRENT GOOSE. *Anas Bernicla—Le cravant.*

To kill Brent geese by day, get out of sight in a small punt at low water, and keep as near as possible to the edge of the sea. You will then hear them coming, like a pack of hounds in full cry, and they will repeatedly pass within fair shot, provided you are well concealed, and the weather is *windy* to *make them fly low*. Before you fire at them, *spring suddenly up*, and these awkward birds will be in such a fright as to

[1] Not a variety, but a separate species, *Anser segetum*.

hover together, and present a mark like a barn door. The Brent geese, when fat, are excellent eating birds. Our late good King, William IV., preferred them to all the other wild-fowl that I had the honour to send him.

COMMON WILD GOOSE, GREYLAG. *Anas Anser—L'oie sauvage.*

This, for the market or table, is a far inferior bird to the *Bernacle*, or even the *Brent goose*, and has but little to recommend it further than the pleasure of killing it. The *common* GREY *wild geese* may be always distinguished by their flying in a *figure*. These birds, instead of repairing to the coast, like other geese, prefer keeping inland, where they feed on the green wheat by day, and in the flooded water meadows at night. Wild geese, when feeding by day, take care to choose an open plain. You have therefore no means of getting near them, unless they are very tired, from having just arrived after a long flight. I have once or twice, however, got shots at them by taking one of the horses from a plough-team, and walking under cover of him, with a large gun. Some use a stalking-horse, the skin of a cow, and various other contrivances; which, after all, seldom answer for geese, although they may for golden plover, and other less artful birds. The surest way, therefore, to kill them, is to let anyone who works in the water meadows ascertain what parts they have used (which he will see by their dung and feathers), and then wait for them at dusk, in some ambush that commands the fresh places adjoining. Contrive, if possible, to get the line of a dyke or drain, so as to take their company on the flank.

Let the man who goes after geese, or any wild birds in the *snow*, dress as *white* as he can, and take a white cotton nightcap ready to put on before he begins crawling after them; or to a certainty they will catch sight of his head, and be off.

[EGYPTIAN GOOSE, GANSER, or GAMBO GOOSE. *Anas Ægyptiaca—L'oie d'Egypte.*

Two of these birds appeared some years ago in Norfolk, one of which was killed by the late John Ponton, Esq., and the other by his keeper. Three Egyptian geese were, for some days, in the winter of 1823, in the fields of Longparish, and after being fired at about ten times, the old gander was killed by one of the labourers. I was informed that they were at

first so easy of access, that I then concluded they must have taken flight from some gentleman's pond. The next year again, during the tremendous gales from the *west*, a flock of about *eighty!* appeared near the same place; and two more were killed, and sent me, by the same man. I have, therefore, no doubt of their importation, instead of migration, to this country.—I suppose these birds were, till of late years, very scarce, as Mr. Bewick could procure no specimen for his admirable work.]

* REDBREASTED, SIBERIAN GOOSE. *Anser ruficollis.*

A rare and very delicate species.

* WHITEFRONTED, or LAUGHING GOOSE. *Anas albifrons—L'oie rieuse.*

These geese were quite unknown to the gunners on the Hampshire coast, till the frost in 1830; and I have seen none there since that year, when they were more or less dispersed over other parts of Great Britain. One *Sunday* morning, when birds really appear to know their day of safety, about eighty of them pitched in a field close to the village of Milford; which is literally a garrison of popgunners. Three at a shot were killed with a mere popgun,—and by a tailor too! Our friend Snip, feeling himself a privileged man where a *goose* was concerned, and having, no doubt, seen on the livery buttons (and had construed to him) the motto of "*carpe diem*," had a fair "set-off" against his transgression, and breach of game-laws: and all ended well, as he shopped his game without getting shopped himself.—The poor geese, finding there was not even one day of safety inland, betook themselves, for security, to the salt water. Here their reception, the next day, was a volley from my two large barrels, which stopped about twenty, though I only got twelve, as we had not sufficient water to get very near them: otherwise, something great might have been done, as these geese appear to be much easier of access than any others. The late Captain Ward told me that he got almost close to them; and, had not his gun flashed, would have nearly cleared off the company.

The laughing geese fly in more regular order than the Brent geese; but not so much in a figure as the grey geese; and, I observed, have a cry which I can only describe by manufacturing and twice repeating the word "*kirrit*."—

These geese are between the size of the two others, and are very little better eating than the grey ones. Their breasts are barred, like a pattern for a waistcoat; and seldom two alike (another good excuse for the tailor!)—They take a a tremendously hard blow; and, if not well shot, will recover, after being knocked fairly down, and then fly away for miles.

Hudson's Bay is the grand depot for geese of this description.

GODWITS.

There are *seven* sorts of godwits, including the small *redshank.* In my previous editions, I said *eight.*[1]

The "*red* godwit" was spoken of as a delicious and scarce bird; and I observed that I had killed several of them on the coast of Kent; but always considered the *grey* godwit as the best worth shooting. But here, Mr. Leadbeater told me, we have all been in the dark again! The *red* godwit is no more nor less than the *grey* godwit in his *summer* jacket. These birds, like hussars, have a summer dress and a winter dress, and have thus out-manœuvred the logic of our generals in zoology. There are many birds which change their plumage in like manner, though perhaps not so much as these. My remark, as to the grey godwit being best, was an excusable error, because all birds eat better in winter than in summer. There is no great art required to kill godwits. In sharp, easterly winds they are scattered on the shores, and in spring they may be easily shot when flying about in the marshes. In *very* severe winters they sometimes disappear (as they did in the hard weather of 1838), and, I suppose, go further westward.

1844.—I have now to add another article on godwits which is somewhat at variance with what I had before written, as well as with the foregoing opinion of modern ornithologists. On the 16th of May, 1842, I observed a constant flight of birds coming, from the westward, against a strong easterly wind. They were in flocks, varying in number from about a dozen to near 100 in each flock. The gunners and boatmen, at Keyhaven, called them "titterel," which is one of the vulgar names for *whimbrel;* and said that they never came,

[1] The changes in the plumage of godwits in the breeding season seem to have confused the earlier naturalists, and the name is loosely applied. Bewick calls the greenshank the cinereous godwit. Hawker includes the redshank in his group. Modern ornithology admits only two species, the black-tailed and bar-tailed. In both of these the female is much larger than the male, and has a longer beak. Individuals vary considerably in size.

except in April and May; and then only *against* an *easterly* wind, and were therefore, like the coots when on the coast, considered as "windward-birds." As my gunning-gear, punts, etc., were of course all laid up in store, at this time of year, I resolved on going after some hundreds, that had pitched along the channel's edge, with merely an old hack-punt, and a single shoulder-gun. But as every soul in the place was off, this day, to the *Whit-Monday*-club, and my winter-man, Read, was engaged with his fishing, and prawn-potting all the next morning, it was not till the afternoon of Whit-Tuesday that I could get afloat. I then fell in with these birds, which, instead of being whimbrels, as erroneously supposed, proved to be *all godwits!* Some grey, as we find them in winter; and others red, which our modern naturalists, in opposition to Bewick and other authors, pronounce to be the summer plumage of the same bird. But I should observe that the *grey godwits were nearly double the size of the red godwits, and had beaks much larger and longer;* and that, out of above twenty couple, which I brought home, there was *not one young bird among them.* They were so easy of access that, had I turned out, for the whole day, with my large double stanchion-gun, and a pair of popguns, I have no doubt I should have bagged at least 150 couple! The next day these birds were nearly all gone; and the day after there was not one to be seen. Here I give a plain statement of facts for the perusal of those interested in natural history.

GREBES.

There are *seven* sorts, including the little river *dobchick.*

These birds, in evading the flash of a gun, are even quicker than the *divers.*

The large grebes are worth shooting for the sake of their skins, which make excellent tippets and travelling caps.

GROUSE.

There are *three* kinds of grouse, exclusive of the *wood grouse,* or *capercaile,*[1] a Swedish bird, that is given in Bewick as having

[1] Capercaile, i.e. from the Gaelic cabhar-coille, or bird of the wood (Cock of the woods). The capercaillie became extinct in Scotland about the year 1769, but was reintroduced from Sweden in 1837-8 by Lord Breadalbane and Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, the actual sender of the birds from Sweden being the same Mr. L. Lloyd, author of *Game Birds and Wild-fowl of Norway,* to whom Hawker refers. The reintroduction has been extraordinarily successful, and the capercaillie, having already spread from Perthshire through the wooded hills of Forfarshire, Aberdeenshire, and other counties, seems to be extending its range every year.

formerly been known to visit this country; the same species of which so many are brought to London from Norway, and sold at the poulterers', sometimes for a sovereign each, by the name of *kappercally*. The natives, just before the breeding season, entice these birds, by an imitation of their call, towards an ambush, from which they shoot them.*

* For all particulars about the capercaile, and, in short, everything relating to Norway and Sweden, I refer my readers to an excellent and interesting work called "Field Sports of the *North*," by L. Lloyd, Esq.—This is something like a book, and quite original. Not a compound of errors, trash, and piracy, compiled by a paper-filler, who never shot but over a pitcher or a bottle, and crammed down the throats of inexperienced sportsmen, by the sheer puffing of an experienced flat-catcher.—And, by the way, another beautifully written work, which may be considered as field sports of the *East*, has been lately published, under the title of "Sketches in India," by Captain Mundy, and dedicated to our former gallant Brigadier-General in the Peninsula —Lord Combermere, who concluded his distinguished services as commander-in-chief in India, and with whom Captain Mundy served there as aide-de-camp. These are books which every sportsman should not only purchase, but have bound and placed in his library, as standard and original works.—Both the authors are utter strangers to me.

We have also now "Wild Sports of the *West*," written by a jolly rattling sort of gentleman, who gives us no name; so we must suppose him to be the "Wild" man "of the West." He "goes large" about his cornetcy in the Blues; his 12,000*l.* a year; the ladies dying in love with him; drinking till cock-crow; duelling, housebreaking; a blind seal; missing both barrels at a stag; and quizzing Sir Humphry Davy for not making a wine-butt of his inside; Colonel Thornton, for not writing to please him; and your humble servant for high treason against the dandies, and recommending Painter's gloves; and all this under a *sporting* title, after *one* summer's fishing with a cousin George in Ireland, who laughed at him and his tackle on his arrival, and part of a winter's shooting, of which he soon grew sick, and flew back to his London club (the refuge of the destitute, perhaps), which, it appears, he never would have left, but to avoid being worried to death by the ladies who were in love with him, or his 12,000*l.* a year. We must all have his two volumes, if it's only for the pleasure of seeing that

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."

But I hope this book is not a hoax! Now, if this, after all, should prove to be a fictitious affair, and merely got up by some romance-writer for the house of Bentley, we are properly taken in. But "to give the devil his due" (a coarse expression, though this author seems fond of "the devil," and therefore puts one in mind of him), the book, as a *fancy* thing, is by no means badly written; and (barring a little kicking over the trace now and then, for which he must take his chance about getting "pulled up") all in a gentlemanly style. But as for instruction in sporting——you might as well read Hudibras.

Oh dear! I had *all but* forgotten to notice another sporting author—the immaculate Mr. T. B. Johnson; and had I not done so, the poor old fellow would have never forgiven me; as he is now working hard "at all tacks" to attract notoriety, or rather the gold and silver fish of the gudgeon tribe. What an omission would this have been! Why, he is the very Paganini of the book-makers! He can spin out any theme with his cranium as you would work up a lather with Naples' soap—ay, and *shave* as well, too! But really he is too severe on me. Now, this is bad policy on his part; because, I not long ago burnt a bushel basketful of discarded articles and memorandums, too stale for my work, that I could have sent him down by the Liverpool waggon,

BLACK GROUSE, or Black Cock. *Tetrao Tetrix—Le Coq de bruyère, à queue fourchue.*

To shoot a black cock (in the winter), when he becomes wild, you should wait near, or in the direction of the larch firs, for which he flies to perch ; and send some one round to drive him from the stubble, where, about sunrise, the black-game may be seen feeding like rooks.—In the North, etc., the female of this species is called *grey-hen*, but in the New Forest both male and female are collectively named *heath-poults*.

The black-game rise somewhat like a young pheasant, and are, I conceive, to one divested of anxiety, and in good nerve, easy birds to shoot :—more so than a grouse or partridge.

BLACK-GAME SHOOTING ON THE BORDERS OF HANTS AND DORSET.

At the commencement of the season, the black-game here lie tolerably well, and particularly if the weather is so hot as to drive them down to the bogs. The *grey-hen* generally remains with the pack, which seldom consists of more than five or six birds. Nine or ten is considered a very large pack, except in winter, when the cock birds all congregate together in one flock ; and, in general, defy every kind of fair shooting, as well as the few bungling artifices that game-keepers are master of, with regard to wild birds. The keepers' only chance, therefore, is to wait concealed for their flight ; as a black-cock, although one of the wildest birds in existence will, *when once on the wing*, seldom break his course or raise his flight, let what will intercept him. The *old cock* birds, even at the *beginning* of the season, are very difficult of access ; as, on being approached, *they* keep running forward instead of remaining with the pack.

The best, or, at all events, one of the best day's black-game shooting that was ever known, I believe, in *these* parts,

as valuable matter for one of his new publications, whereby his gleanings would have been only twenty, instead of fifty, years out of date.

So much for the two latter sporting authors who have thought proper to review my humble productions ; and therefore it would be bad manners on my part not to return the compliment.

A sad digression from the capercaile ! mais n'importe, it is not much the fashion to read notes, or (as some rod-of-iron critics call them) "blunder-marks," in the present age of intellect.

I had with the late Mr. John Ponton at Uddens, on the 25th of August, 1825.* We *found*, on this gentleman's manor, *eleven brace in one day*, which was considered, by the keepers, extraordinary success; and we killed eight brace without missing a shot. But notwithstanding all our birds were as strong, and as large, as the old ones, we never even *saw* an *old* cock the whole day.

The black-game here are briefly called "*poults.*" The fagging for them is the hardest labour of any sport I know, because you have to work, in the hottest weather, through stiff heath, which is so much intercepted by fir plantations and bogs, as, for the most part, to prevent your riding; and, from the very few shots that you are likely to get in the day, you have not the same encouragement, as in the abundant sport of grouse shooting. But notwithstanding all, I was never so much pleased with any day's sport as with my first day's black-game shooting in England.

RED GROUSE, GORCOCK, or MOORCOCK (the common muir game). *Tetrao Scoticus—L'attagas.*

WHITE GROUSE, or PTARMIGAN. *Tetrao Lagopus—Le lagopede.*

These birds, instead of becoming wild in the winter, like the two others, may, at any time, be easily shot, if we can but reach the almost inaccessible parts of the northern mountains which they frequent.

They may here be seen on the ground, standing with the greatest composure, and looking like white pigeons; and are not unfrequently killed with sticks or stones.

GUINEAFOWL, PINTADO, or PEARLED-HEN. *Numida Meleagris—La pintade.*

Although guineafowls, as well as turkeys, and even peacocks, are sometimes turned out in gentlemen's preserves, yet they can only be considered as *poultry;* and my sole reason, therefore, for making mention of them is to observe

* Black-game shooting, as will be seen by the game laws hereafter inserted, does not begin in the *New Forest*, nor in *Devonshire* nor *Somersetshire*, till the 1st of September. But *everywhere else* the first day is the 20th of August. Not being in the bounds of the *New Forest*, therefore, we began even five days *after* the time; consequently were not transgressing the law, as it might appear, without this explanation.

what excellent birds they are to give the alarm, in the event of poachers entering a covert, or thieves lurking about your premises by night.

GULLS.

There are *thirteen* sorts of gulls; and as these are birds which no one would ever think of dressing, it is not generally known, that, although scarcely eatable in any other way, they make an excellent substitute for *giblet soup:* for this purpose their skins must be taken off.

If you shoot a gull, let him lie, and the others will keep flying about the place. You will always observe that gulls, *terns*, or sea swallows,* etc., contrive to *face you* in hovering round; knowing that they are almost *impenetrable when in this direction;* prefer therefore shooting at them in any other, as you will then have more chance of bringing them down, although at three times the distance.

HARES.

Always endeavour to shoot a hare crossing, and consider the *head* as your object. Withhold shooting at her when *coming to you*, until she is very close, or her skull will act as a shield against your charge.

If a hare canters past, and you are behind a hedge at feeding time, she will often stop, and sit up if you whistle. This I name to facilitate a shot for a schoolboy.

Of these there are *two* sorts; the COMMON (*Lepus timidus—Le lièvre*); and the ALPINE or WHITE HARE, which frequents the Highland mountains, and goes to earth (or rather into the clefts of rock) like a fox.

HERON, or HERONSHAW. *Ardea major—Le heron hupê.*

Although one of the most difficult birds to approach by land, yet the heron is not quite so shy of a *boat* as might be expected. The best time to kill herons is to wait for them, at dusk or by moonlight, either near the brooks, rivers, or water meadows, or under the trees adjoining, on which they often assemble before they begin their havoc among the fisheries. The shooter may either remain in a *dark dress* against a *bush or hedge*, or in a *light-coloured punt* and *light dress on* the *water;* where he should keep by the side, or under

* These birds breed by thousands on the large tract of shingle, by Dungeness and Lydd, where they are called *kipps*. Their eggs are sold in great numbers among those of the green plover or peewit.

the shade of the bank. The herons will, in either of these situations, come close to him before they can see him; and from the latter one he may float down stream (keeping *close* to the *leeward bank*) and kill them from his boat. He may bring them down farther than most other birds, as they are a large mark, and yet *require but very little shot.*

The best way to shoot herons *by day* is either with a *rifle*, or by the following contrivance.—These birds, when they have done fishing, generally seek the safety of an open plain, where, with their long necks, they can see an approaching enemy so well, that you can seldom get nearer (particularly if on foot) than about two hundred yards. Go, therefore, *when it blows a strong gale of wind*, on *a fast galloping horse*, and get as near as possible to them *on the leeward side.* The moment the herons begin to rise, charge for them at full speed; and, before they can possibly make head against the wind, you will either *get under them*, or *they will fly over you*, and very seldom out of gun-shot. The only obstacle is the chance of missing them, from the difficulty of keeping the horse sufficiently steady to shoot from his back, immediately after being pulled up from a gallop. To prove that this may be done, I should mention that, many years ago, when quartered with the old 14th, at Hounslow Barracks, I killed two herons in this way from the back of my charger.

KNOT, KNUTE, or KNOUT. *Tringa Canutus—Le canut.*

A bird which, like the *ruffs and reeves*, is more easily *caught* by nets than *shot;* as the knot, like the others, keeps running under the high reeds, where it cannot be well followed up, and then is apt to spring out of gun-shot. The knots, when the fens are frozen, repair to the coast, where they are much easier of access than either the curlews or grey plovers; and, at the fall of the year, show capital sport for a punt-gun. They will sit at the edge of the mud so thick, and let you get so close, that you may sometimes kill their whole company at a shot. These birds are delicious eating; and derived their name from Knute or Knout, the abbreviated name of King Canute, who enjoyed them as his favourite dish.[1] In some places, they are called marl-plovers.

At high water, when washed off the mud by the tides, these

[1] This is the derivation given in Camden's *Britannia*, but it is no more than a guess. Harting (*Handbook of British Birds*) suggests that the name may be due to the bird's habit of bunching itself up.

birds, like godwits, grey plover, and oxbirds, go into the salt-pans in Lymington marshes. Here, one dark night, a man named Brand killed, with 3 ounces of No. 4 shot, after snapping three times and then crawling closer, 37 knots, and 6 godwits, at *one shot.* During the night, he had three shots, and brought home 109 birds !

LANDRAIL, Corncrake, or Dakerhen. *Rallus Crex—Le rale de genet.*

To find a landrail, always make choice of a *clover field ;* and if that does not offer, try *beans, potatoes,* or beds of *young withy.* Landrails are now most plentiful in Ireland.

To call them in the evening, go behind a hedge near the swaths of corn, with two bones ; one of which must be notched like a saw, the other plain ; and by drawing the one down the serrated part of the other, you will produce a noise, which so far imitates their call, as often to draw them close to your place of concealment.

There are two sorts of *rails,* which may be named after speaking of the landrail ; but, from their being *water* birds, or rather *waders,* which inhabit only the sedge and places near rivers, they are very widely distinguished in natural history. The one is the

COMMON WATER-RAIL, and the other the SPOTTED WATER-RAIL, Spotted Gallinule, or Water Crake.

Notwithstanding these two are seldom regarded by sportsmen, yet there is scarcely a greater delicacy than either the one or the other.

In shooting *all kinds of rails* press them very hard, or you will have *difficulty* to *get them on wing.* If they are in a hedge, go a-head of your dogs, and shake it *before* them. Having once driven them up, you should fire, if there is any chance, as the difficulty of springing them a second time is tenfold.

LARK. *Alauda arvensis—L'alouette.*

To shoot larks (or any other small birds) in hard weather, sweep away the snow, and sprinkle a long train of *scearl,** corn, or chaff, within shot of some hedge or place that you can walk to unseen, and occasionally give them a sweeping,

* A provincial term for those *light seeds* that fall through the rudder, when cleaning the wheat, and of which the small birds are particularly fond.

OXBIRD, PURRE, or STINT. *Tringa Cinclus—L'alouette de mer.*

To get a shot among the clouds of oxbirds, which frequent the shores, go in your punt, and either take them *on the mud from a creek* at *low water*, or *on a gravelly point* at *high water*. A frost, if only a white one, is the best time for this. They are then most commonly interspersed with grey plover; and come, from the distant oozes, down to the sides of the creeks where the mud is not frozen.

Oxbirds are sometimes so *tame* in *windy weather*, about the month of *August*, that, at high water, you may walk along the beach, and shoot them openly with a little double gun. Perhaps, after killing a dozen with your first barrel, the remainder of the flock will pitch among them, and present a shot equally good for your second. But these are no doubt mostly young birds, that have just flown, as the oxbirds, unless pinched by cold weather, are difficult of access; and (*like most other birds*) the *larger their flock*, the *more difficult it is to be approached*.

This is capital sport for a schoolboy. But the moment the tide leaves the mud—then is the time to get a punt and catch the oxbirds on the edge. A second barrel is the grand recipe for the slaughter of oxbirds; because if you happen to stop two or three, the rest are almost sure to pitch down with, or near, them: and in this case as thick as they can possibly "stow" together. But if you have only a single gun, the moment you raise the barrel, to put the powder in,—away they all go!

The oxbird belongs to the tribe of *sand pipers*. Of these, including the *ruff* (the *female* of which is called *reeve*), there are *fifteen* sorts: but, as they scarcely afford any particular sport, it will be wasting time to enter into any detail on them, or even to give a translation of their different names.

PARTRIDGES. *Tetrao Perdix—La perdrix grise.*

RED-LEGGED. *Tetrao rufus—La perdrix rouge.*

The latter has been of late years[1] brought from the Continent and is now (as I before observed) plentiful on the estates of Lords Hertford and Rendlesham in Suffolk.

[1] Two very interesting letters, discovered by M. Léon Dorez, of the Bibliothèque Nationale, and contributed by Lord Leicester to the *Field* of March 19, 1921, show that the exact date was 1673, when Charles Colbert Marquis de Croisy, and Ambassador from Louis XIV to Charles II, obtained the birds at Charles's request from the French king's park of Chambord.

The red-legged partridges are fond of warm dry soil ; and, from this circumstance, they are, in flavour, rather inferior to the common ones. Although called " *French* partridges," these birds are scarcely known in many parts of Normandy and Picardy, where the *common partridge* (*like ours*) is the only one commonly to be met with. In France they prefer the vine countries, for the sake of a warm sandy soil ; but in Spain, Portugal, and the southern parts of Europe, they are universally diffused.

I remember, at the early part of the Peninsular war, getting some excellent shooting at these birds on the march between Castello Branco and Placentia ; where, had there been time to follow a day's sport, the quantity killed might have been immense.

Red-legged partridges will congregate *in packs*, *perch* on hedges, and, if wounded, often go *to earth*.

To kill them, you must press them hard to take wing, or they will run out of shot before they rise ; and for this reason, they are apt to spoil your dogs. Red-legged partridges being constantly on the run, are difficult to disperse ; but by means of heading them, with men on horseback, their coveys, or packs, may be divided, and this being once done, they will lie like stones.

PHEASANTS. *Phasianus colchicus.—Le faisan.*

Besides the common pheasant, there are now in *preserved coverts, as well as* aviaries, other beautiful kinds, which have been mostly brought from China ; *viz.* the *golden pheasant ; silver* or *pied pheasant*, etc. ; and also two varieties of the common one, the one of which is precisely like it, except having a white ring round the neck, from which it is distinguished by the name of *ring pheasant ;* and the other of pure *white*, which I had (it appears erroneously) supposed to be a mule bird between the common pheasant and the barn door fowl ; partaking of the shape and habits of the former, with the colour and taste of the latter. What led me to think so was, that these birds appeared without anyone having originally imported the breed, or even any variety, but where the common pheasants were often seen among the white barn door fowls. In a small covert of my own I had *one nide* of twelve, in which were hatched *nine common and three white* pheasants. But, since the foregoing surmise appeared in a former edition, I was favoured with observations from a

superior ornithologist, which I am sure will be far more worth the attention of naturalists than anything I can insert of my own. I shall, therefore, take the liberty of subjoining his communication :—

" In the second edition of the ' Instructions to Young Sportsmen by Major Hawker, the author, in speaking of different kinds of pheasants, says—"

Here he quotes from my second edition at considerable length. He then continues—

" The ' Instructions to Young Sportsmen ' are evidently the work of a sportsman, who is a master of the subject on which he writes and under a very moderate title contain a great deal of original and interesting information ; information new, not only to the young sportsman, but capable of instructing the old. It is with great deference, therefore, that the writer of the following observations ventures to give a different opinion on the cause of white pheasants or at least, to submit that there should be assigned another cause for their production than that of their being mule birds, between the fowl and hen pheasant. He will speak of these two subjects in their order : and,

" First, on the probable cause of white pheasants.

" On reading the ' Instructions to Young Sportsmen,' the writer of the following remarks was struck with the observation, that ' the common pheasants were often seen *among the white barn door fowls* ' ; and recollecting the story of Jacob's contract with Laban in the 30th chapter of Genesis, he began to think white pheasants were produced by the *impression* made on the hen pheasant, from having white fowls before her during the period of gestation. In the above account in Genesis it appears, that Jacob's stratagem fully succeeded, for we are told in the last verse, that ' the man increased exceedingly, and had much cattle.' These ring-streaked and speckled cattle of Jacob, and the brown sheep, were evidently caused by impression, or the operation of an outward appearance upon, and influencing, the senses, as will appear by reading, attentively, the story from the 25th to the 43rd verse : and besides the peeled rods obtruded before the eyes of the cattle during the time of conception, he set ' the faces of the flocks toward the ring streaked and all the brown in the flock of Laban.'

" If, then, beasts may be affected by impression, or the operation of an outward appearance on the senses, is it unreasonable to suppose, that birds may be affected in the same manner ? and if, by having peeled rods placed before them, and their ' faces set toward the ring-streaked,' an impression was made on these cattle, causing them to produce their young of that colour, may not the same cause have the same effect on pheasants ? and the hen pheasant

by being among white fowls, and having them before her eyes, be the mother of young, of a pied or white colour ?

" But it will be said, ' Here are fowls of several colours besides white, with which pheasants are likely to mix in the fields, and this will destroy the probability of pheasants becoming white by impression made on the hen pheasant, since, as there are black and brown fowls, why should not pheasants become black or brown from the same cause ?

" It is submitted, in answer to this objection, that a white fowl is of a more glaring and obtrusive colour than any other, and consequently more likely to catch the eye, and make a stronger impression on the hen pheasant, from its striking peculiarity, and, as it respects the pheasant, *deformity*.

" But further, though we often hear of a variety of any particular species of bird, yet that variety is almost always either white, or a mixture of white with the natural colour. If, among birds, there be a lusus naturæ, she, in her freak, seldom deviates from this colour. And, notwithstanding these white varieties may be fairly termed aræ aves, and although there are several species naturally black, yet a black *variety* always has been considered a *peculiar prodigy*, as we may remember in that well-known line in the mouth of every schoolboy. And among fowls there are none of a stronger colour than white fowls and black, and white is stronger than black. Other fowls approach more to the colour of the pheasant (the brown fowl particularly to that of the hen pheasant), at least than these two colours of white and black. Fowls of another colour than white will be introduced again soon after, as a concurrent proof that white pheasants are not a mule breed between the barn door cock and the hen pheasant.

" In proof of the effect of the influence of impression on the senses from outward appearances, we might here allude to the human species, and the impression which is often unfortunately made on mothers, from objects of deformity.

" In the above remarks, the writer has ventured an opinion on the probable cause of white pheasants. He leaves it to others to judge how far he is right or wrong. But however this may be, he will now endeavour to show, that whatever may be the cause of this lusus naturæ in the pheasant, yet that there are the strongest grounds for presuming, that the white pheasant is not a mule bird, between the barn door cock and the hen pheasant. And,

" First, it is conceived, that the white pheasant is not a mule bird, between the barn door cock and the hen pheasant, from the circumstance, that it is one of the laws of nature, that the young of all animals should be formed more after the male than the female parent, with more of the shape, nature, and properties, of the former than of the latter. This is well-known to the breeders of cattle. If a horned ram be put to an ewe without horns, the

offspring will have horns. On the contrary, let the ewe be horne and the ram without horns, and the lamb will be without horns in both cases taking after the ram. A mule was once pointed ou to the writer of these remarks as something extraordinary, fron its being the foal of an ass covered by a Portuguese horse, whic happened to be brought over to this country by an officer. It wa thought an extraordinary production, since the stallion refuses th she ass, and consequently all our mules are produced from the as and the mare, and not from the horse and the she ass. But thi mule, having *a horse for its sire*, was much more *like a horse* tha our common mules, which spring from a more humble sire, an partake *more of the nature of the ass* than the mule here alluded to and from this greater resemblance to the horse, it was pointed ou rather as a curiosity. From hence the writer infers, that the whit pheasants, if they were mule birds, between the barn door coc and the hen pheasant, would, according to this law of nature, tak more of the shape, nature, and properties of the male than of th female parent. But the reverse is the case : white pheasants ar *perfect pheasants*, in every respect but *colour*, and whether male o female birds, have neither the comb, the gills, nor the tail of th fowl ; have no appearance of the fowl except in their white colou Now the tail of the pheasant is so remarkable in its shape, as no to be found in any other class of British birds ; and notwithstand ing the rule of nature, that all animals should preserve more c the shape and properties of the male than of the female parent yet the white pheasant, descended from the male fowl and femal pheasant, retains the tail of the latter perfect and unaltered, an without any resemblance to that of the former.

" From this identity of shape in the white pheasant and commo pheasant it is submitted, that the former cannot be a mule bir between the barn door cock and the hen pheasant.

" And with respect to the colour of the white pheasant, it wi be presently urged, from the instances of white varieties in othe birds, that this cannot be a satisfactory reason for its being a mul bird, or half a fowl.

" But it should not be forgotten, that in the ' Instructions t Young Sportsmen,' the *taste* of the white pheasant is mentioned a like that of the fowl. To this the writer of these observations ca say nothing, but that it may depend on the imagination. Becaus it is known to be a white pheasant, and supposed to be half a fow the flavour of the bird may be judged rather from what is fancie than from what is tasted. The *skin* of the white pheasant, whe picked, is probably different (the writer says, *probably*, since h cannot speak to the fact, for he has never seen a white pheasan after it was picked) from that of other pheasants, and white, lik that of the fowl, which may also change the appearance of the flesh The whiteness of the skin will be owing to the colour of the feathers

which will probably have that effect on the skin. We see this in a pig; when scalded, and the hair taken off, the skin is either white, or stained with black, according to the colour of the hair.

"Secondly. It is well-known, that other birds, besides pheasants, are white, notwithstanding the colour of their kind is quite different, and yet that these can be no mule birds is obvious. Everyone has heard of white varieties of one species or other of British birds; and in Mr. Bullock's Museum, in Piccadilly, there is a white jay, a white cuckoo, a white blackbird, thrush, and lark. But neither the male nor female parent of these birds could have been white, since among British small birds there is not one class or kind of that colour. And mule birds partake of the colour of both parents, as in the instance of the young of the goldfinch and canary. It is, therefore, clear, that the white varieties, just mentioned, cannot be mule birds; and, on the other side, if they may be produced white without being mule birds, why may not pheasants?

"Thirdly, if white pheasants were mule birds between the fowl and the pheasant, how does it happen that the mule breed between these birds is always *white* in all parts of the country? The writer of these remarks has seen two in a nide, and has heard of many other white pheasants. But he never saw or heard of any other variety of the common* pheasant than the pied, or white pheasant. And yet there are fowls of several colours besides white, with which pheasants are likely to mix in the fields; and the mule production between these fowls and the hen pheasant ought not to be white, but, according to the established law of nature, they should have a share of the colour of each parent. And thus the mule production, from a barn door cock of any one of several colours besides white, would be easily distinguished, but particularly if the cock were black.

"Fourthly. Again, if white pheasants be a mule breed between the barn door cock and the hen pheasant, how is it, that though we often hear of these white pheasants, yet we never hear of a mule breed between the cock pheasant and the hen fowl? The writer has already spoken of having seen white pheasants, and of having heard of many more, but he never saw or heard of a mule bred between the cock pheasant and the hen fowl.[1] And yet he has seen pheasants come into a lonely barn-yard, where there was

* Under the description of common pheasant, the writer here includes, for the sake of perspicuity, the ring-necked pheasant, though properly a variety of the common class, but he excludes, of course, all foreign pheasants. Neither is he here speaking of the mule pheasant, so called, which has the plumage of both cock and hen pheasant, and the cause of which phenomenon sportsmen cannot very well determine.

[1] All evidence shows that the white or pied birds are merely an accident of breeding, and that the whiteness indicates weakness. White birds, when they breed, which often they do not or cannot, do not produce white offspring. The tendency is through the mate to revert to the stronger natural type.

no house, and where no labourers were at work, but where there were fowls. And he has known a cock pheasant to come early every morning in the breeding season to this barn-yard, and crow, often sitting on one of the hovels. And it is said a cock pheasant would beat a game cock, if unarmed with those barbarous weapons, steel spurs. If this be true, he would, of course, be more than a match for a dunghill cock. And as this superior prowess would enable him to defend his own seraglio from the violations of chanticleer, if attempted in his presence, so it would enable him more easily to invade that of his neighbour.

"Note.—White pheasants are seldom perfectly white, but are usually mottled, or variegated, or, as they are generally called, pied. When they are entirely white, the impression on the hen pheasant must be of the strongest and most perfect kind. But when they are pied, it is suggested, rather that the impression was not so strong and perfect, than that the impression was made by mottled or variegated fowls.

"With respect to the brown sheep mentioned in the contract between Jacob and Laban, it may be remarked, that as white is the natural colour of that animal, so the brown sheep may be to the white one what the white fowl is to the brown pheasant, the hen pheasant, at least, being of that colour.

"Here it may be added, that the fowl being about the size of the pheasant, and in its general form bearing some resemblance to it, so this general resemblance, in any other respect, will render its peculiarity, in point of colour, so much the greater deformity. Fowls, too, when they stray from the farm-yard into the fields to feed, and pheasants, when they leave the coppices and hedgerows for the same purpose, prowl and feed, both of them in the same manner. And while other birds are continually on the wing from place to place, and seldom remain long on a spot, the pheasant rarely rises unless disturbed, and is much more still and stationary. The pheasant, if undisturbed, continues in the same neighbourhood, particularly in the breeding season. Fowls, when they stray, since they cannot go far, must frequent the same fields; and, as the pheasant, from its habit, is likely to meet them, and to remain with them, it is liable not only to a more durable impression, but subject to a greater exposure to that impression. And it is, perhaps, from these causes that there are a greater number of white pheasants than white varieties of any other single species of birds, for we much oftener hear of the former than of the latter. But what may be the cause of the lusus naturæ in other birds, the author of these remarks leaves to be explained, or attempted, by some more close observer of her feathered family."

1844.—White pheasants have now become so plentiful that we see them in all the poulterers' shops.

PIGEONS.

The shooting of *tame* pigeons I have always had *want of taste* enough to consider as an amusement to be classed with *badger-baiting*.[1] But, as it becomes a glorious opportunity for assembling parties to gamble and get drunk, I must not be so unfashionable as to *moralise* about cruelty; particularly as the professors of this *accomplishment* might ask me, "Why is it worse than hunting a *bag* fox?" or "May not *every* sport be more or less condemned for cruelty?"

As pigeons are commonly turned out at twenty-one yards, it may be easily observed, that the knack of killing them consists in firing *the instant they are up*, and being careful *not to shoot under them*, as they take so hard a blow, particularly on the *rump*, that, if suffered to fly to any distance, they are apt to get out of bounds before they fall. The larger the gun and the charge, the wider the circle of shot; and, therefore, the better to assist that shaking hand, which, among the most expert marksmen, may be occasioned by anxiety. Plenty of powder, and a light charge (in proportion) of No. 6 shot will do better for a man while nervous than *very close* shooting; or, at all events, till he has become cool and confident, which he generally will find himself after he has killed a few birds in succession.

So little is the art of pigeon shooting the criterion of a good shot, that many of the very best performers at this are scarcely third-rate shots at other birds, and some of them perfect cockneys in every other kind of shooting. In short, pigeon shooting is simply this,—if you miss, you are disgraced—and if you kill, you get no credit. It must, however, be admitted, that there is more difficulty in shooting pigeons *at a regular match* than many bystanders are aware of. The man who has to exhibit before hundreds of people, and is, perhaps, betting hundreds of pounds, feels in general a very different sensation from the one who stands merely as a spectator, perfectly composed; and while in this state, is confident of being able to beat those who are engaged in the match, although they may be shooting infinitely better than he perhaps could

[1] Here, as elsewhere, we find Hawker a long way ahead of the thought of his time. In the Badminton Library volume on shooting, *Field and Covert*, published in 1886, a serious chapter is devoted to the subject of pigeon-shooting from traps. The so-called pastime flourished at Hurlingham until the beginning of the present century; but in England such shooting has now been made illegal under the Captive Birds Shooting (Prohibition) Act of 1921.

do, if placed in their situation. In this, as in everything else, therefore, it is far, very far, easier to be a fault-finder than a performer; because most things fall so decidedly short of perfection, that any simpleton may set up for the one, while, on the contrary, a man must have acquired some little knowledge, however superficial, before he can attempt the other.

Of *wild* pigeons, or (more properly speaking) *doves*, there are *three* kinds: the—

STOCK, or WILD PIGEON. *Columba Œnas—Le biset.*

RING, CUSHAT, or QUEEST. *Columba Palumbus—Le pigeon ramier.*

TURTLE. *Columba Turtur—La tourterelle.*

The *second* of these, the most common, is almost universally known by the name of *woodpigeon;* and, if not too much fed on *turnips*, and kept till tender, is deservedly esteemed an excellent bird. The *turtledove*, however, is the *best* of the three; but being only a summer visitor, it generally escapes the notice of the shooter; except in the early part of September, when birds of this description are often sprung from the *pea fields.*

For shooting woodpigeons there are various contrivances, which, like those for *all other wild* birds, consist chiefly in *waiting for them*, as this always answers so *much better than attempting to follow them.* Some hide themselves among the trees, where they come to roost about sunset: others take them at perch, after the fall of the leaf, by moonlight* (the way poachers shoot pheasants); and many are killed by boys in the summer, who conceal themselves in a harbour near the ponds where these birds and the doves go to drink. But, after all, the most effectual way is to shoot them when they come to the *turnips* in *snowy weather.* If the frost is so hard that you cannot approach them, under cover of a fence, without making a noise on the white ice, you must, after moving them, wait to leeward, for their return. If you can make a place in a hedge, it is preferable to the common plan of putting up hurdles covered with straw, as the woodpigeons

* This the woodpigeons will not allow you to do, unless the trees are clear of underwood; as the least rustling of bushes would put them to flight. For this reason (as Mr. Daniel very justly remarks) they are an excellent night signal to keepers, when poachers have availed themselves of boisterous weather to attack a preserved covert.

are apt to notice and feed out of reach of them. These birds are fond of frequenting beech trees, and feeding on the nuts that fall from them.

To get shots at woodpigeons round a fir clump, or plantation, send your man on the opposite side to drive them out before you ; or they will, ten to one, go off *under cover* of the *tree* from which they fly. By waiting concealed in the covert, you may often stand in one place, where fresh birds will continue dropping into the boughs, till you have half filled your bag with them. Observe one thing, however, or you may not kill a bird in a week !—Recollect that a woodpigeon, directly he perches, begins to reconnoitre his safety in every direction ; and if you move but a finger *when* he *first alights*, he will instantly take wing. But if you will only wait perfectly still for half a minute, you may then present and fire at him as easily as at an owl.

Although the ringdove or woodpigeon seldom builds anywhere but in dark evergreen trees, such as yew trees, firs, etc., yet, in 1824, one of these birds entered a dove-house of mine ; made her nest in company with the tame pigeons ; and hatched her eggs there, notwithstanding a man was repeatedly going in to clean out the place, and take young pigeons. Here she brought up her two young ones, and then took them off with her. This is almost as singular as the circumstance of a partridge, in 1778, having reared sixteen young ones up in a pollard tree, through which went the bars of the stile in a public footpath. This happened in Essex, on a manor of my late father, of whom Mr. Daniel had the deputation, and was an eyewitness to the circumstance. The particulars of this he very correctly stated in his " Rural Sports."

PLOVER.

Of the plover tribe there are *six* sorts :—*viz.*

GREAT PLOVER (already named among the Curlews).

BASTARD PLOVER, LAPWING, or PEEWIT. *Fringilla Vanellus—Le vanneau.*

The one famous for its eggs.

Old peewits, as we all know, fly round a dog, in order to mislead him from the nest ; and I have observed that the young ones, about July or August, frequently do the same : perhaps in imitation of the parent bird. With a dog, there-

fore, one who agrees with the French proverb* as to their being such a delicacy, may be able to kill several of these birds in the marshes where they frequent. The *afternoon* is the best time, as peewits prefer the uplands during the morning.

GOLDEN PLOVER. *Charadrius pluvialis—Le pluvier doré.*

GRAY PLOVER. *Tringa Squatarola—Le vanneau pluvier.*

DOTTEREL. *Charadrius Morinellus—Le guignard.*

RING DOTTEREL. RING PLOVER, or SEA LARK. *Charadrius Hiaticula—Le petit pluvier à collier.*

The *grey plover* and *ring dotterel*, are *coast* birds: the *others* chiefly frequent the marshes and fallows *inland*, where they feed on worms.

The golden plovers, grey plovers, and *large* dotterels are worth more than all the others, either to shoot, or for the table. The former, when in large flocks, are wild, and must, therefore, be followed with caution; the latter are easier of access, though not so plentiful. Golden plover were formerly killed in great plenty by means of a *stalking horse*. If you fire at these birds as they fly over you, they will dart down for the moment, and spread in every direction; so that, by taking a random shot with your first barrel, you may often bring down the birds to a fair one for your second. If a flock of golden plovers should alight within shot of you, *fire directly*; or in a few minutes, they will be dispersed all over the field.

If admissible to bring together land and water birds, we may add to this list, the

LONG-LEGGED PLOVER or LONGSHANKS. *Charadrius Himantopus—L'echasse.*

This plover,[1] and the *sanderling*, Bewick places by themselves, as a separate *Genus*, at the commencement of his second volume.

PREY, BIRDS OF.

To shoot the various birds of prey, which belong to the falcon tribe, such as buzzards, kites, hawks, falcons, etc. etc., the easiest and most destructive method is to watch the coppices in the *breeding season*, or induce the boys, by a

* "Qui n'a pas mangé de vanneau, ne sait pas ce que gibier vaut."

[1] The black-winged stilt, an occasional visitor.

trifling reward, to find out their nests. You should wait till the female sits hard on her eggs; and then go, late in the evening, with some large shot in a duck gun; by which means you may either take her as she flies out of the tree, or *blow up the whole concern* by firing through the nest.

This is a more certain, and *much less cruel* way to destroy mischievous birds than by indiscriminately shooting or catching them at a distance from their nests; where, perhaps, their young ones, having been hatched, are *left* to be *starved* with hunger.

Ravens, carrion-crows, magpies, etc., may be killed in the same manner, or poisoned previously to the breeding season, by your putting in some of their favourite trees a few joints of horseflesh, well seasoned with *arsenic* and *nux vomica*. Another good way to kill these, particularly *magpies*, is to drive along the road with a horse that will stand fire, and shoot them from *a cart*, *gig*, or other *carriage*. I have known eight or nine magpies killed in a day by this means, (*about the pairing season*), when the keepers were constantly following them without being able to get a shot.

QUAIL. *Tetrao Coturnix—Le caille.*

There is no part of this country where we can go regularly out for a day's *quail* shooting, as in France (where these birds abound in the month of August), or the more southern parts up the Mediterranean, where they sometimes cover the country for miles. The quails are so far plentiful on the left bank of the Tagus, that many of the officers, indifferent shots, while in winter-quarters at Vallada, thought nothing of going over, and returning to their dinner with ten or twelve couple, although with every disadvantage in point of guns and ammunition.

These birds are so scarce in Great Britain, that to find a good *bevy* of them, and kill three or four brace, is considered as something extraordinary: and although there is scarcely a sportsman who has not occasionally met with a few while shooting partridges in September, yet I have never known anyone, who has had much sport with quails *in this country*.[1]

[1] The decrease of quail in England has been argued to be due to the letting of the birds in spring along the coasts of the Mediterranean, when they are migrating north to their breeding-places. This may be a contributory cause; but the decrease took place long ago. Hawker's diaries record every

RABBIT. *Lepus Cuniculus—Le lapin.*

To shoot rabbits in the evening, sit in a tree; and, by your being above them, they are not likely to smell you, and will therefore play about close under the tree. Let your dead ones lie till you have done shooting, instead of putting an end to your sport by descending to pick them up. For *this* work you must take no dog.*

To kill rabbits feeding in an *open* warren, keep a few hurdles pitched, and approach or wait for the rabbits under cover of them; taking care not to go directly to windward. For a regular attack, however, the better diversion is to ferret the holes, and stand about twenty yards off, very quiet, with your gun. This is more amusement for a man who is fond of shooting, than *netting* the rabbits; and the shots are not so difficult in this way, because a rabbit, when bolted by a ferret, does not, in general, go off so fast as when started by a dog. All other rabbit shooting is so well known, that my fancying I could give instructions on the subject, would be like the Lisbon barber *informing* Baretti that grapes grew in Portugal. Though one word more (by the by):—In shooting a rabbit, always consider the *foremost half* of him as your *target*, or he will probably be shot in a slovenly manner; and if there is an earth near, most likely scramble to it, and make his escape.

head of game shot by him in the years 1802–53, and in all those years he only shot 58 quail, and never more than 8 in a single season. This was in September, 1847, and he had not shot a quail since 1836. The Shooting Journals of the second Lord Malmesbury, who died in 1841, show the same scarcity of entries. In the 40 seasons ending 1840 Lord Malmesbury killed only 50 quail, and his best year records 6, in 1814–15.

* As a specimen of criticism by the wild man of the West—what think you of his here pronouncing "*in*conceivable the use of *a dog* among the *branches?!*" *con*-ceiving, I suppose, that I should have dosed the public with a whole chapter to inform them that, when a boy climbed a tree, his dog would have to wait below; and that a rabbit would not exactly like to come and feed under the mouth of a dog. By the powers, now, it seems strange that our elegant Emerald should have lost his lustre in such an *ould*-maid-*ish* critique; because he does really appear to be a volatile flash-parson, slap-dash, steeple-chase sort of writer. But

"Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit!"

(The never-failing college excuse after committing to living sewers the contents of a twelve-dozen hamper).

Here, you see, we have proof of the many instances where (to give him beef, or, in other words, a bit of a *bull*) rigid logic has been pumped in at one end till common sense is driven out at the other.

REDWING, SWINEPIPE or WIND THRUSH.* *Turdus iliacus—Le mauvis.*

The redwing is a smaller bird than the fieldfare, and not so wild; but its habits are much the same as those of that bird.

When redwings appear on the eastern coast, they as commonly announce the approach of the *woodcock* as does the arrival of the *wryneck* that of the *cuckoo* in the south.

ROCKBIRDS.

Those which are *commonly called rockbirds*, are the various tribes of the *Guillemot* and *Auk* or *Penguin* Genus, which, previously to the month of May, assemble by myriads, to breed among the cliffs that surround the British Isles. For brevity's sake, they are here placed collectively under the above name; and suffice it to say, that those most commonly shot, and the eggs of which are most in requisition, are the *razor-bill* and *puffin* of the *Auk* kind, and the common *willock* of the *Guillemot* kind. The puffins are most plentiful at the back of the Isle of Wight, and St. Albans; the others on the cliffs near Eastbourne and Dover: but, for a farther variety, we must go more towards the *North* of Great Britain.

Although birds of this description can only be used for the sake of the *feathers*, or *to barrel* for *dogs' meat*, yet many of the best sportsmen are tempted to amuse themselves with the diversion of "Rockbird shooting," from the number of shots that may be got in a day, and the uninterrupted opportunity of practice and trials of skill. For this purpose, large parties of pleasure are made about the months of June and July, when, instead of taking only a full powderhorn and shotbelt, it frequently becomes necessary to be prepared with a cleaning rod, and an extra supply of ammunition.

1844.—The rock- or "cliff-bird" shooting off the Isle of Wight has sadly fallen off within these few years. What I have said, however, may hold good for other parts of the world.

The time selected for killing these birds *should* be either before they hatch, or after they have brought down their young to the water, where they are able to shift for them-

* The last of these three is in many places the provincial name given to the *missel bird*, or *storm thrush*.

selves: otherwise those who destroy the old birds have to reproach themselves with the cruelty of leaving the young ones to starve upon the rocks.

On approaching the stupendous cliff in which these birds each deposit their one large egg, you see them for miles and miles blackening the air, like swarms of bees: and what with the screaming of the gulls, the hollow croaking of the cormorants, and the various noises of the penguin tribe, you hear the caverned rocks in constant echo with discordant sounds

On getting nearer, you will see the main body of the willocks and puffins standing, like ranks of soldiers, along the chalky chasms; but at such a height as not only to be out of shot, but indifferent to the sound of a gun. Your plan, therefore, should be to let someone start, so as to be on the heights by the time you have arrived below. Having anchored your boat at a distance, where the birds sufficiently lower then flight, make a signal to the person above, who, by letting down about a hundred yards of line, with a piece of wood, a stone, or a bell at the end of it, will immediately put their armies to the rout, and keep them constantly pouring down upon the sea. To kill these birds, you must rather pick your shots, and fire well before them, as they fly with great rapidity, take a very hard blow, and your eye is apt to be deceived in distance, after gazing on a background of chalk, which is above two hundred yards in height. After all, however, the rockbirds will not always come near enough for you to make any extraordinary number of shots without missing, unless you descend in a basket, etc. (as I mentioned, when speaking of cormorants), *in the manner* by *which* the men *collect their eggs*, and *gather samphire*.

I remember, when a party went to shoot willocks near Dover, that those who were *under* the cliffs could scarcely get a bird to fly low enough; while one person, who *stood above, and fired down*, very soon exhausted all his ammunition, without missing a single shot.

To take all chances at *rockbirds* and *sea-fowl*, with a small gun, use shot No. 3 (or No. 4, in Eley's cartridges), instead of No. 7.

If your object is to bring home a large quantity of willocks, etc., merely for the fun of "taking the shine out of" some rival rockbird shooter, choose a day when there is a good stiff breeze that has not been on long enough to make the water very rough; so that, by having a smooth sea, and therefore

being able to carry plenty of canvass, you can run in upon them under sail, before they begin to disperse and either fly or dive. Thus you are enabled to cut them up, from three or four to perhaps a dozen at a shot, with a good shoulder-duck-gun, and then have a right and left at them with your pop-gun, as they come up after diving, and fly away, singly, within pistol shot of your boat. My skipper, Read, and I, adopted this plan in 1831, and had some good pastime at it in the summer of 1837. But, since the last edition, we found that when the breeze came from off the land, it was not so well, as the cliffs took the wind out of our sails; and, if we went far enough off to avoid this, it was too "puffy" to be comfortable. By *this* mode of shooting, you may sail in any sized craft you please,—indeed the larger the better, if manageable,—and take out all kinds of refreshments, your party of ladies, and, in short, whatever you like, to make the thing agreeable. (For a net, on my plan, to catch up the dead birds without the risk of having to "put about" for them, I shall give you a little chapter under the head of "Cripple-net.") Read has since had many customers in this way for his large boat, which he now keeps, in my absence, to "commodate the quality," who, if not shooters, generally land at Alum Bay, where, after making their collections of the beautiful variety of chalks, for which a rock there is well known, they generally proceed to a place called the "eating-house"—Grove's Hotel, one of the best and most delightfully retired inns in the Isle of Wight. The *very* place, by the way, for one who has to draw, or to write a book; or for a couple who have to pass a honeymoon.

Before I take leave of Alum Bay, my readers may like to hear about Young Colcraine, the keeper of the lighthouse, who is celebrated for his dexterity in descending the cliffs, for samphire, eggs, and young rock or cliff-birds. The way he does it is this: he has two ropes, each about 100 yards long, and an inch in diameter; the one he fastens to an iron bar, which is driven into the ground, a few yards from the awful precipice, and the other he ties round his body. He then descends, clinging with his hands and feet to that rope which is made fast round the bar, in order to lighten the weight on the other rope, that is lashed round his middle, and held by one of his partners, Larkin or Porter, with a lad called Jack, in reserve, in case of wanting further assistance. When he has taken anything, he stows it between his shirt

and his breast, and then gives a jerk to the rope that is held by the men above, as a signal to be hauled up again. As he was doubly secured, I could see no great danger in his undertaking, except the risk of stones, and pieces of chalk falling on him, before the usual cry of "look out" could be heard, through the roar of the sea below, and the noise of the parent birds. Here I suggested to him a sort of cap that would protect him from this danger. Coleraine brought me up several pairs of young gulls, which, before they are fledged, are spotted like a leopard, and are so voracious that they will tear the food out of each other's mouths. These birds do not assume their plumage till at least a year after they are taken, when they become a great ornament to a garden, and are useful for killing slugs, etc. In order to see Coleraine fairly, you should not only go above, to inspect his tackle; but also take a boat, and your spy-glass, to view him from the water; because you can see nothing of him from above, unless you advance to where there would be imminent danger. The descending for birds and eggs, I know is nothing new; but although many authors have spoken of it, I am not aware that anyone has yet attended, as I did (in 1837), for the purpose of pencilling down, and publishing, a *specific explanation* of the manner in which it is done by those who make it a part of their livelihood.

1844.—Coleraine was removed to another station since the last edition. But he is now come back again to the Needles' Lighthouse; and complains of a lamentable falling off in the quantity of willocks, as well as in his own agility and passion for the sport.

ROOK. *Corvus frugilegus—Le freux.*

Let those who find amusement in shooting *perchers* (or young rooks) be careful how they fire among rickyards and buildings, and always *avoid loading* their guns with either *paper* or *tow*. For *this* kind of shooting, therefore, the *safest* and best kind of *wadding* is *leather*. But as this pastime is most frequently followed by those who never use a punch or perhaps do not even know what the word "wadding" means, let me only advise that they be requested to put green moss, or leaves, on their powder and shot, instead of using paper, which is so very liable to set fire to the buildings. Young rooks, by being first skinned, and then soaked all night in cold spring water, make pies, which are worthy the

notice of the most scientific gourmand. When fellows are likely to rob your rookery, by climbing the trees in the night, put your tenter-hooks on the *projecting branches*—not at the bottom of the tree ; because there the rogues may defy you, by means of either a small ladder or climbing-irons.

RUFF. *Tringa pugnax—Le combattant.*

Ruffs are birds of which the males are seldom found two alike in plumage, and of which the females are called REEVES.

As I before observed, when classing them with the knots, they are easier caught than shot in any great quantity. It is ridicrous to see these birds dancing round the hillocks in the spring, and particularly when they dance into the springes that are set for them.

SNIPES.

Of these there are the *three* following sorts :—

THE GREAT, or SOLITARY SNIPE. *Scolopax media—La grande bécassine.*

(As Buffon does not notice the bird, we are to *presume* that this must be the French translation.)

THE COMMON SNIPE, SNITE, or HEATHER-BLEATER. *Scolopax Gallinago—La bécassine.*

THE JACK-SNIPE, JUDCOCK, JETCOCK, or GID. *Scolopax Gallinula—La petite bécassine.*

To kill *jack*-snipes, a pointer that will stand them is the greatest possible acquisition, as *they* always lie so very close that you are liable to walk past them. *These* little snipes are easiest killed in a light breeze, or even *calm* weather, as in a gale of wind they fly more like butterflies than birds. Nothing eases a poking shot worse than jack-snipes ; but to one who has the knack of pitching and firing his gun in one motion, they are, generally speaking, not much worse to shoot than other small birds, except in boisterous weather.

The jack-snipes are the best eating of all the tribe.

The "old hand" therefore keeps the jack for his own eating, and sends the fine-looking full snipe to his friend. As with pheasants, the *hen* is the *best* on the table ; the cock the prettiest bird for a present.

STARLING, or STARE. *Sturnus vulgaris—L'étourneau.*

The time to shoot starlings by wholesale is just before t dusk of the evening, when they come down to roost amo the reeds. Here they assemble in swarms, that darken t air; and, for some time, keep up a chatter, which even su passes that of Frenchmen in their warmest political debat

Having swept down some dozens with your duck-gun, their *heads* be immediately *pulled off;* as this will, in a gre degree, *prevent* their having a *bitter taste.*

Starlings are very good when stewed with rice, or ma into a curry.

Before I conclude under the head of Starlings, I must a leave to become my own trumpeter, in order to name a sh that I made at these birds, which will give some idea as to t manner in which they swarm together:—Happening, November, 1825, to have my punt afloat on the late Lo Rodney's pond, at Alresford, I loaded my new double-swiv gun with a pound of small shot in each barrel *; and, a litt before daylight, paddled across to a retired part of the pon where the reeds were literally swarming with these bird Having placed the punt "stem on," so as to command t eastern light, and shoot well clear of the reeds, I gave a litt signal, as previously agreed on, to Mr. Macilwain (who, wi Major Popham Hill, was in another punt behind) to dischar both barrels of my little double gun. On hearing this repo up sprang the whole army, consisting, I should say, of eve starling in Hampshire, and making the valley echo like a pe of thunder No sooner had they cleared the reeds, than opened my battery, and cut such a lane through them as w thought scarcely possible; and the quantity of feathers whi came flying back to leeward, I could compare to nothing b a fall of black snow. What number were killed and wound we could never ascertain, from the extreme difficulty of getti the birds that fell among the reeds and quagmires, but fairly bagged *two hundred and forty-three,* as fast as they cou be picked up; and the workmen, when the reeds were c down, declared that they *found between two and three hundr more.* For this, however, I have only their word, though the is no reason to doubt it, as we all felt confident that, *at lea* five hundred fell to this one volley! In short, the great g bored a hole, like a well, through them.

* A pound *and a quarter* of shot, with two ounces and a half of pow for each barrel, is the coast-shooting charge for this gun.

It may be unnecessary to add, that the army of starlings ook care not to quarter at Alresford the next night.

*** Many people "can't swallow the Starling story."—No! nor could hey an orange, unless dissected;—so now let us dissect the "Starling story."—Those who doubt that starlings will sometimes assemble "ten thousand trong"—let them ask any *fen*-man:—that a huge swivel-gun will shoot with hree times the *force* of a little game-gun—refer to the schedules of trial:—hat there are 19,200 grains in 2 lbs. of No. 8 shot—count an ounce of it and ee:—that less than five grains would kill one starling with a *common* gun—sk any sportsman:—that the gun which killed these birds weighs but little nder 200 lbs.—ask Tom Fullerd, who forged the barrels.—Then where is the niracle? Why the miracle is this—that people, for want of one minute's alculation, should consider what is a matter of course as an impossibility! nd that gentlemen who witnessed the performance should be laughed at vhen relating the circumstance!—In justice to *them*, I feel it right to explain t. But for my own part, I should not have wasted ink on the subject; ecause any good judge would know what large guns are capable of doing; nd therefore a writer who gave false information would not only have his ook soon found out, and crushed, as it ought to be, but himself exposed nd hooted at for a quack. The thing speaks for itself. But I find it more ifficult to comply with my friends' request to be serious on the subject, than should do to go and kill another such a basket of starlings.—While on the train of scepticism, I should observe, that the account of Buckle killing hirty-five geese at a shot was ridiculed, though he tells me he did it *by night* nd *on the mud*. This *may*, or may not, be true; but I *saw* Captain Ward, vith *one* pound of shot, pick up twenty geese, and lose nearly as many more, y *day* and *in the water*; which for *difficulty* is treble the performance, in omparison with the other, as any old gunner will tell you. But as to these natters, it would be as unreasonable to expect the editor of a newspaper who perhaps never saw a stanchion-gun fired) to pronounce a fair judgment n the performance of a coast-gunner, as to expect that a coast-gunner (who erhaps can scarcely write his own name) would compose a leading article or a newspaper. If some of our journalists were informed of *sixty* and *seventy* ild fowl having been killed at a shot, they would scarcely find ink enough or their notes of admiration!—And yet I can assure them, from the *best* uthority, that *such things have been done*, though I admit but *very* rarely; nd they are every day less likely to occur, from the increased number of ooters.

WAN, WILD, or HOOPER. *Anas Cygnus—Le cygne sauvage.*

If there are not two kinds of hoopers[1] (besides the two newly iscovered species of wild swan), there is, at all events, a singular variety in the one, as will appear by the following observations: In 1822 I killed three at a shot—one an adult male, nd two *young* birds; the latter not having attained their

[1] Better spelt "whooper," from the Anglo-Saxon "hwopan," to cry out; he French *houper* is later. Bewick's swan has been accepted as a separate pecies, but not all authorities agree that the so-called Polish swan is specifically different from the Mute (or tame) swan. In the case of many animals he same species in different localities vary in colour and size. The cygnets f the Polish swan are white from birth (hence the name *Cycnus immutabilis*), hile the tame swan's cygnets are grey; but Harting (*Handbook of British irds*) refers to instances of the tame swan being accompanied by white ygnets, and by cygnets some of which were grey and others white.

white plumage; and in *all* of these the space above the bil was *bright yellow*. In 1829 I killed, at a shot, three mor (besides wounding a fourth that escaped wing-broken), an these, above the bills, were *all* of a *pale flesh colour*, thoug one of the three, brought home, was an *old white* bird. Shortl after, I killed two more, an adult female with bright yellow and a young one with the pale colour. Thus it appears that whether male or female, young or old, some have the yello and some the pale colour. Putting all together, in 1828, 1829 and the following year, I killed about twenty more, and hav occasionally observed this variety. Again, Mr. Leadbeate tells me, that the Linnæan Society have discovered *anothe distinct* species, it being considerably smaller, and *internall different* from the common hooper; and that there are no above four stuffed specimens of it in Europe; one of which h congratulates me on having. On the strength of this event they have enlisted a W into the Latin language, and christene the bird Cygnus Bewickii, Mr. Leadbeater being sponsor fo the correctness of the statement.

Since writing the foregoing observations, I have bee favoured with the perusal of an admirable treatise, publishe by the very gentleman who made the discovery—Willia Yarrell, Esq., F.L.S. Here all the internal dissections ar developed in the most scientific manner, and elucidated b lithographic drawings. But, as natural history is not ou subject, I will give only a superficial extract from the wor alluded to.—"Several examples of this new species are no ascertained to be in British collections. The museum of th Cambridge Philosophical Society contains one. There is on in the possession of Edward Lombe, Esq., of Great Melto who has an excellent collection of British birds. A third wa shot in the winter of 1827–28, by Colonel Hawker. Thes three were preserved by Mr. Leadbeater. A specimen wa also killed in February, 1829, near Haydon Bridge; upo which bird some remarks have been lately made before th Natural History Society of Newcastle, by Mr. Richard Wingat of that town." [These, I suppose, are the four specimens t which Mr. Leadbeater alluded.] Mr. Yarrell then adds, " have also had the pleasure of presenting three specimen which furnished part of the materials for this paper, to th collections of the British Museum, and the Linnæan an Zoological Societies."

"It is my intention, and on this occasion I anticipate th

accordance of every British naturalist, to devote this species, which I trust I have proved to be distinct, and unnamed before, to the memory of our late unrivalled engraver on wood, the justly celebrated Bewick."

Our naturalists are no less indebted to Mr. Yarrell, for his anatomical discoveries, and the good taste he has evinced by rendering so just a tribute to our immortal Bewick, than to Bewick himself, for his unrivalled engravings in ornithology. Within these few years, there have been more discoveries in Wild Swans. Two more Bewick Swans have been sent to Mr. Leadbeater; and these are much smaller than the one in my collection, although one of them is an old bird. We have now also the Polish Swan, which shall be separately described after I have done with the others.

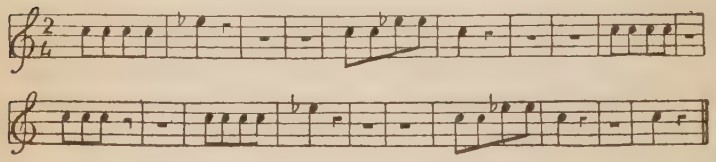
The hoopers, *before they have been shot at*, are easier of access than many other wild birds; and if, when flying, they are fired at *directly under the hollow of the wing*, or, when swimming, *through the head*, they may be stopped, at a reasonable distance, with a common double gun and small shot; perhaps even farther than other wild-fowl, as, when struck in the body, they become helpless from their *weight*, and *their heads* are less likely to *escape between the shot* than those of smaller fowl. But if, through eagerness, you happen to fire carelessly at their *upper coverts*, you may as well try to penetrate a wool-pack, unless you have very heavy shot, or a ball. But more about hooper-shooting when we get afloat. I once tasted a hooper that had been kept three weeks, then hung up, with some onions in him, and buried for several hours. It was one that I gave my skipper, Read; and he, not being able to find a customer for it, reserved this bird for what he called his "Sunday's blow-out." He sent me a piece to try, and really it was very good. I conclude, therefore, that a *chef* with half the genius of Mr. Ude would make a hooper go down as well as a haunch of venison.

As for the tame swans—they, when young, are becoming a fashionable dish; and there is now a man in Norwich who serves the gentry round by fatting them, at a guinea apiece. No birds vary more in weight than hoopers. In the winter of 1838 I killed them from 13 lbs. to 21 lbs. On one occasion, I knocked down eight at a shot,—seven old ones, and one brown one,—and they averaged above 19 lbs. each! The old gander was only winged; and, when he found himself overtaken by Read, he turned round and made a regular charge at him.

But Read gave him a "settler" across the neck with his pole otherwise he might have had the worst of the fight, he being on mud-boards, among soft mud and ice. We had a hearty laugh, and compared the engagement to that of St. George and the dragon. The only note I ever heard from the wild swan in *winter* is his well-known hoop. But, one *summer's* evening, I was amused with watching and listening to a domesticated one, as he swam up and down the water in the Regent's Park. He tuned up a sort of melody, made with two notes, C and the minor third (E flat), and kept working his head as if delighted with his own performance.

Now for his melody (taken down, for me, on the spot, by a first-rate professor—Auguste Bertini); and, as authors may be very particular in what they publish, it may, perhaps, be expected that I should give even the date, and the very movement of his ditty: so "here goes"—27th of April, 1834—eight o'clock P.M.—Movement,

Allegro, or by Maelzel's metronome, = = 126.



Thus it is proved that a hooper has more rapid execution with his pipe than his wings.

POLISH SWAN. *Cygnus immutabilis*, Yarrell.

Three Polish swans were killed in the severe weather of 1838; and Mr. Leadbeater junior (who now ably succeeds his talented father in the Brewer Street business) tells me they are the first that he has ever heard of being shot in this country. As this bird is so great a novelty, I shall give a sketch of its head, and, afterwards, that of the Bewick Swan. The Polish Swan, from which my drawing was taken, at Leadbeater's, belongs to the Rev. L. B. Larking, of Ryarsh vicarage, near Maidstone. It was shot on the Medway, where one flock of thirty, and several smaller flocks, were seen. The colour above the beak, of this swan is orange, though not so bright as that in the tame swan (instead of being yellow, like the hooper), and the black comes nearly in the same part, though

Head of Polish Swan.

Head of Bewick Swan.

the protuberance there is much smaller, and the bird, altogether, is not larger than the hooper. Mr. Leadbeater says one of its principal characteristics is having more feathers in the tail. For further particulars I went to the Zoological Museum, where Mr. Waterhouse kindly had copied for me a memorandum from what was read by Wm. Yarrell, Esq., before the meeting of the Zoological Society for scientific business :—" The legs, toes, and interdigital membranes, of a pale ash colour. In several instances these swans had produced young ones in this country ; and the cygnets, when hatched, were pure white, like the parent birds, and did not assume, at any age, the brown colour borne for the first two years by the young of all the other known species of the Wild Swans."

In *this* wild species it will be observed, in the drawing, that the *black* comes *near the eye*, like that of the tame swan.

But in the Bewick Swan the *beak* is black, and the space up to the eye is *bright yellow*, precisely like that of the common hooper.—Vide second sketch.

* TEAL. *Anas Crecca—La petite sarcelle.*

As a brood of teal, including the old ones, usually amounts to no more than six or seven, they are most commonly seen in very small numbers ; unless they have collected on decoy ponds, and are driven from them by hard frosts, when they will appear on the adjoining rivers, in flocks of twenty or thirty together.

Of all the prizes that a wild-fowl shooter could wish to meet with, a *flock of teal* is the *very first*. Independently of their being *by far the best birds of the whole Anas tribe*, they are so much *easier of access*, and require such a *slight blow*, that no matter whether you are prepared for wild-fowl, partridges, or snipes, you may, at most times, with very little trouble, contrive to get near them ; and this being once done, you have only to shoot straight to be pretty sure of killing.

I have seen teal " duck the flash," though never but once, and then I had rather a slow shooting gun.

If you spring a teal, he will not soar up, and leave the country, like a wild duck, but most probably keep along the brook, like a sharp flying woodcock, and then drop suddenly down : but you must *keep your eye on the place*, as he is very *apt to get up again*, and fly to another before he will quietly

settle. He will frequently, too, swim down stream the moment after he drops; so that if you do not cast your eye quickly that way, instead of continuing to look for him in one spot he will probably catch sight of you and fly up, while your attention is directed to the wrong place. If the brook in which you find him is obscured by many trees, you had better direct your follower to make a large circle, and get ahead of and watch him, in case he should slily skim away down the brook, and, by this means, escape from you altogether. You should avoid firing at random, as *this* may drive him quite away from your beat.

* WIGEON, WHEWER, WHIM, or PANDLED WHEW.

Anas Penelope—Le canard siffleur.

Wigeon* either choose their mates, or detach themselves into small trips preparative to so doing, by about Valentine's day; and therefore killing many at a shot, after this time, is generally only to be done when they are fighting together, or in the event of cold weather. I should observe, too, what is

* Strictly speaking, we should say "wigeons" in the plural number, as well as "pigeons." But so generally is it the custom, among those who have anything to do with wild-fowl, to leave out the *s* here, that the introduction of it feels to me like hearing a "*flock* of partridges," or a "fox's *tail*." Let me therefore see if I can scrape up any authority for having thus deviated from the rules of our language. Yes! by the way; the plural of substantives ending in *out* should have an *s*; and yet, by habit, all modern sportsmen say, for the plural, "trout," and not "trouts." Well then, let the shooter as well as the fisherman, appeal for a licence to kill languages.

Now therefore to the comparison:—It may be argued, that although, in old works, we read of "fish*es*," yet in modern language, or rather by habit which gives a sort of licence, the word *fish*, speaking collectively, is generally used without a plural. Most people, for instance, would say, "a basket of *fish*," or "the river is full of *fish*," notwithstanding the plural of other nouns ending in *sh* should have the addition of *es* to distinguish it from the singular number. For instance, "dishes," "wishes," and so on. Again, speaking of them separately, some fish have, and some have not, an *s* for their plural as, for instance, "herring*s*," "pilchard*s*," "sprat*s*"; on the other hand "carp," "tench," "mackerel."

In comparison, too, I observe, that the word "*wild-fowl*" is used without a plural (and yet translated in Latin, *volucr*ES *palustr*ES), notwithstanding we put a plural when the first syllable, or rather the adjective, is not used. For example, in speaking of poultry, we should say "a couple of fowls." We have, it is presumed, therefore an equal right to say "*wigeon*," "*teal*," "*plover*," though, on the other hand, we should say "wild-ducks," "dun birds," "curlews."

Our lexicographers, it appears, still spell *Wi*D*geon* with a *d*; I suppose because birds of this kind are not so much in the fashionable world as *pigeons*, and therefore the word has escaped the modern polish, or been neglected, which is the case with most things that belong to absentees. Mr. Bewick spells "*wigeon*" without the *d*. I shall therefore take the liberty of following

known to most old gunners, though perhaps not to ornithologists, or to gentlemen-sportsmen :—the females generally arrive on our coast before the males, at the fall of the year ; and, when the winter is nearly over, they take the lead again, and leave the cocks behind. As a proof of this, I should mention that Read and his brother, some years ago, in Poole Harbour, bagged, in one night, about the beginning of March, forty-four wigeon ; and, among the whole number, there were but *two hens!* The wigeon, for coast night shooting, is like the fox for hunting—it shows the finest sport of anything in Great Britain. We shall, therefore, hereafter make the pursuit of this fowl one of our leading subjects.

WOODCOCK. *Scolopax rusticola—La becasse.*

Although many sportsmen consider that there are *two distinct kinds* of woodcocks, and Latham describes *three*, yet they are more to be considered as mere varieties of this bird, than any species that can be separately distinguished from it.

The feather of the woodcock which is so acceptable to miniature painters, is that *very small one* under the *outside quill* of each wing : to be sure of finding which, draw out the extreme feather of the wing, and this little one will then appear conspicuous from its *sharp white point.*

To *prove* that woodcocks, on having migrated into this country, will repair to the *same haunts* for a succession of winters, I shall mention a circumstance, not as having pilfered it from Mr. Bewick or Mr. Daniel, but because it was *related to me by the late Mr. Pleydell himself*, when I was at Whatcombe House, where the bird is now

his example, under the idea that lexicographers are not gods, but men ; and herefore as liable to leave room for future improvement as are all other tudents and authors.

As the word *pigeon* was taken from the French, the *d* here should, I presume, ever have been introduced, though we see it in the English translation of Anton Ernst Klausing's German dictionary, taken, as he states, from Nathan Bailey's English dictionary ; but, perhaps, from some *very* old edition. I have, owever, seen it spelt with a *d* in subsequent works. The other bird was formerly spelt *Widgen*, as somewhat nearer to the Saxon, from which it was robably derived [see Scott's Bailey's Dictionary, in 1755, which says, " prob. f piggend " (wiggend), " Sax. Fighting "] ; and then, I believe, changed to *idgeon*. We may, therefore, it is presumed, follow up the improvement, nd erase that consonant which is superfluous to the pronunciation ; since t has of late become the custom to do so with *other* words.

A thousand apologies for (if I may use a vulgarism) such a *long-winded* ote on one word, as this is quite unnecessary when a work is in the hands f a reviewer, or any other liberal reader. But I have inserted it merely for he amusement of the *word-catcher ;* or, in other words, the little gentleman who looks more at the leaves on the tree than the design of the landscape.

preserved. In Clenston Wood (a covert belonging to the abov place, in Dorsetshire) a woodcock was taken alive in one of th rabbit nets, in the month of February, 1798. Mr. Pleydell, afte having a piece of brass marked, and put round its left leg, allowe the bird to be set at liberty; and, in the month of Decembe following, he shot *this woodcock*, in the very same coppice wher it had been first caught by his gamekeeper.

Since the cold easterly winds have of late years prevailed i spring, it is now quite common for woodcocks to breed in Englanc One woodcock's nest, with four eggs, I saw last summer mysel at Arnewood, in Hampshire, the seat of my friend F. West, Esc And, last year, there were many young woodcocks of English birth

Although it is here wished to abstain from all anecdotes tha may not be considered of some little *use* in the way of *information* yet, while on the subject of woodcocks, I shall take the liberty c mentioning one circumstance, that occurred to myself, on the 25t of January, 1810. It was, soon after, very correctly stated i a newspaper; but, no wonder, considered by many as an absur and improbable assertion; and for this reason I shall, in quotin the paragraph here, add, that the circumstance took place in th presence of the Rev. W. Nourse and two other gentlemen. "A fe days ago, a woodcock flew up the lawn, and dropped close befor Longparish House, in Hampshire; and was *shot from the windo* by Captain Hawker, who, having been wounded in Spain, was ther confined to his room. What makes the circumstance more remark able is, that it happened in a country where it is very rare to se three of these birds in a season; and that a friend of his had lai a bet he would be well enough to shoot a cock before the winte was over."

TO PRESERVE AND CHOOSE BIRDS, ETC., ETC.

To distinguish specifically the foregoing birds, I refer m readers to Bewick; presuming, as I have repeatedly hinted that no one who has the least interest in shooting, either as sportsman or a naturalist, could willingly be without such portable, cheap, and yet such a very superior work.*

If you shoot a curious bird, and have not the means c getting it stuffed while fresh, you may preserve the skin c it for many months by putting therein dry tow and powdere ginger. *May and June are the worst months for the moth;* and just then, camphor is a good addition. But for MOTH IN EVER STATE, the *never-failing*, though *poisonous* REMEDY is, CORR

* Since the last edition, Mr. Yarrell has completed *his* splendid work o ornithology; and, of course, added many things that were unknown in th days of Bewick.

GIVE SUBLIMATE dissolved in SPIRITS of wine. To skin a bird, open him, either on one side or down the back.

I have, as proposed at the beginning, marked only those of the broad-billed birds which *are fit for the table;* and this has been done as a caution against the imposition of market-men and poulterers, who, for instance, would have little hesitation in serving you with a couple of *grey* geese or *burrough* ducks, by way of a "delicate bottom dish for your second course."

Although it is not meant to dwell here on a subject which more properly belongs to a *cookery* book, yet it would be very hard not to have *some* consideration for many, who would rather see one bird roasted and well frothed up on a table, than ten thousand springing from a stubble, or feeding under the moon. Let it therefore be observed, that in *choosing* birds you cannot be guided better than by selecting those which, of their kind, are the *heaviest* in weight and the least beautiful in plumage.

Young birds may be distinguished by the *softness* of their *quills*, which in *older* ones will be *hard* and *white*. The females are, in general, preferable to the males: they are more juicy, and seldom so tough. For example, a hen pheasant* or a duck is to be preferred to a cock pheasant or a mallard. The *old pheasants* may be distinguished by the *length* and *sharpness* of their *spurs*, which, in the younger ones, are *short* and *blunt*. Old partridges are always to be known, during the *early part of the season*, by their legs being of a *pale blue*, instead of a yellowish brown; so that, when a Londoner receives his brace of blue-legged birds in September, he should immediately *snap their legs, and draw out the sinews*, by means of *pulling off the feet*, instead of leaving them to torment him, like so many strings, when he would be wishing to enjoy his repast. This remedy of *making the leg tender* removes the objection to old birds, provided the weather will admit of their being sufficiently kept; and indeed they are then often preferable, from having a higher flavour.

If birds are *overkept*, their *legs* will be *dry*, their *eyes much sunk*, and the *vent* will become *soft* and somewhat *discoloured*. The *first place* to ascertain if they are beginning to be *high*, is the *inside of their bills*, where it is not amiss to put some feather, straw, of spice, if you want them to keep for any

* Provided it is not a very *dark*-coloured one, which would denote its being an *old barren hen*. Such birds, by the way, should always be destroyed as *vermin*, because they take to *sucking the eggs* of the others.

length of time. Birds that have *fallen in the water*, or hav not had time to get *cold*, should never be packed like other but sent *openly* and dressed as soon as possible. Partridge are often spoiled in September by being put to ferment in large bag or pannier, which is carried by men on horseback.

It may perhaps be asked, by some one, on seeing th engraving of mounted markers (for which, by the way, it ha long proved difficult to select anything original in commo field-shooting), why are the partridges carried on a *pole* The reason is this :—if you put many birds together in a ba when the weather is hot, and fag about with them, *particular on horseback*, the *under* ones, at all events, are only fit fo *entrées*, or cats' meat. If you hang them up in anything- still they are liable to be shaken, as well as to have *their head pulled off*. But a pole, from requiring two people, cannot b otherwise than steadily carried ; and thus your birds are kep cleaner than by other means. Here we have a hint for bot the *chasseur* and the *gourmand*.

Sportsmen are often heartily abused by their acquaintanc (I cannot yet bring myself to hackney the word *friends* quit so fluently as I ought to do) for sending them " tough an good-for-nothing game," while all the blame should in man instances rest with themselves, or their pudding-headed cook who, maybe, dresses an old pheasant or hare the very da after it was killed, or perhaps, while engrossed in a story o argument, leaves it to roast away, till there remains neithe juice nor flavour.

All game, etc., should be kept till properly tender; or, *wanted in a hurry*, it may be picked, wrapped up in a clot and *thus buried* in the earth for a few hours before it is dresse This is the custom abroad, where I have supped on wild-fow *perfectly tender*, that were killed since an early dinner on th same day.

Birds that are dressed so soon after being killed as scarce to have become cold, are more tender than if put by for night and afterwards not kept long enough. On the oth hand, if you want them kept a very long time, for any pa ticular purpose, powdered charcoal (for game, venison, anything) is the best recipe that I have yet been able procure.

P.S.—When I wrote this, I had quite forgotten to mentio also chloride of lime. But if you have an *ice-house*, put you game there, and you want no further prescriptions.

Keep your game in a *safe*, or a well-secured larder, to avoid *flies:* and to get rid of *rats*, you have only to leave out, for their supper, a *red herring*, which you must first split open, and then occasionally heat before the fire: while you put over and into it about as much *corrosive sublimate of mercury* as would lie on a half-crown. The rats, when they have eaten of this, will shortly afterwards adjourn to the water; and, instead of returning, there drink themselves to death. This is a far more certain recipe to destroy rats than the mercurial ointment, which was before named in this work. It may be worth while to observe also, *en passant*, that the corrosive sublimate of mercury is a *never failing remedy to destroy bugs*, if mixed with spirits of wine, and well worked, with a paint brush, into the joints and crevices of furniture. But you can never depend on completely annihilating the *breed* of them, till you *do away with papering the walls of town bedrooms.*

N.B.—*Be very careful how you handle, or where you leave, this preparation, it being* POISON.

Q. What has this last recipe to do with *sporting?*

A. The citizens have been enlightening us country shooters with a new system of instructions for killing *our* game, and therefore the least that I can do in return is to give them a short recipe for killing *theirs.*

With regard to *dressing* birds, there are so many various methods, for which every cook or epicure has his favourite recipe, that it would be absurd to enter on the subject; but as so many fail in adapting their sauces to *wild-fowl*, I shall take the liberty of giving one that has been preferred to about fifty others; and was, at one time, not to be got without the fee of a guinea.

RECIPE FOR SAUCE TO WILDFOWL.

Port wine, or claret	1 glass.
Sauce à la Russe* (the older it is the better)	1 tablespoonful.
Catsup	1 ditto.
Lemon juice	1 ditto.
Lemon peel	1 slice.
Shalot (large)	1, cut in slices.
Cayenne pepper (the darkest, not that like brickdust)	4 grains.
Mace	1 or 2 blades.

* Introduced by the late Mr. Aveling, in Albemarle Street, and now sold there by his successors.

To be scalded, strained, and added to the mere gravy, which come from the bird in roasting.

To *complete* this, the fowl should be cut up in a silver dish, tha has a lamp under, while the sauce is simmering with it.

Let a goose, or any strong or fat wild-fowl, be roasted with th addition of a small onion, and a *pared* lemon, in the inside ; a this will draw out the strong fat, and give the bird a milder taste

Water-birds, in order to be less susceptible of cold, are by nature, of a warmer temperament than land-birds. Thi may be proved by cookery :—for instance, a common fow to be roasted, or boiled, will require three-quarters of an hour whereas a tame duck, of equal size, will be done in half an hour. This is an observation worthy of notice for the naturalist the sportsman, and the cook.

While on the subject of poultry, I have the kind permissio of C. H. Massiah, Esq., whose fowls and ducks surpass a that I ever tasted, to publish his discovery, by which the become far more delicate in flavour, and will keep perfectl good for three or four weeks. It is merely to deprive them o all food, and allow them an abundant supply of clean wate for the last 48 hours before they are killed.

Hares and rabbits, *when old*, have blunt claws ; are broa across the back ; their ears are very tough ; and when cu their *flesh curls up*, and remains dry. The first joint of the foreleg is larger and stiffer than in young ones, and the jawbones are very hard. In *young* hares and rabbits all is th *reverse* to this : *their* ears are easily torn, and *their* jawbone may be cracked with the forefinger and thumb.

* Vide an admirable little book on plain cookery, with valuable receip and good advice on other things, written by Mrs. Childe, in America, an called the " Frugal Housewife," and which every campaigner, or sportsma should have in his possession.

CHAPTER VI

DOGS AND THEIR TRAINING

Breaking a Pointer—The Real Newfoundland—Recipe for Distemper—Syrup of Buckthorn—Sketch of a Mad Dog.

DOGS have been such a universal subject for every sporting writer, that scarcely a word can be said about them, but that of which we may find the counterpart in some publication or other. Every one has his own caprice, or fancy, about pointers, setters, and spaniels; and we meet, almost every day, with some fresh man, who has *got the best dog in England*.

Let it be observed, however, that, with all the perfection to which we have brought both the breeding and breaking of these animals, we are not always sufficiently particular. In the one, we are apt to let them degenerate for want of a proper *cross;* and, in the other, we are too well contented (provided they have "plenty of hunt in them") with their merely being broken well to back and stand, without regarding the importance of their *lying down to charge*, and being *stanch from chasing* hares or rabbits. Putting the credit of our dogs entirely out of the question, we forget the number of shots they spring by committing such faults.

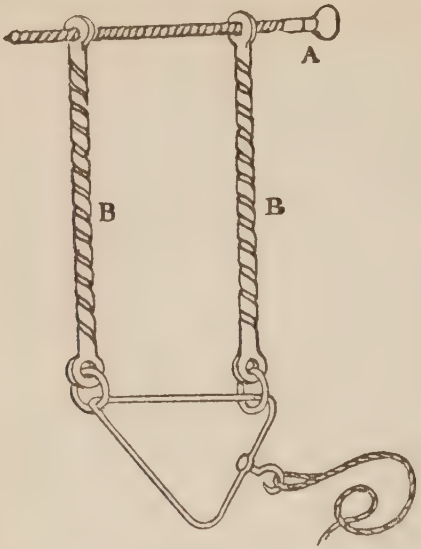
If you *want game*, take *old dogs*. Young ones, however fleet and well broken, know little more than the A B C of their business, while old ones are up to every kind of trick.

I shall now give engravings, of a check collar, and an iron puzzle, that will, at once, do more towards dog-breaking than a whole treatise, which would be redundant to those of my readers who are sportsmen, and set all the others asleep.

I shall, however, make one observation, which is, that a dog is far more likely to become a first-rate one, by being made a companion of, and corrected by *rating* and *shaming* him, than by being kept entirely away from the breaker, except to be taken to the field, and there *flogged for every fault* he

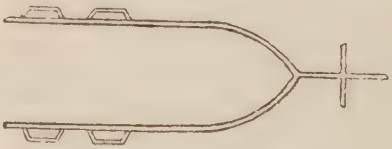
commits. I had a friend in Dorsetshire, who was not only one of the best shots that ever lived, but who had, perhaps the very best dogs in Europe, and I know this was *his* plan.

CHECK COLLAR FOR BREAKING POINTERS, &c.



A. Pin which screws out, to let the dog's head in. The rop on being suddenly pulled, draws the rings into a corner of th triangle; and almost chokes the dog, by the pressure of B. B.

IRON PUZZLE for ditto;

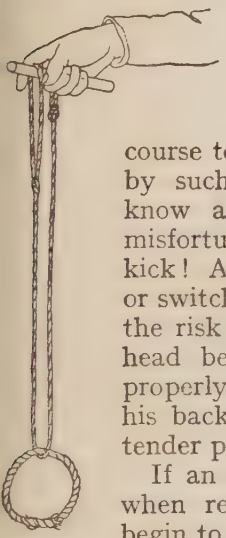


To be put on with two leather straps: the hind one to be buckl over the dog's head; and the fore one round his lower jaw; so for the cross to project under the front of it.

[In the fourth edition, I observed that any one who h been much in the west of England would know who I mean but I now sincerely regret to add that this gentleman died 1825. While he lived, the public mention of his name mig have been thought a liberty; but now that he is no more

feel it a duty—a tribute due to his memory. The sportsman alluded to was Bayles Wardell, Esq., who, take him for every thing, was one of the very best shooting sportsmen that ever went into a field! To say of any man that he was the *best* shot in England, would be as bold an assertion as to say that there was any man in England, who could shoot better than Mr. Wardell!]

With regard to spaniels, they are, nine times in ten, so badly broken in, as, in general, to be only fit to drive a large wood; but, if taught to keep always *within half a gunshot*, they are the best dogs in existence for working among hassocks and briars. They should be trained very young, or they require an unmerciful deal of flogging; and it is sometimes advisable, at first, to hunt them with a forefoot tied up in the collar.



If you have occasion to punish a dog, which I should recommend having recourse to as little as possible, never kick him, for by such means you may do him an injury. I know a sportsman in Hampshire who had the misfortune to lose his dog by giving him one unlucky kick! Always, therefore, flog your dog with a whip or switch. To do this, and, at the same time, avoid the risk of his getting loose, or biting you, hold his head between your knees, by which means you properly secure him, and have a full command of his back, without being liable to strike him in a tender part.

If an obstinate dog will not come out of cover when repeatedly called—*be silent*:—he will then begin to listen for you—and, through fear of being left behind, will most likely come sneaking out, so as to be caught for a timely flagellation.

A NEW DOG-SLIP

I must have been asleep up to 1844, not to have thought of this till now. Varley's drawing of it is so good as to require no explanation, further than to observe, that a few penn'worth of light cord answers better than anything for this; because it does not absorb the damp in rain, or when dogs have to work in wet places; and this has always been the great objection to leather. The collar is a fixture for the day; and, by letting one of the loops slip off the end of the stick, the dog

is released as quick as the discharge of a detonator. If keeper has to hold his dog and shoot too, he only wants swivel to his belt instead of the two bits of stick, to hold th twopenny apparatus.

All competition in the present day is for the lowest pric and not, as formerly, for the best article. But this dog-sli happens to answer for *both;* it having proved to be, as th blacking-puffers advertise,—the " cheapest and best."

NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS.

Here we are a little in the dark. Every canine brute, tha is nearly as big as a jackass, and as hairy as a bear, is de nominated a *fine Newfoundland dog.* Very different, howeve are both the proper Labrador and St. John's breed of thes animals; at least, many characteristic points are required, i order to distinguish them.

The one is very large; strong in the limbs; rough haired small in the head; and carries his tail very high. He is kep in that country for drawing sledges full of wood, from inlan to the seashore, where he is also very useful, by his immens strength and sagacity, among wrecks, and other disasters i boisterous weather.

The other, *by far the best for every kind of shooting,* is oftene *black* than of another colour, and scarcely bigger than pointer. He is made rather long in the head and nose; prett deep in the chest; very fine in the legs; has short or smoot hair; does not carry his tail so much curled as the other and is extremely quick and active in running, swimming, c fighting.

Newfoundland dogs are so expert and savage, when fighting that they generally contrive to seize some vital part, an often do a serious injury to their antagonist. I should, there fore, mention, that the *only way* to get them immediately o is to put a rope, or handkerchief round their necks, and kee tightening it, by which means their breath will be gone, an they will instantly be choked from their hold.

The St. John's breed of these dogs is chiefly used on the native coast by fishermen. Their sense of smelling is scarcel to be credited. Their discrimination of scent, in following wounded pheasant through a whole covert full of game, or pinioned fowl-wild through a furze brake, or warren of rabbit appears almost impossible. (It may, perhaps, be unnecessar to observe, that rabbits are generally very plentiful, an

thrive exceedingly near the seashore. It, therefore, often happens, that wigeon, as they fly, and are shot by night, fall among furze brakes, which are full of rabbits.)

The real Newfoundland dog may be broken in to any kind of shooting; and, without additional instruction, is generally under such command, that he may be safely kept in, if required to be taken out with pointers. For finding wounded game, of every description, there is not his equal in the canine race; and he is a *sine quâ non* in the general pursuit of wild-fowl.

Poole was, till of late years, the best place to buy Newfoundland dogs; either just imported, or broken in; but now they are become much more scarce, owing (the sailors observe) to the strictness of "those —— the tax-gatherers." I should always recommend buying these dogs ready broken; as, by the cruel process of half starving them, the fowlers teach them almost everything; and, by the time they are well trained, the chances are, that they have got over the distemper, with which this species, in particular, is sometimes carried beyond recovery.

If you want to make a Newfoundland dog do what you wish, you must encourage him, and use gentle means, or he will turn sulky; but to *deter* him *from* any *fault*, you may rate or beat him.

I have tried poodles, but always found them inferior in strength, scent, and courage. They are also very apt to be sea-sick. The *Portland dogs* are superior to *them*.

A water-dog should not be allowed to jump out of a boat, unless ordered so to do, as it is not always required; and, therefore, needless that he should wet himself, and everything about him, without necessity.

For a punt, or canoe, always make choice of the *smallest* Newfoundland dog that you can procure; as the smaller he is, the less water he brings into your boat after being sent out; the less cumbersome he is when afloat; and the quicker he can pursue crippled birds upon the mud. A bitch is always to be preferred to a dog in frosty weather, from being, by nature, less obstructed in landing on the ice.

If, on the other hand, you want a Newfoundland dog only as a retriever for covert shooting, then the case becomes different; as here you require a strong animal, that will easily trot through the young wood and high grass with a large hare or pheasant in his mouth.

DISEASES IN DOGS

Are so universally prescribed for, and in so many differen ways, that it will be needless to treat on anything farthe than the most common evils that happen to them; th Distemper, the Mange, Sore Feet, getting lamed by Thorn etc. etc., with the prescription, which I have *found to answ best* for each.

DISTEMPER.

To enumerate the various recipes for this *sometimes incurab* disease would require a volume; but, of all that I have y tried, none has answered better than the one I shall he give; and, as the remedy is so innocent, it may be safe administered, where there exists even a doubt as to a do having the distemper.

The following prescriptions are each about a dose for a ful grown pointer. They must, of course, be increased or diminishe in proportion to the size and strength of the dog.

RECIPE.

Opium	3 grains.
Emetic tartar (an invaluable medicine) . .	5 grains.

To be given at night.

Repeat the dose, every third night, till the dog is recovered taking care to keep him in a warm place, and always fed wit a warm liquid diet, such as broth, gruel, etc.

If the nostrils should discharge, have them washed, syringed, twice a day, with a lotion of alum, or sugar of lead putting about half an ounce of either to a pint of water.

The following is a recipe, which no bribe could tempt th vendor to part with; but, by means of some very clev chemists, I have ascertained it to be simply as follows :- (after some trouble in discovering the proportions, and di carding the ingredients by means of which it was disguised a pill).

RECIPE.

For a Half-Grown Pointer:—

Jalap powder	25 grains.
Calomel	5 grains.

Made into a pill with a little gum water.

For a Full-Grown Pointer :—

Jalap powder	30 grains.
Calomel	8 grains.

Mixed as above.

One of these doses, mixed with butter, or in a small piece of meat, should be given to the dog every other morning, on an empty stomach. The food should be light and easy to digest ; and the lotion, if required for the nostrils, should be observed here, as before mentioned.

Notwithstanding the trouble we had to discover this simple recipe, I should prefer the *one first given*, because there is less chance of a dog *taking cold* with that, than with any kind of *mercurial* preparation.

Since my earlier publications, I have been favoured with the following recipe from Dr. Taylor, of East Yarmouth ; and from its great repute, as well as that of the gentleman to whom I am indebted for it, I am induced (though I have not yet tried it) to give this recipe insertion.

RECIPE.

Gum gambouge	20 grains.
White hellebore powder . . .	30 grains.

To be made in six balls.

One to be given to a full-grown dog, six following mornings (or half the quantity to a puppy).

The dog to be kept warm, and fed on milk and gruel.

The following extract is from the letter of an old sportsman to a friend of mine—

" 3rd February, 1832.

" The Recipe, No. 3, for distemper, I can assure the Colonel, on the authority of the Duke of Bedford's old keeper (Brooks), is invaluable. Dr. Taylor, it appears, first communicated it to your friend.

" For the Yellows—a disease little less destructive, the same experienced sportsman gives, with invariable success,

3 grains of calomel,
6 ditto of rhubarb,
12 ditto of jalap,

made up in three balls, one to be taken each morning on an empty stomach.

" I may remark that, in alluding to the first-mentioned recipe for the distemper, the quantity

30 grains of white hellebore,
20 ditto of gambouge,

should be made up in nine balls instead of six, as the ' Instructions say.

" With every deference to so perfect a sportsman as Colonel H is, I venture to offer these hints for the next edition of a work tha has become the standard in Field Sports."

By an anonymous letter (for which I beg leave to than the author of it, whoever he may be), I was induced, with th able assistance of a medical sportsman, to try, as a *preventiv* to the distemper, the *vaccine inoculation*. We made the exper ment on several dogs, and we could not afterwards hear tha any one of them had taken the disease. But whether th was the effect of chance, or whether the remedy can alway be depended on, I must leave to the decision of those person who are better versed in dogs than myself. At all event the remedy is so innocent that there can be no harm in tryin it ; and I shall conclude under this head, with the insertio of the letter, which, after what I have said, it would b negligent to omit.

" Sir ;

" As a stranger I know not what business I have to troub you, but, from the subject of my letter, you will, as a sportsma probably pardon the intrusion. I should tell you I have late purchased your ' Instructions to Young Sportsmen,' and I do n intend to flatter, when I say, it is by far the best book on shootin I ever read. And since, from its originality and excellence, I ha no doubt it will go through another edition, I am induced to ho you will, in a future edition, say something on a preventive of di temper in dogs, which has been lately tried, *if after a trial y should find it to answer*. About two years ago, when in Sussex, had frequently heard at table, that inoculating a dog with the co pox virus would prevent it from having the distemper. About ha a year afterwards, having a pointer puppy, a few months old, inoculated it. The dog has never had the distemper *yet ;* but sin dogs sometimes escape this cruel disease till old age, and sometim entirely, this can be no proof. However, you may possibly dee the supposed preventive worth a trial ; and, as no one is a great friend of the dog than I am, it would afford me the sincerest pleasu if you should find it succeed, and make it known. After readi your publication, Sir, no one can doubt of your being a sportsma and as such, you must feel an affection for your faithful companio in the field ; and since this will plead for me, and I shall ask yo bookseller whether he cannot make this reach you without putti

you to the unnecessary expense of postage, I shall make no further apology. But I am, Sir,

" Most respectfully,

" Your obedient humble Servant,

" London, October, 1816. " CANIS AMICUS."

" P.S.—I should observe, the part where I inoculated my dog was on the inside of the foreleg, under the shoulder. It was done by cutting a very small place with a pair of scissors, and rubbing the bone, or quill, charged with the virus, into the wound. From the appearance of the wound, a few days after, I was afraid the virus had not taken effect, but I have been told that this slight appearance is usual.

" P. Hawker, Esq."

1838. I have ever since adopted the plan of vaccination; and so little, if any, has been the effect of distemper after it, that I have not lost a dog since the year 1816. Many thanks to my anonymous friend for the hint.

MANGE, COMMON OR RED.

RECIPE.

Sulphur vivum	4 ounces.
Hellebore powder	2 ditto.
Bay-berry powder	2 ditto.
Spirits of turpentine	1 ditto.
Hogslard (to form it into an ointment)	½ pound.

The dog to be first washed with lime-water; and, when dry, to be well rubbed with some of the ointment on the parts affected. The washing and dressing to be repeated every two days.

Give the dog half a drachm of nitre and a drachm of sulphur daily, for ten days.

It will be best to keep the dog free from getting very cold or wet during this process, which, by the by, very rarely fails to cure in two or three applications.

In 1837 I had given to me another recipe, which I found even superior to the foregoing one, and with which the same care must be taken with the dog.

4 ounces of flour of sulphur.
4 ditto of sulphur vivum.
1 ditto of white precipitate.
1 ditto of strong mercurial ointment.
1 ditto of Cape aloes, in powder.
1 pint and a half of neat's foot oil.

This liniment to be applied every 3rd or 4th day.

The following is another remedy, during the progress o which dogs may be worked, or even go in the water. The simple article required for this can only be procured on the sea coast.

Rub the parts affected every other day with the strongest bitters which are extracted from the salt, and are to be had at the salturns, by the name of *glauber*. This kind of embrocation may be kept, for some time, in bottles, if wanted to send inland.

I now decidedly prefer this to all other remedies.

SORE FEET.

To keep a dog's feet hard and sound, the best way is to wash them with brine or pot-liquor, *every day after coming in* because, if once suffered to get raw, they are so apt to smart (and particularly if anything is applied), that the dog makes them worse, by gnawing and biting at them to allay the itching.

If any further remedy was required, I should prefer the following

RECIPE.

Oil of vitriol	5 drops.
Tincture of myrrh	1 ounce.

A little of which should be applied, with a feather, after first washing the feet.

THORNS.

"For thorns," says Mr. Daniel, "a plaster of black pitch is the best cure for man, horse, or dog; and has succeeded after all other things have failed." I must, however (to speak as I have found it), observe, that a *poultice of linseed meal* surpasses every remedy I have yet tried, provided the thorn cannot be extracted, or cut out. But if the thorn can be got rid of, I should let the dog complete the cure with the *most healing* of all applications—*his own tongue;* by which there is no risk of softening or irritating his feet.

PHYSIC

Should be given to dogs before they begin their hard work. Nothing is better than a mixture of *one ounce of jalap* and *pint of syrup of buckthorn.* With a large tablespoonful of this

mixture every dog should be drenched twice in each of the two weeks preceding the sporting season. The dogs should also, in hot weather, have some pieces of brimstone in their water-troughs. If people would only take this trouble, we should not so often hear of dogs going mad, or dropping down dead in the field.

STRAINS OR BRUISES.

I have always found, that an immediate and long continued application of water, *as hot as it can possibly be borne*, is, in these cases, the best fomentation that can be applied to man or beast.

After this, you may use, with wet rags, the following saturnine lotion :—

RECIPE.

Acetated lead	2 ounces.
Vinegar, and water, of each . . .	½ pint.

Mixed together.*

When the inflammation is completely removed, rub the parts with the following embrocation :—

RECIPE.

Soft soap	1 ounce.
Spirit of wine	1 ditto.
Oil of turpentine	1 ditto.
Green elder ointment . . .	1 ditto.

ANOTHER RECIPE,

Lately given me for *man*, as well as dog, is—

Equal parts of ox-gall, *quite fresh*, and camphorated spirits of wine.

* I think it proper to express my thanks for an amendment to this recipe in the "Sporting Magazine," which, I am proud to see, speaks so handsomely of this work; though, by the way, I regret that I should have led the editor to suppose I was attached to the old game-laws. On the contrary, though I wished them at all events to have been made clear, yet I always disapproved of them.

"The medical advice in the diseases of dogs is rational, but we would not advise any one to depend on the Turpeth mineral, as a cure for madness." [This is Mr. Beckford's remedy, and merely *quoted* by me.] "In the embrocation for strains, the water should be omitted, and the quantity of vinegar doubled. Distilled vinegar, decomposing the lead entirely, makes the neatest, if not the most efficacious medicine."

POISON.

Emetic tartar, dissolved in warm water, 15 grains:

Give, *as soon as possible*,

and after this has taken effect,

Castor oil . . . . . 2 ounces;

keeping the dog warm during its operation.

BITES OF VIPERS, ETC.

Apply the following mixture:—

Green elder ointment, and savin ointment, equal quantities.

Let the dog be kept on a low and cool diet.

I have been told, by a friend in Norfolk, that the *fat o vipers*, taken out, boiled down, and kept (like goosegrease is a never-failing remedy for this, and almost every other poison; but that it gives pain on the first application. From the confidence I have in everything which this gentleman states, I am induced to insert the recipe; but, not having tried it, I cannot answer for its efficacy.

BITE OF A MAD DOG.

If a dog is bitten, or suspected to have been bitten by mad dog, let him immediately be conveyed, with the greatest caution, to some very detached place; and, in the latter case if no remedy is used, a short time will determine whether he has been bitten or not.

The following is the recipe preferred by Mr. Beckford, tha which, it is generally considered, nothing can be more effectua (That is to say, if any medicine in existence *can* be depende on for *this* horrid disorder.) It is simply

Turpeth's mineral*, 1st morning . . 8 grains.
———————, 2nd morning . . 16 grains.
———————, 3rd morning . . 32 grains.

The dog should be bled the day previously to taking the firs dose; which, as well as the other, should be given on an empt

* Strong doses of this medicine—from fifteen to thirty grains, for two three days successively—have been recommended in violent cases of t *distemper*, and performed great cures.

stomach. He may have warm broth or pot liquor in the afternoon; but nothing else during the three successive days of his taking the medicine. Let the Turpeth's mineral be given in a piece of butter, and care taken that the dog does not throw it up again.

Mr. Beckford, in his "Thoughts on Hunting," says, "The whole pack, belonging to a gentleman in my neighbourhood, was bitten; and he assures me, he never knew an instance of a dog, who went mad, that had taken *this medicine*."

I am now induced to add something further on this subject; though, as yet, unable to vouch for its efficacy.

Hearing of a recipe to cure hydrophobia, in the possession of Mr. Potter, I made a point of having an interview with him, who has since favoured me with, and also given me leave to publish, the following letter:—

"11, Old Compton Street, Soho,
"Sir, June 4th, 1830.

"In compliance with your request, I beg leave to submit the following.—The remedy of Mr. Coster, an eminent French surgeon, against hydrophobia is—Take two table spoonsful of *fresh* chloruret of lime, and half a pint of water; mix them well together; and, with this wash, bathe constantly the wound, taking care that the wash is frequently renewed. Continue this treatment for one or two hours, or more, in proportion to the extent of the injury. In this process, the chlorine gas seems to be the active agent, decomposing, by an energy peculiar to itself, the almost omnific virus, the cause of hydrophobia.

"I have the honour to be,
"Sir,
"Your very humble servant,
(Signed) "WILLIAM HORATIO POTTER,
"*Operative Chemist.**

"To Col. Hawker, &c. &c."

OBSERVATIONS ON MAD DOGS.

June 24th, 1830.—In consequence of *more* distressing cases that have *just* occurred, I have been induced to hastily pen down the foregoing suggestions, with which there is barely time to save insertion, under the head of "dogs," for the sheet on which the printer is now waiting; and on which, therefore, I have no time

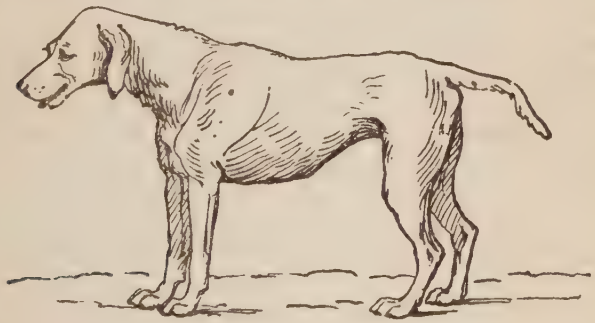
* Cutting out, or burning, the part, has I believe been the ordinary mode of treatment in cases of this frightful disorder; and therefore I dare not presume to *recommend* any *substitute*; though I have thought it right to give *publicity* to the foregoing letter, from the *reported* excellence of the prescription.

for reflection. But if these observations should lead to any bette measures, I shall then have fully gained the desired object ; an therefore shall not care how ridiculous they may be thought, or i what a slovenly manner they may be sent to the press. Whil writing this " article " (as an editor would say), a little before mid night, " our " ears have been, the whole time, assailed, by a gran philharmonic of Marylebone dogs, producing such a serenade o complicated canine counterpoint, as " we " defy even a moder composer, or the monosyllable-gentleman himself, to have dove tailed into a symphony.

With regard to mad dogs in the metropolis, it is the genera opinion, and particularly of foreigners, who visit our country that this evil chiefly arises from a want of the dogs bein properly supplied with water. For instance—in Paris, wha with the fountains, and the dirty water, forming kennels i the middle of the streets, there is always a plentiful supply fo dogs. In many parts of Italy, where there is not that advantag the inhabitants make a point of having little holes to receiv water for the dogs, as a preventive of hydrophobia. Again in Lisbon, where there are droves of large dogs, without owners that literally run wild about the streets, and are tolerated because they act as scavengers, to rid them of the filth, there i always a plentiful supply of water ; and, if I remember an understand the language right, some of the inhabitants tol me that they were obliged, under penalty, to put out a supply of water for the dogs. Now in all these *hot* countries hydro phobia is very rare ; and *yet in London*, no sooner does *ever* the *warm* weather commence, than we are in alarm with mad dogs. It could, therefore, at all events, do no harm to try the experiment, now that we have a regular police, who coul attend to it. But if this should prove ineffectual, and ou climate be still destined to this annoyance, we should hav recourse to more severe measures ; and declare war against all the useless mongrels that infest the metropolis. Among the many lamentable cases of persons and animals getting bitten by mad dogs, we may safely say that nineteen in twenty of them originate from people keeping useless curs, which they turn loose to forage on the town, and for which there is paid no tax. (I always invoke the tax-gatherers, when I want to get rid of a nuisance ; but, Lord knows, for no other purpose !) Let me suggest, therefore, that everyone should have on his dog a collar, with the name and address, by which the owners of dogs may be found, and made to answer for any

depredations committed by, or default in payment of duty for, them. A muzzle may be added; or a penalty for not having one. Let all dogs that are found loose without collars be taken by the *police*, and advertised in their district; and if, within a certain time, no one comes forward to take charge of a dog and pay the tax (which, if an animal of any apparent value, plenty of people would be glad to do, on speculation, or for the chance of reward from the owner), let the magistrate have the full power of passing sentence of death. This may appear cruel; but the riddance of useless curs is a minor evil when compared to the distressing events that have so often occurred in the metropolis.[1] It may be asked, how are the dogs to be *caught?* But it would be bad policy to publish the *many ways which there are of doing this*, at the risk of giving finishing lessons to dog-*stealers*.

Annexed is the rough sketch of a mad dog, presented me, for this work, by (the late) Sir Anthony Carlisle.



TO PHYSIC MODERATELY, AND GIVE A FINE COAT TO, DOGS.

Take a small handful of the leaves of the wood-laurel: boil it in a quart of water, till reduced to a pint, and mix it with sufficient liquid food to serve five or six dogs This

[1] A passage typical of Hawker's long-sighted views of other questions besides those of shooting. Almost nothing was known of the nature of hydrophobia in his day. The ointments and other remedies in use were futile; it was not until 1885 that the first human being was inoculated under the Pasteur system; and yet we find Hawker a hundred years ago recommending measures which became law in 1871, and proposing a muzzling order which, under Mr. Walter Long, as President of the Board of Agriculture, stamped out rabies in England in 1900

given, about once a month, in hot weather, I have found t answer better than anything ; but, as the wood-laurel in an great *quantity* is *poison*, it must be used with the utmos caution.

If a sportsman had his pointers *rubbed down and brushe* every day, immediately after they came home, and particularl if wet or cold, they would not only have fine coats, but b serviceable to him at least half as long again. This I hav proved beyond all doubt.

I here conclude all that I shall say relating to " dogs," a the subject has already been done ample justice to by Mr Daniel, Mr. Scott, Mr. Johnson, and many other authors, i their voluminous compilations on field sports of every descrip tion : and, though the last named, yet not the least, b William Augustus Osbaldiston,[1] Esq., in his admirable work which is called the " British Sportsman." On the merits o this gentleman's work (putting aside some of the plates) cannot forbear making a few remarks, although he is (perhap I should say *was*) an utter stranger to me. I bought his boo when I was a lad, many years ago, and I cannot say that have since met with anything more purely original. Mr Osbaldiston's " British Sportsman," it is evident, is faithfull drawn from nature, by a thoroughbred sportsman in the field instead of being imperfectly copied from other works, by hackney quill-driver in the metropolis. This work, in short as well as Bewick's, may be considered as one of the fine ol standards, from which many a book-pirate has torn th colours that he sails under ; or, as the peacock, in whos feathers have strutted half the jackdaws in the book-makin world.

Since our 8th edition, there has *at last* appeared, after lapse of nearly half a century, another *original* and admirabl well-written work, from a thoroughbred sportsman, Captai R. Lacy, who, as a novice in wild-fowl gunning, and an utte stranger, applied to me in a letter of seventeen pages, for th " very great favour " of some private instructions in this ar which I gave him to the best of my abilities. He afterward hired " Admiral " Buckle, who " spun out his yarn," whil

* *The British Sportsman, or Nobleman, Gentleman, and Farmer's Dictionar of Recreation and Amusement, by* William Augustus Osbaldiston, publishe in 1792. Little seems to be known of the author, who is not to be confuse with the sportsman, George Osbaldiston (1787–1866), the sporting Squi who, among other achievements, rode 200 miles in 8 hours 42 minutes, an fought a duel with Lord George Bentinck.

the captain took down his depositions. But here Captain Lacy had not altogether the advantage of his own experience ; and as the " Admiral " had picked up nothing new since he was with me in the year 1824, many threads of his yarn do not keep pace with the other parts of this work, which is justly entitled to the name of the " Modern Shooter."

CHAPTER VII

DUCK GUNS, WILD FOWLING, AND ACCESSORIES

A Perfect Duck Gun—How to Prevent Rust—Shot for Shoulder Guns and Punt Guns: Starlight and Dark—Water Boots—Waterproof Dressings—Boiling Oil—A Tip for an Umbrella—Shore Shooting—Exploring a Pond—Duck in the Ice.

AS we have now lost poor Joe Manton and Fullerd, I am rather puzzled to give advice about a duck gun, as it is an article scarcely understood by the London makers; and, when they get an order for one, they are obliged to charge an exorbitant price, because their journeymen require *extra payment* for *all* jobs *out of the common line*. As a specimen of this—I need only observe that, for a stock and furniture to a duck gun that I had renovated, about the year 1826, the *journeymen's* bills *to the master* (Lancaster) amounted to 8*l*. 5*s*. 8*d*.! and after all, I had to send the stock to Burnett, of Southampton, to alter it, before I could shoot with it!—So much for duck guns from London. I allude to a gun of about 16 *lb*. or 18 *lb*. weight. But as to a heavy single gun—(say under 14 *lb*.) the London makers can serve you extremely well; as this just comes within the comprehension of themselves and their men.—There is no question that (except the flint) the copper SIDE-*primer* is the ONLY ignition for *duck* guns; and it matters not whether you have Lancaster's or Long's new one, or the original one of Joe Manton; because you seldom fire a gun of this kind so often as to be annoyed by having frequently to push in the primers.

As we *must now* go to Birmingham for barrels, I should be inclined to hand over all the heavy duck gun-work to either Westley Richards, or Burnett,* of Southampton; and I am

* The only man I know capable of fitting up a *very large* duck gun without specific directions from the shooter.—Mr. Burnett has, for these last ten years, been working for gentlemen-gunners under the directions of Buckle, Singer, and other professors of those secrets afloat, which it would take a dandy-gunmaker more time than he can spare to learn. Mr. Burnett is not only a

sure the London artists will thank me for the recommendation ; as I know that they scarcely get a fair living profit by sending out London-finished guns beyond a certain size ; and after all their turn-out proves, nine times in ten, more an ornamental than an useful concern. A duck gun should have a substantial stock—such as a fancy-workman would be ashamed of—it should be made so large at the breech that neat gunmakers would laugh at it—the stock should rise well up to the eye ; because you have not the power to lower your head when holding out a heavy weight—and, above all, the barrel should *lay level* and well *up to the eye*, instead of being let down into the stock so as to pitch under the mark in quick firing. Many of the " rough-stockers " in town can do this job well ; but, when it comes to the " screwers-together " and finishers, it often becomes so changed as to be more injured than improved. A duck gun should have either no heelplate at all, or one of a metal that will not rust from loading in a wet place ; and therefore it is folly to put engraving about the heelplate of a gun of this description. For my own part, I never desire to see any engraving on a duck gun ; it only collects rust, and answers no purpose except to hide bad work.

1844.—As, in spite of all that has been published, in the later editions, I have not yet seen a London *duck gun*-stock but what was a dandified piece of trumpery (like a London tailor's shooting jacket), I have now availed myself of Mr. C. Varley's professional visit, for the coast-drawings at Keyhaven, to trace, with his telescope, a perfect duck gun, called " Old Fullerd," which was got up under my constant inspection.

Having made these new observations, let me now reprint what I before published on duck guns, as I have not a word to alter, or retract, from what appeared in the earlier editions : on the contrary, I have had some years' more experience as to the truth of my assertions. I have, however, made one alteration, and that is, reducing the charge of shot, and for why ?—because I originally wrote for *flint* guns, and *now* I must have in view *nothing but detonators* which recoil so much, that with *them* the shooter could not bear the same charge of

clear-headed ingenious workman, and reasonable in his charges, but also a good practical shot. [Since the last edition, Mr. Purdey has had inflicted on him some orders for stanchion guns, and he is positively the *only London* man who has been shown how to make a proper one. But, as he told me himself, he executed such orders only to oblige his customers.]

shot : though I still recommend him *not* to reduce his charge of *powder.*

Many will tell you, that *a large gun will do no more execution than a small one ;* and, by the same rule, they may say, that *a gun will kill no farther than a pistol.* The advantage of a duck gun is that it *will carry large shot more compactly,* and may be fired with double or treble the charge for a piece of an ordinary size. You are therefore enabled to use large shot with the same advantage, that No. 7 may be fired from a double gun ; by which means, *at a large object,* you may kill considerably farther ; and in a flock, *many more birds at a shot.*

In comparing *small shot from a double gun,* as having the same advantage over large, *that a pin, with a moderate pressure,* would have over a *nail,* in *piercing the feathers of game,* by the same argument it may be said, that *large shot, from a duck gun,* would have the effect of the *nail driven by a hammer* through the *strong bones* and *feathers* of *wild-fowl.* A large gun to carry *twice* as much as a small one (say three ounces) should not weigh less than 12, nor exceed 16 *lbs.* and be used with No. 1 or 2 shot ; *and the same proportion of powder as before recommended.* One to carry four or five ounces should not weigh less than 18, nor exceed 20 *lbs.*, and so on in proportion ; but this is the most that can well be fired without a rest.

The recoil of a duck gun can only be checked *by weight of metal,* and there are *two ways to dispose of it :* the one, *immense thickness,* whereby the gun may be *short, portable,* and easily managed ; and the other, *considerable length,* by which you may kill farther, and take a *much more accurate aim.* The former was the plan of Mr. Joseph Manton, the latter that of the late Mr. D. Egg : and, in order to partake a little of *both* advantages, I should *steer between the two,* and have my barrels *never less than three feet eight,* nor *more* than *four feet four inches, unless I used a rest ;* by which means a gun being top heavy is rendered quite the reverse of objectionable. In this case, I should adopt the plan of Mr. D. Egg, *as the best* in every respect. (Since the first edition of this book was published, Mr. Joseph Manton had generally adopted the proportions therein *recommended,* and made some of the best duck guns that could possibly be turned out of hand. He declared to me, that he gained a more perfect knowledge of his business by *making duck guns,* than by any other branch of practice.)

A *broad butt* contributes greatly to *lessen the recoil ;* and in some of the largest-sized *shoulder* guns, a sponge has some

times been found necessary, to prevent the guard from cutting the second finger.

As to the best length for duck guns that are used without a rest, and must therefore be made to mount tolerably well, I will lay down a simple rule for those of every size: *viz.* measure the barrels of your best double gun, and see how many times they are in length the *diameter of the punched wadding;* and order your duck guns to be never less than from four to six *more* diameters in proportion. That is, if your double gun of fourteen gauge, should be of the common length (2 feet 8 inches), which is forty-four diameters, let your duck gun of seven gauge, and of 13 *lbs.* weight, be never less than from 3 feet 6, to 3 feet 8 inches (or, *if you can manage 4 feet so much the better*); and so forth on a still larger scale. The latter gun at forty-four diameters would be 3 feet 2½ inches, but with *this* length it would scatter more at long shots; and, if properly loaded (say with 3 ounces of shot), would, by flying up forward, be felt too severely to the shoulder.

Recollect, that although the same ratio might hold good for *guns*, yet neither the *weight of the atmosphere* nor the *muscular power of a man* can be made to serve in proportion. If a duck gun is *too large* in the *calibre*, in proportion to its weight of metal, it will *recoil* considerably: and if *too small*, it will not have the desired effect of allowing the shot to *lie compactly* together.

A gun fired from a *rest* is *felt more than* if *held out*, because the left hand, when grasping it, checks the recoil. The stock of a heavy duck gun, as I before said, should be *more bent* than that of a common gun, as, when we are holding out a great weight, it is not so easy to *lower the head:* and it should also be observed that the *curve in the stock* tends to lessen the recoil.

I have of late years had the duck gun-stocks, which I use on the coast, made with a pistol grip, and whipped with waxed end, round the handle, similar to a cricket-bat, which rather lessens the jar; and the upper part of the butt very much cut away, in order to prevent it from hurting the shoulder bone. I also paint and varnish the stock, by which means it does not get cracked, after being wetted with salt water. The gun-makers' stocks I found were always a great plague on this account, as well as from the trouble of keeping them in order, after being exposed to the spray of the sea. Add to which, they recoil most unmercifully, and are therefore only fit for light charges. I should always have these stocks rather

short; as one that would mount well in a shooting jacket would be unmanageably long in a gunning dress.

The following is the average of several shots, tried at twelve sheets of thick brown paper, to ascertain the difference between two *common* duck guns, and a *very superior* double gun, made by Mr. Joseph Manton.

	Weight.	Length.	Gauge.
	Pounds.	Feet. Inches.	
Large duck gun	14	4 6	7
Smallest ditto	12½	4 5	
Double gun	9	2 8	14

WITH NO. 2 SHOT.

	Yards.	In the 1st sheet.	Through the 12th sheet.
Duck guns	60	32	25
Double gun		20	18
Duck guns	45	34	34
Double gun		26	26

The large guns were loaded with precisely *double* the charge of the small gun, which is one-fifth *less* than that with which they always killed best.

The paper was nailed up close to a sheet of water, and two men placed to *observe* the effect; which was, that the outside shot (that which flew wide of the paper) appeared to be driven with much *more force* from the heavy guns, and, of course, spread a much *larger surface.*

This *proves*, that although, *if both accurately levelled*, the difference between a wild-fowl gun and a small gun is not so *very* considerable, at a *single* bird; yet, from the *immense circle*, which the large gun spreads, you have more chances of killing with *an indifferent aim;* and, of course in a flock (as before said), would kill *many more birds at a shot.*

At the same time an opportunity was taken to prove the *advantage* of shot *lying compact; viz.* after loading the double gun with a *full charge of powder*, and placing within the muzzle a round of pasteboard, I put thereon forty-five grains of No. 7 shot, shook them *all into one tier* on the wadding, and after having laid on them another round of pasteboard, carefully rammed down all together:—the result was that, at thirty yards, *twenty grains* were *well distributed* in a newspaper.

Subjoined is another trial, made in 1820, between the smallest

"Old Joe" from underneath, showing Engraving and Motto.

Detail of Engraving and Initial plate on "Old Joe."

Side view of Stock of "Old Joe," showing Joseph Manton's name on Lock-plate.

(From the Collection of C. Ridley Catling, Esq.)

sized duck guns and fourteen gauge double guns (at thirty-eight yards), with twelve sheets of thickest brown paper put up afresh for each shot.

		Number of Grains in 1st Sheet.			Ditto through 12th Sheet.			Remarks.
		1 Shot.	2 Shot.	3 Shot.	1 Shot.	2 Shot.	3 Shot.	
With oz. and half No. 5 shot.	*Old Joe* (a gun never yet beat for its regularity of pattern on the paper), right barrel	156	143	116	73	74	80	Most regular.
	Ditto, left barrel	111	140	196	71	70	72	
	A newer gun of precisely the same size right barrel	189	150	124	62	86	71	Closest in 1st Sheet.
	Ditto, left barrel	145	122	145	54	69	80	
	Detonating gun, right barrel	166	127	124	102	89	91	Strongest.*
	Ditto, left barrel	164	137	128	82	90	72	
oz. and half only of No. 3 shot, in heavy single guns	A 13 lb. gun (7 gauge, 4 feet barrel), by D. Egg	175	164	172	128	122	138	
	A 10 lb. detonating gun (7 gauge, 3 feet barrel)	162	170	145	120	104	142†	
	One shot, for trial, against heavy single guns, with No. 3 in *Old Joe*, to show that even the best double guns will not throw large shot like duck guns	88			71			

General Remarks.—A damp, windy day; and therefore much against the force of powder. The eighth part of a sheet of letter paper was pasted in every front sheet, as a bull's eye; and, on an average, received about five grains of shot. All the barrels were made by Charles Lancaster, except one one of Mr. D. Egg, and were well worked and dirtied previously to being tried. The same *measure* of powder as of shot.

* On Mr. Joseph Manton's first principle, which was discarded from being so troublesome to clean; and which owed much of its strength to having more weight of metal; and so small a vent-hole, that it was repeatedly missing fire.

† Recoiled severely, if loaded higher, from being too short in proportion to the bore, and therefore would not answer my purpose for wild-fowl. This gun was made to my order by Mr. Joseph Manton, and is the same with which Mr. Osbaldiston, in 1824, won a five hundred guinea match, and since that, several others. This gentleman refused one hundred and fifty guineas for the gun.

In comparison with the table of shots originally given, I ar now enabled to add, the performance of a duck gun, mad expressly to my order by Mr. Joseph Manton, the barrel o which was prepared by Lancaster.

Weight.	Length.		Gauge.
Pounds.	Feet.	Inches.	Not quite an Inch.
17¼	4	2	

With four ounces and a half of No. 2 shot, *well shaken dow* after being put in the barrel, and an equal *measure* of *powde strongly wadded.*

Yards.	In the 1st Sheet.	Through the 12th Sheet.
60	50	48
45	92	92

The following table of a gun trial which I have just foun among my papers, and which I perfectly remember makin (though I see it is without date, and without the size of th target or the shot being specified), may yet prove as well wort insertion as any, because it plainly shows the decided advantag in the increased size of guns.

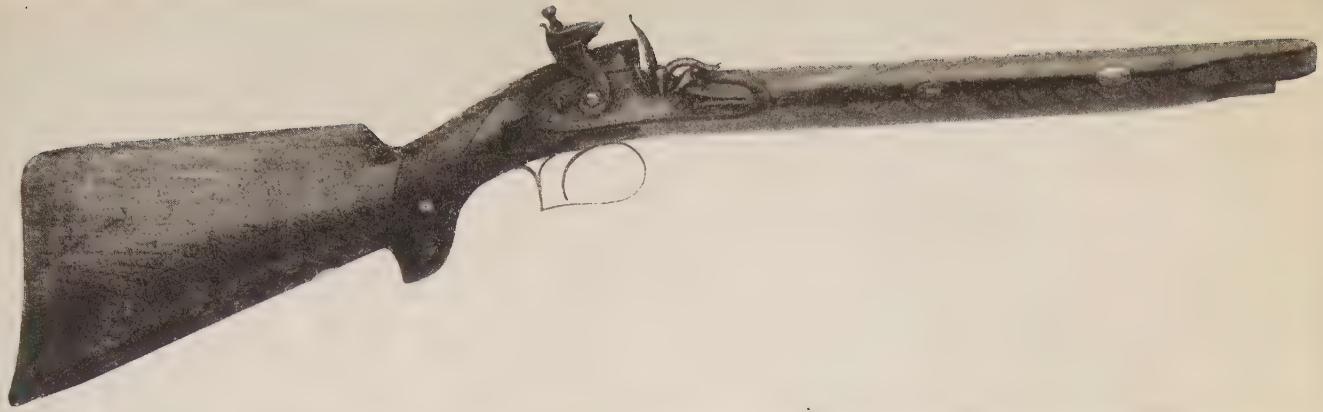
DISTANCE SIXTY YARDS.

	In 1st half sheet.		Through a doub quire of brown paper.
Best double gun, 9 lbs. . . .	4	..	4
Fisherman's old gun of 12 lbs. (common breeching)	8	..	3
Joe Manton's duck gun, 17¼ lbs. .	14	..	14
An old Birmingham swivel gun (common breech), about 70 lbs. . .	40	..	38

Query. Does this corroborate the assertion, then, that a sma gun will kill as well as a large one ?

For shooting in *windy* weather, and killing birds that woul *dive at a flash*, there can be no question as to the superiority *detonating* duck guns.

In loading a duck gun, the *farther* you wish to reach a floc of birds, the *more powder* and the *less shot* you must put because you may often make good a few random shots int flocks of wild-fowl, by putting a considerably larger measu of powder than of shot ; when by the usual mode of loadin



Side view of the Stock of Hawker's Favourite Gun, "Old Joe."

Under view of Stock of "Old Joe," of interest as showing the slight "cast-off" with which Hawker had it fitted to his shoulder.
(From the Collection of C. Ridley Catling, Esq.)

you might only hear the shot rattle on the wings of many, without bringing down a single bird.

To conclude this subject, it need only be observed, that the same directions as those before given will hold good for the *choice, care,* and *cleaning* of *duck guns.* They cannot, however, be made to balance quite so well as guns on a small construction, without an unmanageable quantity of lead; and, in these, the scrollguard, or what is far better, as I before observed, a pistol grip to the stock, may be adopted, in order to prevent the right hand from being driven against the face, in the event of a recoil. But, if they should have been *loaded some time,* it is best to *loosen* the charge of shot, *which,* otherwise, would be *felt severely.*

If one of these guns should be laid aside for a season or two, your filling it with *mutton suet* will entirely prevent rust.

DUCK SHOT.

No. 1 and 2 for a *seven gauge,* and A. or B. for a *five ditto,* or *inch bore,* are preferable to the very largest shot, by the same reason that No. 7 is best for game.

Mould shot *alone,* therefore, in any calibre less than that of a *stanchion gun,* is like No. 1 in a *double gun:* it *may* do wonders, for which you relinquish the certainty of what other shot *will* do.

To prove, that *even one of these* pellets *may be carried off* by a *wild-fowl,* I should mention the circumstance of having seen a brentgoose, which, after having been brought down, flying, with No. 2, was discovered to have, *under the wing,* an old wound, considerably more than *an inch deep:* and out of this was taken one of the *largest mould shot,* which had *rolled up in feathers,* and formed a sort of *tent.*

The following is a table of what I find the best shot for wild-fowl:—

Common sporting-guns; or what the gunners call "*Pop*"-guns	No. 3 or 4 for fair 1 long	shots.
Shoulder duck guns	No. 1 for fair A long	shots.
Punt-guns	No. 3 for starlight. 1 for fair shots (or in the dark, when birds are wilder than in starlight).	
Packed by *regular layers* in cartridges	S. S. G. Above 100 yards. L. G. Wild random shooting.	

A. or AA. are the best for *geese*, particularly by day, provided they are so tame as not to require S.S.G. In my second edition, I talked of mixing shot; but have since had reason to doubt whether it answers so well.

General Shrapnell once told me, that some man in Ireland had contrived to imitate his shells, or spherical case shot with which he did wonders at the wild-fowl. I was afterwards favoured by a gentleman in Kent, with the recipe for making and adapting them to small guns. But lest it might prove improper to publish it (which I could not well and clearly do without an engraving) I shall say no more on the subject, but leave this admirable invention as the property of the British ordnance, and be content with a safer and more simple remedy the patent shot-cartridge of Messrs. Eley.

DUCK-GUN WADDING.

To avoid book-making, I shall now cancel six pages, the experiments for which had cost me much time and expense and say no more about paper, pasteboard, cork, leather etc. etc., but, in a few words, name what I have proved to be the best wadding for duck-guns. For all shoulder duck guns use Wilkinson's felt wadding, about a third in thickness the size of your calibre. But for long punt-guns, and all other *water*-guns that are *opened behind*, you will find that, after all nothing beats a *tight-wound ball* of the *best picked oakum* because it springs to every gradation of the calibre; and since the last edition, I have discovered a further improvement which is to cut a square piece of silk, just large enough to hold your ball of oakum; then bring all the corners together tie them up (like a cloth for a dumpling), and then cut them off with the scissors. This not only prevents the oakum from mixing with the shot; but makes the gun shoot much better, and with less recoil. I could publish fifty original pages on the subject of wadding; but who would take the trouble to read them? and what would be the use of this, after the sporting world has done me the honour to confide in what I recommend

WATER BOOTS

Are absolutely necessary for those who shoot in wet places or wait, in cold nights, for wild-fowl; and *if good*, will effectually repel the water for a long time.

TOP VIEW OF HAWKER'S FAVOURITE DUCK-GUN, "OLD JOE," SHOWING ENGRAVING AND HIS CREST AND INITIALS.

Hawker writes in his Diary, Sept. 9th, of "my miraculous 'Old Joe,' a gun which I can pitch with more rapidity than any other I have." It weighed about 17½ lbs.
(From the Collection of C. Ridley Catling, Esq.)

Mr. Short, of East Yarmouth, was by far the best maker of these boots, and was so clever in other parts of his business, that he was in the habit of sending boots and shoes to gentlemen above a hundred miles on the other side of London. Some of the fen sportsmen called him the "Emperor of the boot-makers." Since the last edition Mr. Short has retired: but his name, with the business, continues in able hands.

All boots, for going in the wet, answer much better if kept at least half a year before they are worn; and they should afterwards never be suffered to get too hard. *Water boots should be invariably worn over an extra pair of coarse yarn stockings, without which you do not give them a fair trial.*

So far from being hard to the feet, they are the softest possible wear, and may be made very light. They should always be made to draw, when required, very far above the knees, in order to protect them from cold or wet. Nothing, by the way, would answer so well in rain or snow for stage coachmen, if these gentlemen would just then condescend to wear them. (I see that many coachmen have taken this hint since the earlier editions.)

Various dressings are recommended, though, perhaps, almost any grease may answer; but the first and most effectual application might be tar, tallow, and bees' wax melted (*not too warm*), and then poured *into* the boots; which, after having this taken into every part of them, should be hung up to let it run out. By this dressing, and the sacrifice of the first pair of stockings that follows it, we may walk in the river with more comfort than a "Swell-kiddy" would cross the street after a shower.

This recipe, however, though a double defence, I do not mean to say is absolutely necessary; for I have latterly found that *neat's foot oil*[1] answers every purpose, provided the boots are thus well anointed about once a year, to prevent the neat's foot from making them too porous.

As another good recipe, I should prefer the following one:—

RECIPE.

Drying oil	1 pint.
Yellow wax	2 ounces.
Turpentine	2 ounces.
Burgundy pitch	1 ounce.

[1] There is nothing better for ordinary shooting boots. Fill them with oil and let them stand until they will drink no more. Then put them in the open air to dry. Until they are dried, they will make your stockings oily; but the boots will be as soft as possible, and entirely waterproof.

Melt these over a slow fire, and then add a few drachms of essen tial oil of lavender (or thyme). With this your boots are to be rubbed with a brush, either in the sun, or at some distance from the fire. The application must be repeated, as often as the boots become dry again, until they are fully saturated.

If your heel should become galled by walking in a water-, or any other, boot, you will immediately remedy the inconvenience by applying a piece of gold-beaters' skin, and over that a little court plaster, in order doubly to defend the part. But even in this trifle there is a right and a wrong way of going to work. Instead of cutting with scissors, and merely wetting the plaster, let it be for a moment *heated by the fire, as well as wetted*, being previously stamped with a *wadding-punch*, by which means, from having no angles, or corners, it will stick as fast as your own skin ; provided that, when on and *dry*, you put over it a little cold cream, or any kind of grease, in order to repel the damp.

The application that has been usually recommended to me by surgeons is diachylon-plaster, which, in cold weather, curls up, and torments you so much in walking, that you soon become lame again and then wish the doctor at Jericho. Go to Godfrey's, or some other first-rate chemist, in order to get the sticking-plaster in per fection, as many a one has poisoned his skin by not having the genuine article.

Let me now supersede the recipe for *cure*, by giving what is better,—a *preventive*.

Get a square silk pad, similar to a kettle-holder. Then have sewn on two opposite corners of it, pieces of list long enough to go twice round, and tie on, the ankle. No wrinkle of a water-boot can then cut or bruise your " tendon Achillis," or back sinew, provided you secure the pad firmly, by putting it *over* your common *stocking* and under your yarn stocking. I was stupid enough not to think of this plan till 1828. Thus, if we were to shoot for a century, we should always be finding out something useful ; however frivolous it may appear, when mentioned to a reader who is not in immediate want of it.

WATER-PROOF DRESSING FOR SHOES, ETC.

Take a piece of Indian rubber, about the size of a walnut: cut it in small pieces, and put it into a phial with four ounces of highly rectified spirits of turpentine. Cork it up for about a fortnight (more or less, according to cold or hot weather), and shake it every day. When this mixture has come to a consistence about the thickness of treacle, it is fit for use. You may then work it, with a paint brush, into leather, rope, or what you please. But, when used for the soles of shoes, leather trunks, or any thing that does

not require flexibility, you should add, to this composition, three times the quantity of copal varnish. The most effectual mode of application is to anoint, not only the outside seams, but also the whole inside of the soles.

If you want this dressing in a hurry, and an extra expense is no object, you will find that *æther*, or *naphtha*, will dissolve Indian rubber, *and dry*, much quicker than spirits of turpentine. The powder colours, for painting, either with or without oil, will mix perfectly well with this composition.

The foregoing recipe was given me by Mr. Cornelius Varley, who tells me that he sent it, many years ago, to the Philosophical Magazine. Not wishing, however, to enter it without some kind of investigation, I applied to Mr. Fisher, the celebrated chemist in Conduit Street, who was good enough to make for me as many experiments as the limited time would admit of. The preparation which *he* found to mix the best, was *three oz. of Indian rubber, boiled for about three hours, in a pint of linseed oil*,* which thus became immediately of a good consistence; but it required such a time to dry, that he afterwards found it necessary to *add spirits of turpentine*. In short, it has long been known that the solution of Indian rubber is a valuable recipe for making things waterproof: and, as I formerly observed, "there are so many ways of doing it; and, perhaps, among them all, the *best* not yet discovered, that we must, for the present, dismiss the subject by merely giving the hint, with the hope of putting our speculators on the scent, to bring to perfection what would be to their own advantage, and worthy the notice of the public." But now, and long since these hints were first written, Indian-rubber dresses, and covers of every kind, have been brought to perfection by the universally known article called a "Mackintosh."

NEW PLAN FOR SHOE-MAKING.

In February, 1844, I thought of a new plan for making waterproof all boots and shoes, from the clod-hopping thicks of a tramper in wet and dirt, up to the super-exquisites of a Polka dancer at Almack's: viz. Put between the sole-leathers, and an inch or more up the sides, and over the toes, two thicknesses of *oil-silk*. Let the glazed sides come together, so as

* *This* comes very near to the recipe given in our former editions, and *now very much in use* for dressing Russia duck.

to stick fast to each other. This makes the shoes perfectly *waterproof*, and is an effectual *remedy against their creaking*. If you have nails or tips, let them be of *copper*, but never of iron.

I may, or may not, be the inventor of this plan. But at all events I'll be the publisher. Johnny Tyrrell, our crack knight of the lapstone at Milford, has made me a pair of boots in this way, and done them as well as if honoured by the name of Hoby.

DRESS FOR WILD-FOWL SHOOTING.

If you attempt to go out for wild-fowl, without being properly clothed, you will not only frighten them away, and kill nothing, but you will experience those very miseries which are imaginary with persons who do not understand this pursuit. How many do we see, who fancy that they would catch their death by cold if they went out at night for a few hours in a punt: and yet these very people are in the habit of doing what is ten times more dangerous:—walking in a wet day from the West End to the City, with thin boots, without galoshes, and in cotton stockings; and there perhaps, with damp feet, sitting on business for a whole morning!

Having mentioned that water boots should, even for walking, be worn with an extra pair of coarse yarn stockings, I should advise those, who go out in cold nights, to have their boots made easy enough to admit, instead of these, a pair of the thickest *wads*. They should reach nearly up to the middle. This will be found quite enough, provided the under stockings are of the warmest quality. Such, for instance, as the "Sanquhar hose," that were first introduced from Scotland to London by Mr. Otley; or, what are equally warm, and much more durable,—the common *knit* dark blue sailor's stocking. [I use nothing else now (1844). But mind—the worsted must be shrunk in hot water before it is used for knitting.] Having put on the boots, there must then be drawn over all a pair of short loose sailcloth* (or, if cold frosty weather, Flushing coating) trousers. This, and only this, will defy the cold, and have its solid comforts, by not only keeping off the sleet, or

* *Sailcloth* is so strong, so durable, and such a good defence against rain that it answers better than anything for making game-bags; or defending the mahogany gun-cases of those who would wish to avoid the expense of leather; and, if dressed with tar, it makes the best possible gun-cover.

snow, but any little spray that may fly from the splash of the windward oar.

It is needless to say, that (except the feet, which we have already defended) every part of the body should be clothed in *flannel.*

With regard to farther covering for the body, could we insure not getting wet, *leather* would, perhaps, be the *warmest;* but, at all events, the waistcoat, both before and behind, should be made of either *shag,* or Bath-coating, which certainly, taking all weather, answers best, and is the most comfortable. Under the waistcoat should be worn a Flushing-frock, and over it, a short jacket, of either drab cloth or swanskin. But the *sheepswool wove into cloth* (an article which the guards of coaches used to bring me from Exeter) beats everything. This material, however, is too thick for the *sleeves.* The cap may be made of cloth, or anything you please; because a *Welsh wig* may be "shipped" when going into birds; and, by the way, kept on, with the cap, if the weather is so cold as to require it. A pair of worsted wristbands, or "muffatees," should be worn with either worsted or cloth gloves,* and, over gloves and all, a large and long pair of double *swanskin* cuffs, which are as warm as any muff, and may be drawn, or shook off, in an instant, when you want your right hand for the trigger.

Which of the two colours for the jacket and cap is to be used will depend on whether you have sun or moon; on which occasions you and your boat should appear in a light drab, or you will occasionally shine so much, as to be quite conspicuous. But at *all other* times *white* is *indisputably* the *best colour;* particularly in *starlight* or *snow.* Then you cannot possibly be too white: insomuch, that a clean *linen* frock and cap might take you forty yards nearer to your birds than even flannel or swanskin. All further covering, such as a cloak, hat, etc., may be at your own option, as you would of course "douse" it when you began to "work to birds"; and, indeed, the greater part of that before-mentioned would be too warm, except for one who had nothing to do but attend his gun. Another most important and indispensable covering I always forgot to mention, and that is a Russia-duck, or

* The best and warmest gloves of any are such as I once got in Paris, and are used by the French pilots. I mean worsted gloves *with knots inside* to stop the air. The other worsted gloves are all rubbish. They have at last, I see, had the sense to make some in England, and most excellent they are.

canvas, gunning frock over all your other dress; without which, your clothes would be ruined with the frequent mixture of salt water, blood, mud, and gunpowder.

I shall now add one recipe for a surtout, by the way of a dread-nought, which as wet weather has of late years been "so much in fashion," will, I trust, be doing service, not only to gunners, but to every class of the community, except the tailors, who might lose business by it, and their satellites the dandies, who would faint at the sight of it. It is but fair that the man who gave me the recip eshould be immortalized by its introduction, and not I, who am the mere copyist. I got it at Winterton, in Norfolk, from the factotum of all the wet work, one Larry Rogers, who calls it his "*Sou'wester*," and gets it all for nine shillings. In this dress, with water boots and overalls, everything (but a man's eyes, which he may defend with goggles, and his mouth and nose, which he may fortify at Messrs. Fribourgs') is as independent of rain as *wax once!* a Corinthian "Charley" in his watch-box. Add to this, it is so light and convenient for the arms, that you may walk, ride, row, or take any exercise without being heated as with other surtouts. Oil-skin might do likewise; but this very soon wears out, and comes to six times the price. [In case the logician should condemn the arrangement of *this* latter sentence, I must humbly beg leave to argue that he would be wrong; because it is the fashion (although long credit and cheating generally go together) to *wear out* the coat *first* and *pay* for it *afterwards*—I mean if paid for at all.]

Now to the point:—

Make, with *Russia duck* (which, *as well as swanskin*, should be previously wetted and dried, to prevent shrinking), a loose overall frock coat, and a hood; or a cap, with a flap behind, similar to a coal-heaver's hat, and dress them as follows:—

Take three quarts of linseed oil, and boil them till reduced to two quarts and a half, the doing which will require about three hours; and when the oil is sufficiently boiled, it will *burn a feather*. The addition of some Indian rubber was suggested to me; but of this I did not make a trial; because the dressing (for *Russia duck*), answered so well without it. When the oil is quite cold, take a clean paint-brush, and well work it into the *outside* of the whole apparel, and it will soon find its way to the inside. Let the apparel then be put out in the air every dry day, for a fortnight or three weeks; and

at the expiration of that time, provided the oil on it be thoroughly dry, take the remainder of your prepared oil, and give it the second coat, which will dry much quicker than the first.

I was told that one coat of oil would do, as the dressing could be renewed at pleasure. The difference, however, was this :—The first coat would barely stand a hard day's rain ; but after the *second* coat was on, this garment, if held up, would hold gallons of water as tight as the pail from which I poured them.

In short, this recipe, *after fourteen years' trial, proved* to *answer* so *well*, that I have no doubt if it had been disguised, and " set a going " by some gentleman who was a " dab " at preaching, puffing, and wall-chalking, he might soon have made a little fortune by it, and set up for an E-S-Q. ; with his " cad," and his " cab," and his ——, etc.

N.B.—Tell the person who boils the oil to beware of getting burnt ; and let him do it out of doors, or he might run a risk of setting your house on fire. Add to this, the smell of it, when boiling, is a great nuisance ; although the dress *after* being thoroughly *dry*, will retain scarcely so much of it as common oil-skin.

This garment, if made double-breasted, with buttons *only* on the *right* side, and *none* on the *sleeves*, *which* should be *sewn close*, is, without exception, the best I ever used for throwing a casting-net. In addition to the coverings herein named, I find that a very large old umbrella, fitted up with brown Holland, *and thus oiled*, is the greatest possible comfort and shelter to those who go in a punt. Moreover, it makes a capital mizen-sail when going before the wind ; and is a complete shield to you and your man, from the shaking of a wet dog, should you have no following-boat to rid you of this annoyance.

Here, I conceive, is all the covering that can be required for *real* wild-fowl shooting ; and as for the little pastime of tramping the water-meadows, or waiting for the flight, I need only observe, that wearing a *hat*, and particularly a *black* one, should be avoided, and *drab* is, on the whole, about the best colour. For the latter pursuit, the shooter should have a gunning-coat, lined with shag, that has pockets convenient for loading ; a flap to fall over his lock, and a quaker's collar, which will not interfere with his gun. [The pattern for this coat, and the recipe for the *Sou'wester*, I have given to Mr.

Davies, late Christie (deceased) and Davies, 49, Poland Street.] This coat, with a shawl handkerchief, should be worn over h shooting jacket ; and, of course, not put on till he ceases to b in motion ; or he might, otherwise, get heated and take col

If he wishes to sit down, never let him be so imprude as to sit on the damp ground, but have either a hand-bask or a bag full of straw, or something of this kind ; and th *lower his seat*, the *better* he will be *able to shoot at fowl when the are going over his head.*

The foregoing directions, I trust, explain all that is requisit on the subject ; and, in this article, as well as in many other I have to beg pardon for the style in which I have writte But in a work where the poor author is left without a sing muse to inspire him, the subject will often become, both to th writer and the reader, like a dreary journey, where any triflin observation may be admissible to lighten the way. For in stance, when we give a dissertation on water boots, hot oil, an Russia duck, the hero of his own tale might, it is presume crave a little indulgence for what the sceptic might consid playing the fool with his pen ; or, in another point of vie taking the advice of Æsop to the Athenian philosopher, an unbending that bow, which, the sceptic himself admits, ha been already strained too hard by the generality of autho and travellers.

TO PRESERVE CLOTHES FROM THE MOTH.

To keep your gunning-dresses, and indeed all other cloth furs, etc., free from the moth, let them be perfectly *well aire* and then *sewed up* in *a bag* of brown Holland, or other *line* which, if sewn tight, and *kept dry*, will rarely ever fail to pr serve them. But, if you wish to be doubly sure, you ma put, in the bag with them, either half a pint of pepper-corns or, what is still better, equal quantities of camphor an carbonate of ammonia. A bladder filled with turpentine another good remedy.

TO PRESERVE GUNS FROM SALT WATER.

For this recipe I shall copy Mr. Daniel, from whom I took i " Three ounces of black lead, half a pound of hogs' lar

* I likewise gave him one for a common shooting jacket and waistcoa having observed that these articles are in general most abominably ill-ma by the fashionable tailors. Many of them are cut more suitable for glidi through a quadrille at Almack's than using a gun in the field.

one quarter of an ounce of camphor, boiled upon a slow fire; the gun barrels to be rubbed with this; and, after three days, wiped with a linen cloth. Twice in a winter will keep off the rust, which the salt water is otherwise sure to be continually bringing out from the iron."

This recipe I had adopted, ever since taking it from Mr. Daniel's "Rural Sports"; and, up to 1822, found it to answer *infinitely better* than anything I had before tried.

In that year, however, I was recommended to use *mercurial ointment*, which, I find, gives less trouble, and answers quite as well, if not better.

When on the *sea*, always use *neat's foot* oil for every part of your gun, *except the works of the locks;* because *sweet* oil has not body enough to repel the effect of the salt water.

I have lately found this to answer so well as to become a very good substitute for all other dressings.

If the salt water should have stained your barrels, you will, I think, find yellow soap and warm water the best recipe to restore their colour.

My reason for now using *neat's foot* oil is, because I have found that *linseed oil* is apt to *stain the barrels.* Nothing can surpass the neat's foot for *every* part of a gun, *except* among the *works of locks*, for which it has too much body.

WILKINSON'S OIL.

Mr. Henry Wilkinson, of Pall Mall, has discovered a method of purifying oil for chronometers, gun-*locks*, and other fine species of mechanism, for which the Society of Arts rewarded him with their gold medal, and published an account of the process in the forty-seventh volume of their Transactions, with certificates from some eminent watchmakers who had used his oil for seven years; and, as I have myself *proved* its *decided superiority* for *all gun-locks*, I give the recipe to make it for the benefit of those who will undertake the trouble which it requires, and in the very words that Mr. H. W. has been good enough to write on purpose for me to publish.

"The finest olive oil is first exposed to a temperature of about 32° F., by which a large portion becomes solidified, as seen in the oil shops in the winter. While in this state, it is poured on a filter of bibulous paper, and the fluid portion allowed to pass through; the solid which is left on the filter being rejected. It is now raised to a temperature above 212°, but not exceeding 230°, for about one

hour. This process drives off all the water and acetic acid it m
contain, by evaporation ; and the purification is completed by
peated filtrations through recently prepared *animal* charcoal."*

This oil is sold by Mr. W. under the denomination of " *Pu*
Vegetable Oil" ; and, with the addition of half a pound
camphor to one gallon of this oil, by the name of " *Persi*
Oil," which he has used for many years to preserve the *o*
side, or iron and steel work, of guns from rust on a long s
voyage ; as it acts like a fine transparent varnish, and do
not injure the appearance on opening the gun-case.

Mr. Wilkinson is also the inventor of many ingenious schem
which certainly possess *novelty*, and evince great mechanic
talent. And, since we last had him in print, he tells me th
it is possible to cut up the cheap gunsellers, by manufacturi
a gun even as low as *eight shillings and sixpence !* Such gu
are made for the African market ; and formerly one of the
guns was the price of a man in the slave trade. But for abo
ten pounds he can undertake to serve a good safe double g
for hack work, or a gamekeeper.

N.B.—Before this sheet is worked off, I am just in time to na
another of Mr. Wilkinson's inventions, and unquestionably t
most important of all ; viz. a machine, beautifully constructed,
proving the blades of swords, which may be seen at his hou
27, Pall Mall, and on which he is circulating a printed half sh
of explanation. What an unquestionable desideratum for offic
of the British army ! who have been frequently served with rubb
called swords, by *tailors* and *outfitters ;* and then had to conte
with oriental savages that pride themselves on the temper of th
steel, while England, in cutlery, surpasses every other nation !

FLIGHT SHOOTING.

This amusement is generally condemned, as being only
employment for fishermen, because it sometimes interfe
with ease and comfort ; and dandies (who shoot as they hu
merely for the sake of aping the Adonis at breakfast, or
counting their sport over the bottle) shiver at the idea
being posted, for hours, by the side of a river, or anchor
half a night, among the chilling winds in a creek.

This, however, is only the actual service of the sport, as
may, like all others, be enjoyed with moderation.

* Prepared by burning *bones*, in a crucible, without access of air.

The usual way of sallying forth, for this purpose, is to drive to an inn on the coast, call the waiter, who recommends an *honest* boatman, for whom the boots is immediately despatched. On his arrival, he sees how eager you are to set sail, fixes his price accordingly, shows you thousands of birds where he knows a boat can never get at them, obliges you with a few of his own killing, at double their value, and your day ends with a ten-pound bill, and, perhaps, bagging a couple of sea-gulls.

If even there *was* a chance on the shore, or in a fen to see a flock of fowl well pitched, send a gentleman-sportsman after them, and he generally comes back without a bird; while a common fellow would get a shot, and kill three or four. Why is this? The gentleman thinks his crack shooting is to do everything, and will not go low enough, for fear of dirtying his knees; while the rustic, not minding dirt, or anything else, pulls off his hat, crawls to the fowl, and is generally as sure of getting, as the other is of *not* getting, a good shot.

The average of shooting *on the coast*, is now far inferior to that in many private rivers and ponds, by reason that, where the wild-fowl contribute to the winter subsistence of the fishermen, they are for ever followed, and not *only by them*, but every vagrant who can raise a *few shillings* to purchase an old musket; so that, on their appearing in numbers, there is generally assembled a *levy en masse*, who, by indiscriminately firing at all distances, make them so difficult of access, that, although thousands may be *seen*, few will fly, or let you come, *within reach*.

Indeed, the sport is sometimes so completely ruined, that I have heard the poor men, who earn their livelihood by it, express a most earnest wish, that some kind of licence was required which they could pay for tenfold by the number of shots that are now spoiled by the idle, drunken, mischievous rabble, that frequent the alehouses about Christmas, for the nominal purpose of wild-fowl shooting. These fellows would, by this means, be deterred from infesting the shore, and the poor fowlers would be better paid for their hard labour: add to which, this would prevent the depredations that are not unfrequently committed by these armed vagabonds. As it is, however, the lords of manors may forbid them carrying guns, or otherwise trespassing, in parts where the *tide does not flow*, such as the waste land, etc.

In some, though *now very few*, retired places, where all this

is not so much the case, the diversion of what is called flig shooting is excellent to those who are neither prepared n disposed to follow wild-fowl in a more scientific manner. shall, therefore, endeavour to give a few hints on the subjec

It is well known, that the generality of wild-fowl keep co stantly passing in small "*trips*," about the dusk of the eve ing; and that, after having collected in the night, they retu in a few large flocks at, or before, the dawn of morning. N plan for a *small* gun, therefore, answers so well as to wait the patiently for them, and fire as they pass to and fro. The will, *at these times*, seldom take notice of one who stan against a bush or bank, provided he remains *perfectly still*, not *conspicuously* dressed, and wears a seal's-down, or oth kind of *cap*, instead of a hat. If such places are not to found, an ambush may be easily made. Thus situated, he w be able to distinguish the different sorts of fowl, long befo they come within shot, and be struck with the wild retireme of the scene. He will observe the whistle, which announc the approach of wigeon—the similitude to a storm of t rapid flying dunbirds—the shrill sounding pinions of the wi ducks—and the mournful notes of the plover, with the ro of a bursting surge, and discordant screams of sea-fowl.

Flight shooting is always followed with most success in ve *boisterous weather*, provided the course of the bird happe to be against the wind; as this not only obliges them to *f low*, but doubles them well together. You may then kee two guns employed faster than yourself and a servant c load them. Never look up while loading; you can do n good by it; and you will only put yourself in a flurry; an perhaps, break your ramrod. If your man (*knowing you ha no gun loaded*) says, "Look out, sir!" Why—I had almo said—knock him down.

Should the weather be clear, and the birds *come in hig* your best means for getting a good chance is to conceal you self *in a canoe*, between the banks of some *small creek;* they will *lower their flight* on *reaching the mud*, and, in a probability, give you as many fair shots as you can fire durin their arrival: which may continue about half an hour. careful to shoot well *forward*, and, *if they are fifty or sixty yar above you*, at least, *two* or *three feet* before their heads, wi a *flint*, and about *half the distance* with a *detonator*.

In choosing your station, select either a bank or wall th divides the sea from detached pieces of water, or marshe

or any other point, which can intercept the flight of the birds from their nightly feed. Should their *course* be generally *up some channel*, you may there *anchor a boat or two*, and either conceal yourself in one of them; or keep your station for the chance of their *turning the birds* towards you.

In *rough weather*, you may sometimes have sport for the whole day, by digging a masked entrenchment at the extreme end of some promontory, that divides one well-stocked bay from another.

If the coast becomes *too much frequented by shooters*, and you can hear of a neighbouring *pond* or *lake*, take a walk to it in the course of the day, and see if the birds *use it at night*. This you will ascertain by going to the *leeward* side, where you will most likely find some of their *feathers*, which will have drifted to the edge of the water, and which, in case other shooters may be coming to explore also, you will do well *to gather up* or *conceal*.

When evening comes, take your station at the part *nearest the spring which supplies the pond;* or *otherwise*, anywhere to *leeward*, with a *good light*, and there remain in ambush, with your largest shoulder-gun.

Here the birds will probably come in faster than you can count them, and you have then only to wait till they are *well packed together;* in which case, you would probably get from *ten* to *twenty at a shot*.

If the pond is large, place someone concealed on the opposite side, who (should the birds be feeding out of your reach) will, by a *gentle* noise, be sure to make them swim across; but, if he *overdoes his part;* goes directly to windward; or *shows himself;* they will *fly up*. *Never fire at random on such occasions*. If you wish to make the birds *forsake one pond*, with the view of their using another more convenient for shooting them, you should put, in the former, either some *train oil* and *quick lime;* a bushel of soot; or two winged birds, well rubbed over with asafœtida.

The *dunbirds* and *divers** may be easily known, by the

* *So called by the decoymen* :—These birds have different provincial names in almost every coast: in some places, they are called *curres*, in others *duckers;* and, by many, are indiscriminately classed with the *dunbirds*. Their proper names, however, are scaup duck, tufted duck, gadwall, and golden-eye. They are remarkable for their *rapidity of flight*, expertness in *diving*, and *carrying off a* great deal of shot. *These*, as well as the *dunbirds*, will very often, what is called, *duck the flash;* that is, pop under water like a dobchick, and completely escape the shot. If, when shooting at night, you

disturbance they make in the water, and they will general swim over the *whole* of the pond in a few hours; so that, *moonlight*, you would be almost sure of them.

Should the pond be frozen over, you might sometimes ha a very fine shot, *by breaking open a large place in the ice*, whe they would collect together for the *fresh water*, and most like be accompanied by *duck* and *mallard*. The chief of the shoo ing on the ponds by night is at the *dunbirds*, which are vulgar called *redheads;* for, with the exception of the *tufted* ar *scaup duck*, the other diving birds prefer feeding by da The *golden-eyes* go out every evening to sea, where, until t winter is nearly over, they will remain all night; though pe haps tossed on billows in the most tempestuous weather.

whistle, or make any *little noise*, before you draw the trigger, they will p up their heads to listen (though they will not *fly* unless the noise is *repeate* and you are then sure to cut a good lane through their ranks. If you see single curre by day, when he *dives* you must *run;* and the moment he *com up, squat down*. So you may go on till within ten yards of him, and th stand ready to shoot him as he flies up, which he will do on coming up agai and seeing you suddenly appear so close. There are various contrivanc for shooting birds that dive, such as cormorants, grebes, etc.: some fire t moment they come up; others shoot under them, or under their heads; a many hide the flash, by putting a shield of pasteboard before, or a cover ov the gunlock; but, after all, the best recipe is to have a good *detonating* gu

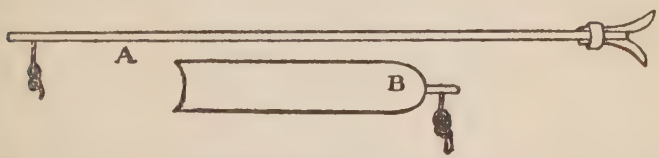
CHAPTER VIII

CANOES, PUNTS, AND GUNNING AFLOAT

Hampshire Punts—An Epitaph—Sussex Mudboats—The Gunner's Chief Enemy—Taking a Punt across Country in the Snow—Wigeons' Powers of Scent—" All in a Charm "—An Objection from the Admiralty—Night Cartridges—A Punt to Live in—A Water Bird's-eye View—Curres—Brent Geese—Wild Swans—A Walton Dialogue—Cripple-nets, and a new Mopstick.

THE original Hampshire punt is made so light and narrow, as just to hold one person, with a gun of about seventy pounds weight, and six feet in the barrel, fixed on a swivel. This gun is so arranged, hat it rests on the bow, and may be raised, or turned a few nches, by a mere *stump*, which some of the gunners have, nstead of a *butt*, in order to take up less room in the punt ; nd to admit of their firing higher, in case the bird should ise.

They row with their backs to the gun till they see the fowl, nd then turn round on their faces ; lie down and either work long, with the *leaded stick*, A, or, if the water be too deep for his, with two paddles, like B.

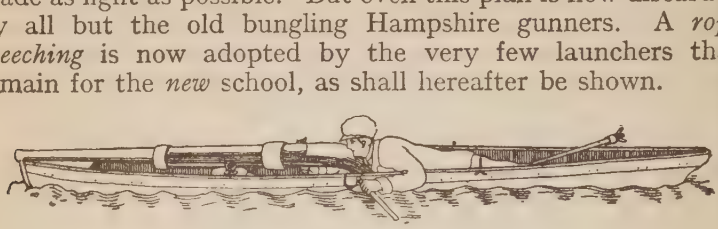


On having arrived within shot, they relinquish the one on their *ight* side, which, in order to prevent its floating away, is made ast to the unwale with a piece of string. They then keep traight the punt with the one on the left, while with the right and they regulate their aim and pull the trigger.

The better, and more modern, way, is to have the paddle B nade a little longer so as to touch the ground, when required, nd do away with the pole altogether.

The Hampshire punts are built round at the stern, and the

recoil of the gun is received entirely by a knee *fixed only* to th *bottom plank* (instead of a cross piece), which is less likely t tear away the sides of the punt. The bottom is made of *on* elm plank, an inch and a quarter thick, to which this knee i fixed by bolts and screws; and consequently, as there is *n recoil on the sides* of the punt, every part, but this plank, i made as light as possible. But even this plan is now discarde by all but the old bungling Hampshire gunners. A *rop breeching* is now adopted by the very few launchers tha remain for the *new* school, as shall hereafter be shown.

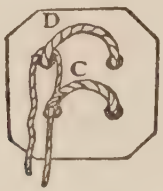


DIRECTIONS.

Punt 14 feet long; bottom 15 inches broad; sides 10 inches high after increasing to about 2 feet 6 inches at the gunwales. This pun must not exceed 80 lbs. weight. [A solid block of elm is best fo the knee. A 50 lb. gun, to carry 12 oz., answers best "for al tacks" in launching. The old 70 lb. guns of these men are to heavy when you get foul of grass and "winkles."]

NEWLY RIGGED MUDBOARD.

12 inches square.



N.B.—Put your heel to that part of the long rope (or "*pot-line*") which goes under D, and is *spliced both to C and D*. Then cross th rope over your instep; put one end of it under D, and the othe under C, and then tie them, on the instep, in a hard sailor's knot

As a proof of my former argument against the safety of th Hampshire punts, I need only observe, that, since my secon edition, three men (Vincent, Jones, and Tanner) were drowned and another (Harnett) was killed, by his gun. These regula western channel gunners are now, therefore, become very sh

of shooting afloat, for which, by having punts that are so *crank*, and draw so much water, and guns proportionally so short in the barrel, they have always been the worst equipped of any "*big* gunners" (as they call themselves) on the British coast.

They have, of late years, therefore, adopted an entirely new mode of getting at the birds, for which that vast tract of ooze near Lymington is better calculated than perhaps any other mud in the world.

They start off, generally in the afternoon (provided the tide serves, so as to be low enough at the proper time), keeping as close as possible to the shore, and going before the wind, till they arrive at the leeward end of their beat; the whole track of which, for one night's work, may be about five or six miles. They then go ashore, and either get into a pot-house, if they have a sixpence to spend (which is not always the case), or lounge about the shore till daylight disappears, and the birds begin to fly; having put all "in *order*;" that is, to draw out their mould shot, which they generally have in, for the chance of geese "going down along"; put in smaller shot; and regulate their gun so that it will bear about eighty yards, when the punt is on the dry mud. No sooner are the wigeon pitched than off they set, in tarpaulin dresses; and looking more like chimney-sweepers than gunners, crawling on their knees, and shoving this punt before them on the mud. No matter whether light or dark, few birds or many, *bang!* goes the gun;—and no sooner have they picked up what few birds are readily to be found, or missed the fowl, which they very frequently do, as the punt, by even a few periwinkles, might be thrown off the line of aim, they proceed again; thus travelling all night (by "launching" over the mud, and rowing across the creeks) in a direct line, similar to the march of an *army of coots*. I should not omit to mention, that, as the birds will seldom allow them to get into the punt to fire, they lie down just clear of the stern, and draw the trigger with a string.

A launching punt, in severe weather, may *sometimes* be used to great advantage *by day*, when it blows such a gale as to drive the wigeon in from sea, to the channel's edge, where they shelter themselves under the lee of the mud; and keep sufficiently in the "wash" to prevent their legs from being frozen. Then it is that a Hampshireman hauls his punt across the oozes, if they are too hard frozen for him to launch

her, and gets into one of those little creeks, which, in *very* rough weather, and at low water, can be approached by no other means. He then paddles down the creek to where he suddenly pops on his game. If he can then catch the birds clear of the rounding mud, he perhaps makes a capital shot; and, if not, he is obliged to hoot them up, and do the best he can on the wing. As all this is more or less among the breakers, he frequently half fills his boat in the scramble; but, as the channel's edge is generally hard and shallow, he is in no serious danger, provided he does not attempt to follow his outward-bound cripples. After having made the shot, he catches up what birds he can get; and then hauls his punt upon the mud, in order to empty out the water, and proceed for a fresh attack. Thus, by undergoing misery of this kind, the Hampshire launcher may be filling his bag, while a man who could only shoot afloat would be obliged to stay at home. Thus the mud, and the *mud only*, affords the chance for *his* sport.

But when the water flows over the ground, and "knocks up" a sea that would make his little craft totter like a walnut shell, then his reign is at an end; and the proper gunner, with a long-decked punt, would be killing half a sack full, where the launcher "dare not show his nose," by being able to work again a head sea, that would swallow him up; or, if going to leeward, to ship twelve yards of canvas, and go by him, as a frigate would pass a sand-barge.

Launching is perhaps the most laborious, and the most filthy work in all the department of wild-fowl shooting; and not only that, but it so ruins the country, that in a very short time it entirely "breaks the haunt of the birds," without having yielded any material advantage to those who adopt the system. As some corroboration of this, I need only observe, that a family, who were the leaders in this way, and who (except Read) were by far the best launchers in Hampshire, have of late been reduced to absolute distress for a livelihood, and now do not possess so much as a punt or gun among them.

The inventor of "launching-punts" was the late Lieutenant Harnett, R.N. About a dozen years ago he became worn out with age and rheumatism, and sold to me, for 8*l.*, the whole of his set-out. I lent it to Read who, in one week, got more than birds enough to have cleared off the outlay. He began with thirty-six wigeon at a shot. The brothers and nephews of Harnett were "serving out" the poor wigeon, at the same

time, in similar punts that he had built for them. No wonder then that the good night-shooting off Lymington was soon at an end! The following graphic epitaph, though rather poor, and somewhat too coarse for readers of good taste, describes the case better than I can do by dull prose :—

Good reader—here Lieutenant Harnett lies
Who ruin dealt to all the Hampshire coast,
By "launching-punt" (a plan he did devise,
Of which some imitating quacks now boast).

Lieutenant Harnett crawl'd upon his knees,
And shoved this punt before him, in the night.
Then all his kinsmen thus the fowl would teaze,
And drive them off for miles at ev'ry flight.

The ooze that once for authors form'd a theme,
On which our Gilpin and our Daniel wrote,
No more abounds with geese or ducks "in team,"*
No more we've sport for shoreman punt or boat.

Let's hope Lieutenant Harnett's gone aloft,
For good he was, and all must wish him well;
Tho', had he gone below, and ta'en his craft,
He might have driv'n the de'il himself from ——.

Till about sixteen years ago, off Lymington was one of the best gunning coasts in England, for this reason—In THESE PARTS the VERY NORTH-EASTER WHICH BRINGS THE FOWL "CUTS THE TIDES," so much that *even* at the "*full and change*" they most frequently do *not* "*make over the ground*"; and the birds thereby formerly got such a "strong haunt" that, when the tides "lifted" again, from the change of wind, nothing would make them forsake the place. But now the new system has put an end to this; and sent most of the birds to Poole Harbour, and other places where the mud will not admit of launching. On this point there is a difference of opinion by two of the cleverest men in the "profession." Buckle says that 'launching is the ruination of a coast." My man (Read) says that it may be had recourse to, without injury to the ground, provided you allow the birds to feed till they are full, before you shoot at them. I and also Sam Singer are of Buckle's opinion, which is now pretty well *proved* to be correct, by the *ruination* of the *Lymington country*, for all *night* shooting, *except* the *launching*: and *that* gets worse and worse every year.

* Ancient sporting term for a flock, or company, of wild-ducks.

I have, therefore, made a great sacrifice in wild sport, by continuing to rendezvous—at Keyhaven; because, *on that part of the coast, when the water begins to flow over the mud, at night, the birds, in general, leave the harbour, and fly out to sea; and even before a single shooter appears afloat!* But I became attached to the quarter, from the inhabitants being such—as we may hold up for an example to those of other country places. The neighbours are gentlemanly—kind—hospitable—people who know the world, and mind their own business;—the tradesmen civil and obliging;—and such is the honesty of the half-starved coasters, that I never lost so much as a thowl or a mud-board, in the twenty-three years that I have frequented the place. (Such people deserve a higher encomium than could be penned by a poor scribbler on guns and shooting.)

With regard to the *day* shooting in these parts, the state of the Hampshire coast, in winter, was so truly and ably described by "the Admiral" (Buckle) that, after him, anything I could attempt would fall very short of doing justice to the subject. I must therefore endeavour to recollect what he said to me, one day, on landing at Keyhaven. (After heaving a sigh from the very waistband of his tarpaulin unmentionables; relieving his gorge by the ebullition of some originals, that any boy would have remembered better than his lesson; and then composing himself, by a smooth-down of the hair); he commenced, with action suitable to every word, the following oration.

"Mr. Hawker,—Sir,—It's all up with gunning now! The poor gunners 'll be starved! The birds 'll be all banished off the coast! I come all the way from Sowthampton here, and never shot a gun!! What with them Itchen Ferry lubbers, in their washing-tubs—and the poppers along shore—and them young monkeys of boys rowing about to look for cripples—and the gentlemen jokers knocking about, at all tacks, in every kind of craft, from Royal yachts down to launching-punts—they won't allow the poor birds one minute to pitch!—There they were! some firing a pound of mould-shot, at every little trip that passed by, half a mile off!—Some of 'em had got cannons o'board, to heave boluses after the geese!—and another lot had got half a ship-load of muskets and rifles!—But I can't larn as e'er a one among 'em got a bird, except two of my cripples, as got away last night. I should have had a noble shot at them large curres just abreast of Calshot:—I suppose there was three hundred of 'em, as thick as ever they could stow; and, just as I let go my starboard paddle, to give it 'em home, some dandy chap pops off at one of them little gulls! so I rows up, and

axes him, if 'twas to be as he was a poor man, how would he like to have the bread took out of his mouth in that there manner ?—Well, thinks I, this'll never do! so I gets my punt o'board my craft, and sails down to Leap. This was worse and worse—here they were on all day, and all night too ! and fellows, from all parts, had come here, to quarter, on purpose for gunning. Well ! the next day, I drops down here, as you see, sir ; and I *never* could have believed *any* thing *could* be so bad as *this !* I brought up, off Lymington, about low water ; and I'm burnt if there wasn't some chap or other stowed away in every spreader, besides them bird-frighteners from Itchen Ferry, that had got down here ; and buried theirselves the same as the launchers do—and there they kept peeping out of their holes " (here he became quite dramatic), " and popping up their stupid heads, and looking, for all the world, like so many dead people rising out of our St. Mary's church-yard ! This is a precious pretty pass for gunning to come to ! To have all the birds drove away by them as kills none theirselves, nor won't let others, as *do* know how, kill 'em—and by stupes too—wot knows as much about gunning, as gunning knows about them ! ! Ah, Sir ! prowising 'tis to be so another winter, with the blessing of God, I'll get off to Wexford, in Ireland, or to foreign parts, or somewhere or other, where we can get a few heavy shots in peace ! ! '

Thus concluding, as he began, with a symphony of hearty oaths, he tapped his tobacco-box, for a fresh " quid," and held forth on the more cheerful subject of what he had done in better times.*

In the severe winter of 1838, there were swarms of birds on the coast off Lymington. But, with the exception of Buckle, with his pupil and partner, Joe Parker, and myself, who were well equipped for all weather, nothing worth naming was done by anyone ; because, whenever there was a " pretty breeze," or a fine day, there was scarcely an acre of sea or land that was not infested by boat-sailing-bullet-poppers, and black-jacket-shore-snobs ; and it was therefore in weather when these worthies dare not show their noses that we made our heaviest shots. Scarcely a week elapsed without my

* 1844.—The poor " Admiral," like the rest of the gunners, has of late years gone to leeward owing to the bad seasons. I got him, for two winters, a good place with an excellent gentleman in Ireland, John Newman, Esq., who unfortunately was carried off in the prime of life. And since the ' Admiral " found himself out of his element in being deprived of his paddles, which are " no go " in a *two*-handed punt, he has worked himself a little to windward by dictating some antiquated logic on gunning for " gentlemen to publish in hopposition to the old Collonel." But I readily forgive him this return " for all favours," as he was " hard up,"—and—" any port in a storm."

having a bullet whizzed over my head, while " setting up to " geese, among which I might otherwise have wonders.

LAUNCHING-SLEDGE.—For a man who goes long distances on the mud, it would of course be dangerous not to have a boat that would *carry both himself and his gun, in case* he should be *overtaken by a quick flood-tide before he could escape.* But to one who was content with merely having that, in which with high land behind him, he could just shove off, and catch the birds under the moon, in such a place as the edge of some river, where the mud is pretty level and clear of holes, I shall prescribe one much lighter, and in which he can never be tempted to endanger his life afloat. The drawing will at once explain it sufficiently, and the only caution that can be required against accident is, that, as his gun must be cocked before he advances, he had better have a bit of cork, to intercept the flint or detonator, which can be drawn away with a string (as the noise of cocking a gun might spring the birds) and which must not be removed till he has crawled sufficiently on one side of his punt to be quite clear, in case the gun should go off.

This punt is so much lighter than anything which you can float in, that you may move it with one hand, and by leaning your weight on a hand patten, which, being a little " *kam melled,*" *slips along* without noise, and with the greatest ease you may, with good water-boots, go two or three hundred yards without getting the least wet.

The best time for launching is rather before half ebb, after the water has been over the ground, and made it slippery. " Dead low water " is, of course, a bad time ; because you have then great trouble to get your punt upon the mud ; and treble the distance to go after having done this.

The gunner should not black like the old Hampshire men ; but recollect, that, as all extraneous bodies appear darker, he should *be* at least a few degrees *lighter than the mud,* in order to *appear* precisely of the *same colour.* Indeed, the lighter the better, *if no moon.*

SUSSEX MUD-BOAT.—There is another contrivance for traversing the oozes, which is simply a very slight board with sides, somewhat in shape like the fore end of the Hampshire punt, sawed off, and a tail board or bench put across it. This is used on the Sussex coast, in places where there are bu

Thornton, *pinxt.* Invented and Sketched by P. Hawker. Stadler, *sculpt.*

MUD-LAUNCHERS, ON THE OOZES, OFF LYMINGTON, SHOVING THEIR PUNTS UP TO WIGEON.

very few creeks to interrupt its progress. The way to manage it is this :—The gunner first lays his piece (a large hand gun) into the " mud-boat " ; and then kneeling on the bench with one knee, he kicks along with the other leg, and advances with a rapidity that you would hardly credit ; and when that leg is tired, he changes it again, and works away as before. Having got pretty near to his birds, he lies down in the " mud-boat," in which, if the mud is soft, he can work along with his feet ; but if hard, he must " hold on," and shove this kind of sledge before him. He lies close on his chest to fire, and has a stock cut away at the butt, which is filled with horse-hair. This so much eases the recoil from his collar-bone, that (unless in a sharp frost, when guns are apt to strike harder) he can manage to fire half a pound of shot at a time. Birds may be approached much nearer by this means than by any other kind of " *launching*," as the whole concern is so much lighter, and smaller.

So much for the new system, by which the ancient mode of shooting on the Hampshire coast, so well described by Mr. Gilpin, and quoted by Mr. Daniel, has *long ago been totally superseded !*

Although, I cannot for a moment, suppose that the generality of sportsmen would ever think of adopting *this* method, yet I have given directions for it, because I am fond of anything original ; and for this reason I have made it the subject of a little drawing. Here the light launching sledge is on the foreground ; the Hampshire gunner contending with it in the centre and the Sussex mud-boat looking after other birds in the background ; the latter is shown with a man in the position in which he traverses the oozes *before* he begins to crouch and advance to the birds. In order to tell the story, I have found it necessary to put this, and other subjects, a little " out of drawing." Here I hope the R.A. gentlemen will pardon me, with that liberality which is inseparable from men of talent.

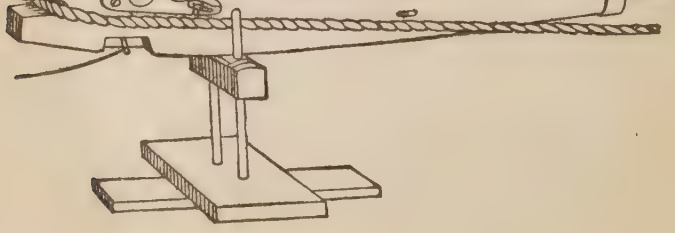
JAMES READ AND HIS LAUNCHING PUNT.

Since the 8th edition, the launchers have so annihilated themselves and the shooting on the oozes, that this dirty work is almost become a matter of history ; and, except two or three tyros, my man Read has all the ground to himself, when not engaged with me. This pursuit is still his hobby. He has

within these few years built a " lovely " crank punt, with onl three boards, as light as possible : and he has contrived prop for his gun that does away with *all* the *re*-action stra on a boat. For this reason, I think it worth showing as a goo contrivance. No one kills so many birds on the *mud* as Rea He is a great doer, and a little talker ; just the reverse of oth gunners. While Singer and Buckle, a few winters ago, we holding forth on their respective quays as to the numbe they had slaughtered, Read, with the rough set-out here show was bagging more than both of them together, putting on face as long as Dragonetti's double bass, and complaining the scarcity of birds, while his cargo of wigeon was wrappe up in a sail, to be stuffed by instalments into his pulled water-boots ; and thus smuggled ashore like a crop of contr band goods.

The bottom of the punt here shown is 10½ feet long, ar only 17 inches broad ; the two very thin side planks flammi out to 31 inches at the gunwales. Varley has *telescoped* hi in the act of pulling off his trigger ; and chosen for a bac ground a creek that bears my name ; as I had it cut, at m own expense (about 40*l.*), for more than half a mile, in ord that little boats may cross from Keyhaven to the Weste Channel, without going two miles round, by Hurst ; and the having to face the dangerous breakers which a good easter wind causes in the Camber ; as well as to escape the mile ar a half pull up Keyhaven river, when the fresh-water sluic are opened from the " Mudlands."

I shall now dismiss Read with a sketch of his launching-gu and his mode of fixing it,—by which it will be seen that the cannot be the least strain or jar, on any part of the pun except just at the stem-piece.



Drawn by C. Varley. Engraved by H. Adlard.

JAMES READ, WITH HIS NEW LAUNCHING PUNT; HAWKER'S CREEK AND YARMOUTH.

POOLE CANOE.

(*For shooting from the creeks, with a large shoulder gun.*)

The Poole canoe is built sharp at both ends, *on the plan of the Greenland whale-boat,* except being so flat at the bottom as to draw but about two inches of water, and so light as to weigh only from sixty to a hundred pounds. For this canoe, etc., see the plates and instructions, with the assistance of which a carpenter ought not to mistake in building one.

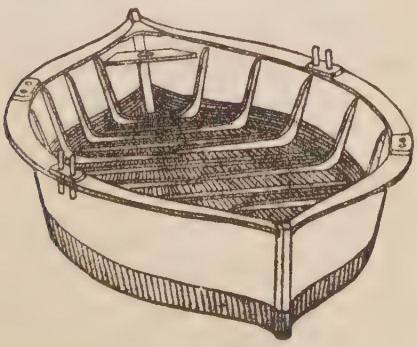
DIRECTIONS.

Dimensions.—From stem to stern, 12 feet; length of bottom, 10 feet; bottom, at centre, 3 feet 2 inches; width at ditto, from gunwale to gunwale, 3 feet 7 inches; height, 11 inches at centre, rising to 13 ditto fore and aft; weight, about 100 lbs.

N.B.—Timbers yew or oak. Bottom to be three pieces of elm or pine, an inch thick. Each side one plank of elm, one-third of an inch thick. Caulk the seams with oakum: then pour in hot rosin, softened with a little oil to prevent it from cracking: and paint the bottom (outside) with red lead.

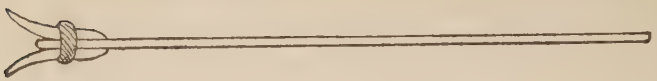
CANOE FORESHORTENED.

For a guide to builders, if ordered inland or abroad.



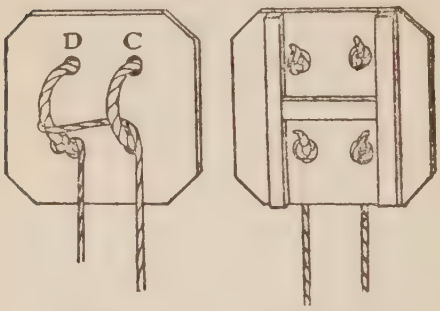
SETTING POLE.

The bit of lead round fork makes it sink better.



POOLE MUD-BOARDS.

Sixteen inches square.



Upper side. Under side.

Put your foot into C, with your heel hard against D ; place or of the small ropes on each side the foot, and under C ; then ov it, and under D. Having done this, draw the ropes together, tight as the foot can bear them, and tie them over your inste These boards are, of necessity, larger, and fitted up with strong rope than the others, because the Poole ground is so very soft.

But the Hampshire boards with our improvements of doub splicing, and having strong pot-line, to " lash " over, are now b far the best, and the quickest to " ship and unship."

In making all canoes for gunning, the builder should b careful to have the *bottoms* of them a *little rounded* (say abo half an inch of convex, " amidships," for a bottom three fe broad) ; and, what is of still more consequence, a litt " kammelled," or sprung ; that is, gradually rising " fore ar aft," in order to " give them life." They will otherwise ro miserably heavy, and when they get aground, suck the mu or sand so much, that, in order to get them off again, yo might be forced to stand up ; and this would frighten awa the fowl. If, however, the bottom of a canoe is *too* mu

kammelled, she will never keep steady in going to birds. Some people, for this reason, leave hollow grooves between the bottom planks. I should say, that to every five feet of plank I would give about one inch of "kammel"; so that the bottom of the canoe here engraved, being ten feet, would, by holding a string along the centre of the bottom (*outside*) prove convex about two inches. If a little more, she would be none the worse; perhaps better; provided that she drew water enough to give a bearing to every part; otherwise the ends that were sprung would, by being *out* of the *water*, "*cluck*" so much as to *make birds swim away in the night.* In short, *let your draught of water be the chief guide, to regulate the kammelling, or springing, of your punts and canoes.* If not required for rough work, or a fixed swivel-gun, I should recommend that the planks be not more than three-quarters of the thickness specified in the foregoing directions; as nothing, *provided* it be *perfectly safe*, can be too light for getting to wild birds. It is the *large size* of a boat, *not* the *substance* of the wood, that makes her safe in a sea. If the builder puts some tarred oakum round the heads of the principal nails, before he drives them in, so much the better. Notwithstanding all that the boat-builders have said, I now find that *copper nails are* the best. For dressing and painting, *vide* directions hereafter given.

This kind of canoe, although built for other purposes, is, on the western coast, generally preferred, for shooting, to one of *any other kind.* It answers best, when used (no matter whether by day or night), from low water to half, and sometimes to full, flood. You manage it thus:—

Sit down, on some straw or rushes, with your gun by your side, and take with you a *small* Newfoundland dog. Row about, till you can see or hear a flock of wild-fowl on the mud. To find them sitting, if by night, look at first very low, so as to bring the surface of the mud in contrast with the horizon, by which means you will overlook the black edges of the creeks and holes, instead of seeing, and perhaps mistaking them for birds.

When you have rowed within three or four gunshots of the fowl, take in your oars, and reconnoitre the creeks. Having ascertained which is likely to be the best, lie down, and *push along* with the "*setting pole*," (or "*gunning-spread*"), and, while the mudbanks stand above the little channels, you are so completely hid, that you will seldom fail to get a shot,

provided there is a creek within reach of the birds, and you d not *go directly to windward of them.**

On arriving sufficiently near, should the water be so lo that you cannot present your gun at the birds without kneelin or standing up, you must get aground at the side of the creek or steady your canoe by means of forcing each oar from betwee the *thowls* into the mud, otherwise the recoil of the gun wi *set her rocking*, and thus you might possibly be tipped ou Having *made all fast*, rise up and fire. Take care, howeve to rise high enough to be WELL CLEAR OF THE MUD, or NOT FEATHER WILL YOU TOUCH; and present as follows:—by *da* or moonlight, if the birds are close, *directly* at them: or beyond forty yards, shoot at their heads; unless they ar feeding in a concave place, where the tide has left a kind plash, in which case you must level rather *under* them, or yo will only graze their back feathers. In *starlight* take your ai just on the top of the NARROW BLACK LINE, IN WHICH BIRD ALWAYS APPEAR, TO ONE WHO IS LOW DOWN; and when s dark that you cannot see your gun, present, as you think about a foot over, or you will most likely shoot about a foo under them.

Should you have been successful, you will, if at nigh generally *hear* your cripples beating on the mud, *before you ca* sufficiently recover your eyes, from being dazzled by the fir to *see* them. Your man then puts on his mud-boards, takin the setting pole to support him, and assists the dog in collectin the killed and wounded; taking care to secure *first* the *outsi* birds, lest they should escape to a creek. During this time yo are left in charge of the punt; and should, if possible, kee a look-out, in order to see if any more birds fall dead or wounde from the company, before they have flown out of sight.

* The *decoymen can* go to windward of the birds by means of the smo from a piece of *Dutch turf*, or common *peat*, which, after having it well drie they are able to *carry lighted in the hand* for the short time that is requir to *drive the wildfowl into the pipes*. Another recipe, of which some prete to make *a great secret*, is a paste of *cowdung and chopped straw*; but, befo this will ignite properly, it must be *baked in an oven* for about *thrice as lo* as the time required for *making bread*.

All these things may answer very well *behind the screen of a decoy*; b in a canoe, or punt, the fire could not be so easily concealed, and there wou be some danger in lighting it where one, *without a retreat*, was *sitting on stra* and with *gunpowder* on board. The burnt turf, etc., may be used with succe by a person walking behind the high banks of a pond, or river, who m light it, when required, by carrying on a match a little *hyperoxymuriate potash*, and dipping it into a small phial of *vitriolic acid*: another more sim remedy is the "*German tinder*" that is used for lighting cigars.

The *gunner* generally calculates on bringing home the half only of what he shoots, from the difficulty of catching the whole of his winged birds, which he calls *cripples*, and those that (to use the pigeon phrase) *fall out of bounds*, which he calls *droppers*. If birds fly up he generally declines firing, knowing that the moment they are on wing they become so much *more spread*, that he could seldom get more than three or four, for which it would hardly be worth while to disturb the mud; particularly as wigeon, by night, if not fired at, will, in cold weather, probably settle again at no great distance.

The Poole men sometimes go partners, by which means, they can, with a very light punt, use two poles at a time, and shove up a creek that is nearly dry, and then fire two guns to a whispered word of command. This they call a "double gun," and, by such means, they, some years ago, could frequently secure forty or fifty wigeon at a time.

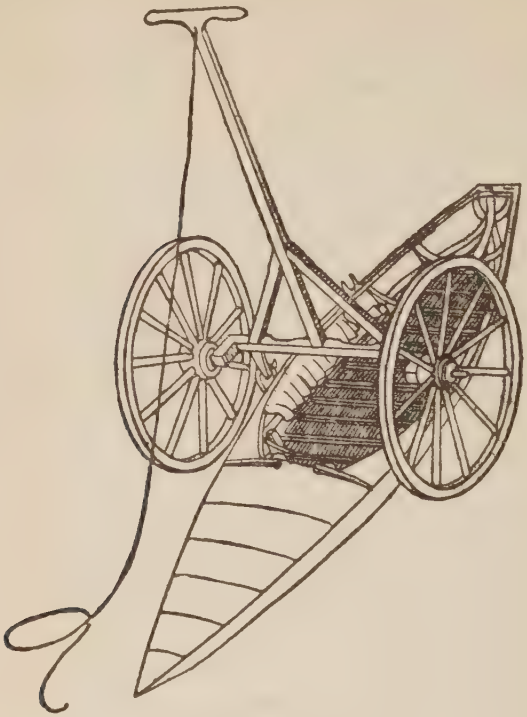
But, within these very few years, Poole harbour, as well as almost every other part of the English coast, has been ruined for all the poor hand-gunners, by the introduction of punt guns, that carry from one to nearly two pounds of shot; which, as the sovereign remedy in the present time, I shall hereafter explain to the very latest improvements.

The gunner's principal enemy is the *curlew*, which often springs up from the edges of the creeks, alarms the whole place, and sometimes spoils them an excellent shot.

NEW LIGHT PUNT FOR SHOULDER-GUNS.

I have now contrived a punt for shoulder-guns, that proves far superior to the celebrated Poole canoe. It may be carried easily by two persons, pushed up a dry creek, or shoved over the mud (for which purpose it has a square stern, with two handles,— see sketch); and yet it will stand more sea than a canoe, from its buoyant construction, and having deck, like a gunning-punt, which, if required, will admit of a high "stem-piece" and "wash-streaks." It should be built of withy, and as light as possible, because it has not to contend with the recoil of a stanchion-gun; though it may be used with one, if fired from the shoulder. [I have placed it under a most ingenious two-wheel hand-carriage, which was invented by Colonel Gilmore of Perth, in order to give something better than my own invention to make the sketch doubly interesting. The carriage speaks for itself; as the reader will perceive

that, on lowering the pole with the rope, you bring it to the bow of the punt and lash it on, while, by this means, you raise the two little hind shafts, to which the punt becomes suspended.



DIMENSIONS.

	Feet.	Inches.
Length from stem to stern	14	0
Ditto, at bottom	13	4
Width at gunwale, amidships	3	8
Ditto at bottom	3	0
Spring fore and aft	0	3½
Kammel (or rounding)	0	1½
Depth at bow	0	7
Ditto astern	1	1

Weight about 120 lbs.

N.B.—The carriage, being drawn by Mr. C. Varley, with h graphic telescope, in strict proportion, requires no tedious scale dimensions.

I found this punt very useful in the winter of 1837, by drawing her, with the " painter," over the mud at about half ebb ; getting her into a creek to which there was no other access, while the sea ran high outside ; then sculling down to the mouth of the creek, and firing a cartridge into the swarm of fowl that were sitting near the wash of the breakers, where a swivel-gun could not be raised sufficiently high to shoot clear of the rounding mud : or be turned quick enough to bear on the fowl before they flew up. It was with this punt (lashed on the carriage belonging to the large one, shown in the steel engraving) that I made a passage through the heavy snow in 1836, when the Western Channel was full of fowl, and I was penned into a rural bastile, or inland country seat, while others were enjoying the wild sports of the coast. The only difficulty was to get to Winchester, from whence the road was open to the seaside. This was considered an utter impossibility ; and therefore the contrivance, by which it was proved otherwise, may be worth naming, if I state it as briefly as I can, and condense the article into small print. I will give the very words of my private journal.

Dec. 28th.—" Imitated one of the few men I would condescend to imitate—Buonaparte " (an impudent memorandum.) " A second Moscow business, though without the failure. The turnpike road, from near Sutton to Winchester, being, for more than six miles, filled up to the tops of the hedges with snow, averaging 7 feet deep. I started a direct steeplechase for Winchester, by crossing the road at the only passable point, and then taking the fields like a fox-hunter ; avoiding the road as destruction, though keeping it in view as a beacon of direction. I had with me twelve men, armed with pick-axes, shovels, and bill-hooks. At every hedge that had not a gap, we were obliged to make a breach through a rock of drifted snow, 6 or 8 feet high ; then cut the hedge down low enough to leap the old horse over ; and, with six or eight of the men, to lift the carriage after him. The men could then ' put to' the horse again, and proceed, in shallow snow, at about four miles an hour, over a clear arable country ; while I and my man took it by turns to gallop forward on a rough-shod prad, with one double-armed pioneer, mounted up behind the saddle, and ascertain the next safe breach that could be made ; leaving the rest of the troop to storm the previous one. For many days nothing had passed :—everyone defied me, and swore we were all mad.—Had we failed—Lord help us ! as I doubt if we could have completed our retreat before night, when within two miles of the town. At last we came to the grand difficulty—a ravine and plantation, where I, while in advance as vidette and surveyor, was hailed by a gentleman-

shooter, who luckily directed us all to a field on the right. Here we had only to cut through about ten yards, in 5 feet of snow, and get into the turnpike road, about a mile from the town, where there had been a *levy en masse* to cut a lane through the snow, in order to rescue a gentleman who had been blocked up in his carriage which could only be released by this laborious undertaking. We then entered Winchester in triumph, to the astonishment of the good citizens, and delight of the party ; who, as a matter of course adjourned to discuss the campaign over their ' heavy wet ' ; while I and my man trotted on to the coast."

Though my object is to avoid enlarging the pages with dull anecdote, yet I have made a report of the foregoing march, in order to show what may be done by tact, perseverance, and a well-built boat-carriage.

SEA-COAST SHOOTING AFLOAT

I shall now more briefly explain my reasons for entering into the minutiæ of wild-fowl shooting. It is very rare to meet a gentleman that *can*, or a good professional gunner that *will* give any information on the subject. The art is, therefore, the least understood of any sport in existence. No man, who had a large gun, and could earn five pounds in a day, or night would be bored with a gentleman for the sake of his five shillings ; and therefore the only man likely to be hired *at a good time for this sport*, is some boatman, who has little to recommend him beyond a local knowledge of the harbour and who therefore requires some one to direct him how to manœuvre the birds.

In following wild-fowl, it is easier to get within twenty yards of them by going to *leeward*, than a hundred and fifty if *directly to windward*, so very acute is their sense of *smelling*.

The best time, therefore, to have sport with a canoe and shoulder gun (provided it be *low water*, or *half ebb*, while you are *hid in the creeks*) is in clear, frosty, moonlight nights, when the *wind* happens to *blow towards you as you face the moon*. It is then impossible for the wild-fowl to smell you ; and you may, by getting them directly under the light, have the most accurate outline of every bird, and even distinctly see them walking about, at a much greater distance than a gun could do execution. From thus being on the shining mud-banks they appear quite black, except some of the old cock wigeon on the wings of which the white is often plainly to be seen.

It does not follow, however, that nothing can be done with

out a *bright moon*. So far from it, that the old Poole men, among whom there were, formerly, some of the best shoulder-gunners in the kingdom, prefer but little moon, even for the *mud*. Here, by constant habit, they can easily distinguish the black phalanxes of wigeon from the shades on the places they frequent, and particularly if they are feeding among the puddles which have been left by the tide.—(Speaking of what the Poole harbour gunners *were*, I should not omit to mention, that there still remains one particular good "hand," who has attended me for some years, during the winter—James Read, who came from Greenland, in the Isle of Purbeck, and who, take him for *everything*, is one of the best performers that ever put an oar in salt water.)—In this pursuit, and when not favoured by the best of light, there are a few cautions to be given to an inexperienced shooter. First, to ascertain that the black patch to be seen *is* a flock of birds, which he will do, by observing the occasional change of feature in the outside of it. Secondly, on approaching them, to be careful that their enormous masses and tremendous noise do not deceive him in the distance, and tempt him to fire out of shot. And, thirdly, not to be too eager in getting his dead birds; as it sometimes happens, in hard weather, that the remainder of the flock will again pitch down among them; particularly if he has winged some of the *younger* birds, which have not the cunning to make off for a creek, like the old ones. In this case, a reserved gun would, probably, more than double the produce of his first shot. It should be understood, that this night shooting is chiefly at the *wigeon*, as the *geese*, of late years (since there have been so many shooters), have seldom ventured much in harbour by night; except sometimes at high spring tides, with a full moon; and the greater part of the *ducks*, *teal*, *dunbirds*, and such like, repair inland to the ponds and fresh springs, unless driven to the salt "feeding ground" by severe frost.

A *company* of wigeon, when first collecting, may be heard at an immense distance, by the whistling of the cocks and purring noise of the hens; but when they are quietly settled, and busy at feed, you sometimes can only hear the motion of their bills, which is similar to that of tame ducks.

Wigeon are never so readily disturbed by *hearing* a noise as by *smelling* or *seeing:* in both of which they are very quick; though, in the latter, less so than many other birds. *Sea pheasants* and *teal* are sometimes with them.

On the Dorsetshire coast, the shooters' terms for a large flock of wigeon are a *company;* for about thirty or forty, a *bunch* or *trip* of birds; and, for about ten or twelve, a *little knob:* a *string* or *skein* of *geese*, and other such provincial appellations. They also call a leak, or creek, a *lake;* and the smaller creeks, or drains, *latches*. The former is a *general term* among people on the *coast;* but the latter, in the neighbourhood of Lymington, is called a "*spreader.*"

If we can neither find a creek nor a "latch," with sufficient water to *set up to birds*, it is sometimes thought necessary to put the canoe in one of the latter, and there await the return of the tide, with which we may gradually approach them, as the water flows. But if this advance cannot be made under an hour or two, we may as well go away; and if no better chance should offer, return to the place when the tide has risen to within one or two hundred yards of the birds, instead of waiting idle for so long a time.

Here, unless disturbed, they will remain, as long as the tide allows them a place to stand on; and, as the mud begins to disappear, will concentrate themselves on the last uncovered spot; where, to use the words of a gunner, as soon as the water begins to "*whiten the mud,*" thousands may be *seen* literally wedged among one another, and from whence they are so unwilling to fly, that they will seldom stir till the water actually *sets them afloat.** With proper management, therefore, you have, *at this time*, every chance of approaching them. To do this, let your punt or canoe be kept well fore and aft, and lie down in her, as close as having to push, or paddle, her will admit of. But do not advance on your birds till you have just sufficient water to carry up your punt. Then "work up" to them; and be careful, all the time, to guard against any sudden motion. By attending to this, and having *everything white* (except in *moonlight*, when a *drab*, or *canvas colour*, will be less glaring), you may safely approach the unsuspecting mass of fowl, which will, at first, *appear like* the indistinct view of an *island;* and, on getting near, it will look more and *more black*, till, at last, you will plainly distinguish the shape of the outside birds. Now, then, is the critical moment to decide whether your exertions are to be crowned with success, or a severe night's hard labour is to end without

* This is *now* all over in the *Lymington* country, where the birds are so "ill-used" at night, that they generally go off to sea before the tide flows within two hundred yards of them!

Jackson, *pinxt.*

Invented and Sketched by P. Hawker.

Stadler, *sculpt.*

APPROACHING WILDFOWL, PREPARATIVE TO THE FLOWING TIDE.

your getting a shot. Perhaps, unless you have a " good loom " (that is, high black land) to advance from, the moon may suddenly come forth too bright for *this* sport. Perhaps some straggling bird may be so near you as to give the alarm ; or perhaps some fellow may ruin all by firing a shot ; and you may have the mortification to hear the sonorous host rising, like a roar of thunder, to take their departure for the open sea.

On the other hand, you and your boatman may have the good fortune to open your masked battery among their black columns ; and, by cutting a lane through them with a pound of the smallest duck shot, you may possibly secure 50 *or* 60 *wild-fowl* as fast as yourselves and a dog can collect them. I formerly recommended the addition of discharging also two large hand-guns ; but it so rarely occurs that we can sufficiently see through the smoke to fire them in time, that I have latterly considered them not worth taking out, except for shooting at *low water*. (As a proof of what *may* be killed at one shot when birds are wedged together, I need only say that, on January 9, 1825, my man, James Read, when sent to reconnoitre the creeks about two o'clock in the morning, killed and fairly bagged 12 wigeon, 5 ducks and mallards, 2 pintails, and a gray plover, with a common shoulder-gun, that carried only 5 *ounces of shot*. This, however, is such a shot, with a *small* gun, as I never heard of before, and perhaps may never hear of again. There were, he thinks, about 30 birds in the company. They were all in a lump ; and, to use his own expression, he " got almost o' board 'em before he let drive.")

Having thus succeeded, beware not to let your eagerness be the means of endangering your personal safety. Many have lost their lives by *both* having quitted the boat, which might soon drift away, and leave you " an inevitable prey to the returning tide." Let one go out for the birds, taking with him the *setting pole*, which will not only be useful in supporting him on his mud-pattens, and finding out the deep places, but very handy, with the fork at the end, in pinning down the wounded birds. The other person should be all this time close to him in the boat, rowing or pushing with an oar, with which he may occasionally assist in killing the crippled birds that are afloat.

This opportunity of shooting wigeon may be also taken by *going out*, when the evening is not too light, *at high water*, and keeping at a distance till the *tide begins to leave the mud ;* on

and round the *first appearing* part of which the birds will probably collect.

There is no time of tide at which birds are so easily approached as at, what is called, the "*ground ebb*"; because the receding tide makes the shallows, on which they stand, or swim, appear so white, that the birds are easily distinguishable, and causes a sufficient ripple, on the deeper water, to give it, at all times, rather a darker colour. Thus the gunner has the advantage of catching his birds in the white water, while the birds have the disadvantage of his advance from the dark water. I now allude to *night* shooting, as such close quarters are very rare by day, and particularly with a large company of birds. I cannot repeat too often that, except in a glaring moon and sun, it is impossible for the gunner to have his punt and his dress too white for calm water. To prove it—except in a moon, who ever saw a burrough-duck at night?—Look at the hoopers again—you *may* discern those which are under two years old, because they are dusky; but the old swans, notwithstanding their size, are almost, I may say quite, invisible. While, on the other hand, a wigeon, which is only brown, appears as black as a crow; and a coot looks as large and as black as a chimney-sweeper.—(Read this to any old gunner, and he will know, though he may not say, that I have told you right. In short, appeal to the *most finished* performers, as to what I have asserted on all that relates to wild-fowl.)

On *this* occasion, the shooters *must* be provided *each* with mud-boards, or they may be left all night on the mud, for want of being prepared to haul their boat to a creek.

[A canoe or punt may be sucessfully used on a lake, pond, or river, by keeping it in parts where the water is shaded with the reflection of land objects, with which a small boat appears so confused, that the birds would most likely not perceive it before you got a fair shot. Be careful, however, not to appear in a colour conspicuously different from the background; approach with caution; and, above all, beware of getting directly to windward of the birds.]

As the punt and canoe, previously treated on, are used most frequently for *night* shooting, which, as I before observed, is chiefly at the wigeon (or birds of *similar habits*, that join them in hard weather), I cannot, I trust, class the subject better than by concluding, under this head, with what further remarks may be useful as to wigeon, and reserve those for hoopers, geese, and curres till after we have taken up our

heavy artillery, without which but little can be done with these, or any other birds that are commonly killed by *day*.

WEATHER.—*Fog*, *snow*, or any other hazy weather is very bad, as it makes everything on the water appear large and black, and then it is that the birds soon take alarm. The novice fancies just the reverse! Fogs in the *fens* and *marshes*, however, is sometimes the best weather, although quite the *reverse* on the *sea*.*

Bright starlight is the *very best of all times* for getting at birds, *as the tide flows over the mud;* particularly if there is a little breeze, without wind enough to blacken the shallow water. If a cold black frost, so much the better.

Even in moonlight, wigeon are easier approached than in hazy weather. In white frosts wigeon are often restless. In rain they are constantly flying and pitching. In very dark weather they are suspicious, and more on the watch than in starlight; but, if the wind blows fresh enough to drown the noise of a launching-punt, some "heavy shots" may now and then be made, by sweeping the surface of the mud to the sound of where the flock is walking and feeding. But as in *dark* THICK weather the chances are fifty to one against doing much, I should recommend every gunner in the kingdom to—go to bed at such a time. Rest assured, that if all the gunners would allow their birds to get a "strong haunt" in dark nights, it would be pounds and pounds in their pocket, before the end of the season, if not the very first week that it became clear and starlight.

It is not sufficient, however, to be starlight *overhead only;* we must have it *clear* also *round* the *horizon*, or the birds, as in thick weather, will all disperse, and keep *walking* away from you *in different directions*.

In *mild weather*, wigeon are generally *scattered* about, like rooks, till after midnight, unless they become concentrated by the flow of the surrounding tide. But in cold weather, they sit thick together.

The first night or two of thaw, after a sharp frost, is the best opportunity for this sport.

Such is the effect that the change of *wind* has on the *move-*

* *Except* for *geese*. This I confess I never discovered till, since the last edition, when I went out (having of course a compass on board) in a dense fog. I got an easy shot at every little trip of brent-geese that I fell in with; while the wigeon, which I knew by their whistle, flew away long before I could see them

ments of *wild-fowl*, that I am induced, as a specimen, to name the following circumstance.

Some years ago, I was detained in London during three weeks' easterly wind, till, at last, I received a pressing summons from my man, to inform me that the coast was swarming with birds. I directed him, by return of post, to have the punt ready to get afloat at nine (it being high water at ten) the night after I received his epistle. I mounted the coach-box [this was long before we had a railway] at eight the next morning, hoping to breakfast in London and make a heavy shot at wigeon, at above one hundred miles from town, before eleven o'clock the same night ; which, had I gone *even one* day *sooner*, I should have been almost sure of doing. But, before we had got half-way through our journey, the wind suddenly flew from east to west ! and no sooner had we reached the coast than there came on a tremendous westerly gale and rain, which it was impossible to weather that night. The next morning I had the mortification to see the whole atmosphere darkened with birds that were mounted high in the air, and making the best of their way out of the country. The day before my arrival, my man had killed twenty couple, with a light 45 lb. stanchion gun ; — *the second day after, not a fowl was to be seen or heard of ! !* Again, *vice versa*, I had once been three weeks on the coast without seeing a bird, and after about ten days' easterly wind, there suddenly appeared at least three thousand wigeon and geese, though we had not seen a single wild-fowl the day before ! I had first to weather sixteen blank days ; and then killed one hundred and twelve fowl in eighteen hours ! They talk of the " glorious uncertainty of the law," and I am sure we may " sing out," by way of parody, on the diabolical uncertainty of the fowl.

Time.—Was it possible to preserve a public harbour, wigeon should never be fired at till they had fed for some hours, and got well together ; because a shot fired in the evening, when birds are scattered, seldom produces much, and is apt to make them forsake the place altogether. If, indeed, they were left till just before daybreak so much the better. A man who gets upon the mud, or in the creeks, and amuses himself by popping away at evening flight, has, of course, the curse of every regular gunner ; as, by such a practice, he ruins a small harbour in a few nights. Though the best of all shots is when the birds are " *on their last legs*," before the tide flows high, yet shooting at them when *actually afloat* is not near so well. They are then more scattered : their feathers are not so open, and shooting them at *this* time is apt to make them *forsake* their " feeding ground."

SOUND.—The thicker the weather, the more silent the wigeon when pitched. A shrill clear pipe denotes a single cock wigeon, as does a long loud "purre" a hen: but when the call of the cock is one short soft note, and not so often repeated, you may expect to find a company. If so, you will probably soon hear the birds "all in a charm" (that is, in full concert), if you have patience to wait and listen, which a good gunner always repeatedly does, every now and then, before he ventures on the final approach. The birds might otherwise steal away, and totally mislead him. When wigeon are "in a *charm*" they are *not minding you;* but when they are *quite silent,* they are, as likely as not, *suspecting an enemy.* At this moment, you must keep still, till they open again; and so on, till you see them; and then, in *starlight,* you are generally near enough, at all events for a large gun, to give them your royal salute.

Be sure and choose, if possible, the best background to advance from, in order to disguise your profile from the horizon. Even a black cloud is better than nothing. But if (before the mud is covered) you hear birds walking away, and neither feeding nor "speaking," it is a bad omen. It shows that they have some suspicion of an approaching enemy, and are half inclined to fly. When birds are about one hundred yards off (or much further in very calm weather), you may hear them feeding; the noise of which, at this distance, is like the falling of a little water, and is often mistaken for it at *ebb* tide.

Here are (in the fewest words I can give them) all the necessary requisites for night shooting; and, if well understood and well managed, you are just about as sure of getting a fair shot (in a *favourable time*), as you would be with a young partridge to a dead point in standing clover. As to all the old plans of burying punts, casks, etc. etc., they are *now* of so little avail in almost every part of *England,* as to be no longer worthy of insertion.

STANCHION, OR PUNT-GUN.

I have, by practical experiment, since the earlier editions, found, that the gunmakers have another lesson to learn!—though a gun of this description must of course be *supported* by some mechanical means, yet the universal system of *entirely confining* the gun under the barrel, so that it cannot be relieved even one inch in the recoil, is the worst that can

possibly be adopted. It not only (when properly loaded jars everything so much as to require extra strength, and therefore extra weight to a punt, which we want as light a possible, in order to go in shallow water; but the sudden check throws the muzzle so much out of the proper direction that we are frequently obliged to take level very far under, o over, the mark; according as the gun may spring, from being either heaviest or lightest forward: and, what is worse than all this sudden check, at the moment of ignition, materially injures the shooting of the gun in every respect. This experiment was tried, in my presence, by Elijah Buckle, one of the best stanchion-gunners in England, and *by far* the *best I* ever saw, who left the coast of Essex for Southampton; who had been frequently in my employ; and to whom I am, most probably, indebted for not having remained much longer in ignorance on the subject. Indeed nothing but ocular demonstration would have convinced me of this argument. What pride and folly it is, then, for anyone to hold himself above being shown, even by the most humble individual!

The gun was loaded with a pound of shot, and two ounces of Messrs. Curtis and Harvey's best coarse powder. I fired from the confined swivel, that is generally used by the London *gunmakers!* in doing which I levelled at least a *foot over* the object; and, by this means (as the water and the paper proved), shot perfectly accurate. Buckle then fired; having taken level *at* the *centre* of the object, from the swivel: and the whole charge went into the water, before it had gone ninety yards, where the target was placed. I then began to abuse the late Mr. D. Egg, and said, I hoped that Buckle, as an experienced gunner, and an engineer (he having been a long time in his Majesty's service), was convinced of the fault of the gun; on which he said, and with justice I own, that both "the London gentlemen," and I, had "a little to learn yet." He then, to use his own words, "hove away that humbugging swivel"; and, by means of a large bolster of sheeps'-wool *fired the gun from his shoulder*, with the same charge as before *which I put in myself*. He presented as usual, *directly at* the object, and *made such a shot as this barrel had never before been known to make, both for strength and closeness*. I then, to be convinced of his veracity, as to *taking aim*, fired the gun in his way with about ten ounces of shot, not quite fancying the pound to my shoulder. I levelled *at*, instead of over, the mark, and the shot were delivered with the greatest accuracy. The gun

with this charge, went under my arm precisely five inches, as I afterwards measured. If a gun, when fired this way, was to swerve in going back, it would be dangerous; and therefore the under part of the stock, in order to lie firm on the bench, ought either to be *made flat*, or *fixed in a piece of wood*, that was *flat at bottom*. It then occurred to me, that if this gun (of eighty-five pounds weight) was fired with *ten ounces* from the *swivel*, it might go so easy as not to interrupt the shooting. I accordingly tried it, and so little appeared to be the recoil, that it could not be felt; nothwithstanding which, by aiming *at* the mark, the charge was, as usual, from the *swivel, entirely under it*. On the other extreme, I saw a gun fired by the owner of it, Samuel Singer, at Poole (which weighed 141 lbs.). This was on a swivel, and mounted very *light forward*, and he told me, that he was always obliged to present very far *under* the object, or his whole charge went over everything; and that he should "douse" the swivel for a rope breaching. I have since used my 85 lb. gun with a rope breeching that reaches all the way from, and goes through a hole in, the stem of the punt. The breeching has then so much play as, with the help of a padded butt, at the shoulder, to ease the recoil tolerably well. It is, however, not to be compared to *my spring* swivel; though the best plan, that I know of, to fire any gun, that is not *forged on purpose for* the spring swivel; because the fore part of the punt then takes the pull upon the same principle that an arch bears a heavy weight. It was Singer who showed me this plan; and, for *my* mode of simply *fixing it to the gun*, *vide* plate of the "*Invisible Approach*"; and the other drawings, now added, in which appear rope breechings. The gun, with a breeching, goes nearly as far back as the rope will stretch (say an inch or two), and then *springs forward again for about a foot*; unless checked by a notch in the stock, which should butt against the gunning-bench.

The grand object is to *take off the recoil* in the *best* manner! I mentioned the experiment of the swivel to several of the leading gunmakers, and, although they had all plenty to *say* on the subject, I could not meet with one who was able to *do* anything towards the proper attainment of the object.

It would take pages to state their different plans. But enough of them: a few lines are sufficient; and these to say that however plausible their inventions may appear in a counting-house conversation, not one of them would answer *all* purposes, when fairly brought to trial.

I was, therefore, notwithstanding all their consultations turned adrift to seek my own means of accomplishing th object; and I shall therefore, under the next head, give sketch of the plan to which I have had recourse.

(I must crave the indulgence of nine-tenths of my reader for having trespassed on them with this insipid detail, as have some few brother sportsmen in this way, who woul value it more than all the rest of the book put together. More over, it may be the means of preventing accidents whic frequently happen to those who use swivels, and particularl if they do not fix them with judgment.)

The barrel of a punt-gun, to be in good proportion, shoul I conceive (including the patent plug, of about six pound weight, and from two or three inches in length), be abou seventy or eighty pounds weight, from seven to nine fee long, and from an inch and a quarter to an inch and a hal bore, according to the one length and weight, or the other.

The smaller the bore is, in *reason*, the further you can kil at a small number of birds; but the larger size of these tw shoots the best, and most regular pattern; and answers bes for Eley's cartridge. Anything beyond that size seldon answers.

It may, of course, be made on the same proportion to an size; but, although a gun much beyond this size will kill mor birds at a shot, I am inclined to think, from what I saw of th one at Poole, that it will not kill so far in proportion. As som proof that Singer was not very partial to this gun, I need onl state that, some months after I saw it fired, I received a lette from him, making an offer of it for sale; which, as he is a ma of long experience in the business, I conclude he would not hav done, if the gun had perfectly suited him. Not having bee able to sell it, when I last saw him, he had then had it length ened: but still it failed; and he has since got another.

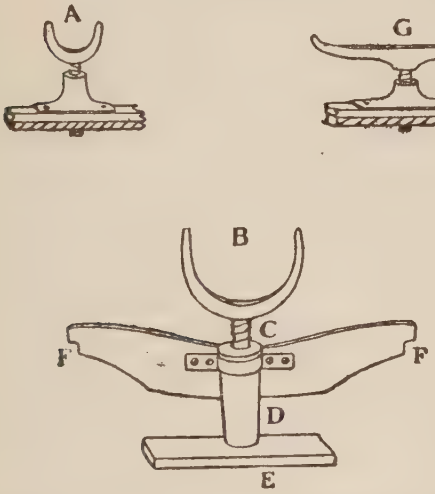
The barrel, in forging and filing, should be left well filled up and, in every part, substantial.

SAM SINGER'S SINGLE-HANDED PUNT.

Although I deprecate the idea of any gentleman-gunne submitting to the labour, misery, danger, and great dis advantage in filling his bag, by the folly of *coast*-shooting in single-handed punt, yet I cannot resist giving a drawing o one that was built, at Poole, under the directions of San

Singer, whom I considered so far preferable to any other one of the craft that I sent him out, last autumn, with the splendid stanchion that I got up for the late Captain Ward, to Prince Alexander of the Netherlands. Here Sam built a punt in which His Royal Highness did ample justice to my old gun; and Singer is now returned with lots of money, honours, and a gold watch, having brought back the said gun to be made

SAM SINGER'S ELEVATING CROTCH FOR A STANCHION.



A, Rest for muzzle. B, Stanchion for gun.
C, Screw that raises gun, by means of turning round D, which ships into E.
FF, Ends of cross-piece that ship into sides of punt.
G, My suggestion for improvement on A, by which you can fire to the right or left, without having to turn your punt. After all, however, I prefer my hand-level, as this can be regulated while the gunner is lying down.

into a detonator on my primer-plan. (To this I see no objection; provided a stanchion weighs 100 lbs. which this one far exceeds.) With apology for digression, I should observe that this punt, like all other decked ones, is taken from the grand improvement published in 1824, when even "Admiral" Buckle, till he saw this, could muster nothing but a frightful-looking open punt with a deck as flat as a table.

The length of the punt here shown is 18½ feet: the breadth, at bottom, 2 feet 8 inches; "flamming," at gunwales, to

3 feet.—Singer (as well as Buckle) has wash-streaks, tha
" ship and unship," instead of fixed bulwarks. But Singe
fires his gun from an elevating crotch, instead of a " gunnin
bench." (I prefer the latter, as being more steady ; and ca
raise my gun by putting under it a block of withy.) He wa
accidentally prevented from coming to Keyhaven, whil
Varley was there with his telescope ; so I got a good substitut
Henry Troth (who purchased of him this punt), to be take
in his stead. Here Troth appears in the act of " skulling t
birds," with a graphic view of Hurst—the place of his birth-
in the background. The pretty little punt in the centre
ground of the frontispiece shows the graceful appearance
this one in a side view, with Troth mopping her out. Bot
specimens are shown without the " wash-streaks."

PLAN FOR FIRING TWO POUNDS (OR TWO POUNDS *AND A HALF*) OF SHOT TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE.

As guns to carry a pound of shot at a time are now to b
constantly seen on almost every part of the coast, as well a
in most of the fen countries, the very few men who formerl
had them are now surrounded by rivals ; and therefore, i
order still to keep the lead, some of them have had recours
to using guns that carry from one pound and a half to tw
pounds of shot. The recoil, however, from *these* guns is s
tremendous, that most of the men who used them have m
with some accident or other, and are therefore giving them u
The desideratum then is to accomplish this with no more recoi
or risk of accidents, than there is with other guns, and thus t
have an advantage over the host of ordinary gunners.

The plan that I have adopted is as follows :—

A pair of barrels put together so as to fire *two circles, ea
one partly eclipsed with the other :* the *one* ignited by *percussio*
and the *other* by a *flint*, by which means the trifling differen
of the *two separate modes of ignition* makes such an *immen
difference in the recoil*, as to reduce it to a mere nothing
comparison. The proper way to do this is to put the barre
together, so that the *cylinders* are *parallel* to each other ; b
which of course they become far *apart* at the *muzzles*. Th
eclipsed part of the circles, when the two barrels are fire
together, puts into the paper at least a fourth more shot tha

Drawn by C. Varley. Engraved by H. Adlard.

HARRY TROTH SCULLING TO GEESE; HURST AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

any one barrel could be made to do ; and the *enormous weight of metal* not only *gives additional strength* to the double discharge, but *also to either barrel* when you fire them *separately*, which, of course, you have the option of doing ; and therefore you are never obliged to discharge an extra pound of shot in waste, as with the huge single guns before alluded to. Moreover, the gun, on my plan, cuts two united lanes through the birds, instead of wasting half the shot in the water and in the air, which is the case when the charge is contained in *one* large *circle*. In short, this plan forms, as it were, a kind of oval to suit the shape of the object ; and thus, at the moment that one part of the birds are being killed by the detonator, the others are just *conveniently* opening their wings for the flint barrel, though they have not time to rise ; *because* I have here *eased the recoil*, and got the barrels together so as to do the business *point blank*.

The mode of easing the recoil is by means of a long loop, worked on, between, and under, the barrels ; and the swivel-pin going through a *slider, on which rests the whole weight of the gun*. The space within this loop (about eight inches), with the exception of an inch and five-eighths that is taken up by the slider, is filled with a *spiral spring*, which has a play of rather more than two inches ; (and if it had even four or five inches of play, I should think it would be all the better). Consequently, before any *jar* can take place to *interrupt the point-blank delivery of the charge*, the shot has left the gun, which is afterwards brought forward again by the reaction of the spring. The loop *should be* made of horse-nail stubs, and forged on to the barrels. Mine is not so ; therefore, if this part fails the fault lies with the late Mr. Fullerd, and not with me. Suppose this *was* to give way—which would be almost impossible, *if done as it ought to be*—then you have a ring in the stock (all of which, except a movable butt, is of *cannon metal*) with a reserve rope that takes up the recoil immediately.

It was the opinion of a distinguished officer in the navy, before whom I fired this gun several times, that my plan for easing the recoil would answer extremely well for the *carronades*, or at all events, for the *ships' swivels*, in Her Majesty's service ; and I therefore had made a rough model for the inspection of himself and friends. If, however, the Lords of the Admiralty should honour me so far as to think the suggestion worthy of notice, I have only to say that Mr. Westley Richards, of Birmingham, is the mechanic who so ably manu-

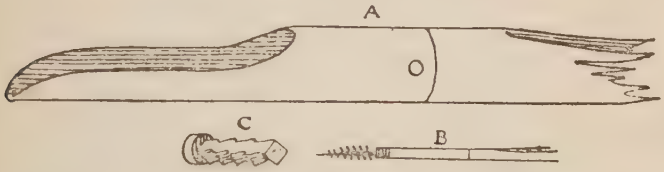
factured the one I have, after the model and instructions tha I sent him. Indeed there is no one else yet capable of executin the order.*

NIGHT CARTRIDGES.

The best method, among the old gunners, for loading thei punt-guns, was to unship them; and, after wiping them out to put the powder in a wooden measure that fitted into th calibre. [Why a *wooden* measure?—Because if a metal on dropped overboard—good-bye to it!] Then to place the *gu perpendicular, leaving the measure in the muzzle;* in order tha the powder may fall to the bottom of the breeching. Som used a powder-cartridge, and pricked it through the touch hole, like a cannon; but this could only be done with a *commo* breeching. They wadded with loose oakum; brown paper pasteboard; or old hat;—loaded with shot, in precisely th same manner as with powder;—and then added just enoug oakum, or paper, to prevent the charge from getting loose But this plan always put the shooter to the inconvenience o unshipping his gun; and was, of course, rendered impractic able where the gun was too heavy to be raised from the stan chion. What was the consequence? The powder and sho were not half rammed home; and the killing, and even th safety of the gun, became a matter of doubt. I shall now with great pleasure, though it is against my own sport t divulge it, give my new plan to all my brother-sportsmen and I flatter myself that those who have sufficient confidenc in my advice to try it, will say that they never loaded with s much expedition or comfort; and that their large guns neve shot so strong, so close, or so regular by the ordinary mode of loading. To the point, then, as I hate preface an prosing. Supposing your gun was from 80 to 100 lbs. i weight, and carried a pound of shot. Take the same measur of powder as of shot, which in weight would be abou two ounces; and, *with the gun in a horizontal position,* pu it all the way to the breeching with the loading-spoon A taking care to keep *upwards* the *black*-painted, or flat, par of the loading-rod; by which you know that the *open par*

* The only objection at the Admiralty was the "trouble of keeping i clean!" Now I have had my swivel afloat for weeks at a time, in all weathers and never did anything to it, except occasionally working into it, with a brush plenty of neat's foot oil. And even now (1844) my little spiral spring is jus as good as when it was first made in 1824.

of the cylinder must be upwards. The *upper part* of the *rod* is made *flat,* in order to *feel it* in the *dark,* when shooting by *night. When the powder is home, elevate* the muzzle as much as you can; turn round the loading-rod; and, after giving it a shake, *draw it out* with the *black,* or *flat, part downwards.* Then reverse the rod, and *work the powder well into the centre-hole, with the small end of it,* C*; because *when loaded* in a *horizontal position* no wadding whatever will drive *cannon*-powder sufficiently home to fill the centre-hole of a solid breeching; the consequence of which is, slow shooting with a flint; and repeated missing fire with a detonator. (This I never proved till the winter of 1832. The want of having discovered it before has cost me hundreds of birds; and had almost converted me to the opinion of many gunners that



"patent breechings never answer for large guns.") Having thus properly lodged your powder, you have then only to add the wadding: while doing which, elevate the gun as much as you can.

Now, then, to the plan for the *shot.* Why did cartridges always shoot in patches? Because the thickness of the paper interfered with the regular delivery of the shot. Why was not very thin paper adopted? Because the form of a shot-cartridge could not be preserved without some substance of paper; and moreover, without this we could not draw out the charge. But I have now remedied all these little inconveniences by the most simple means; and, so far from claiming any credit for the plan, I think we were all in the dark not to have thought of it ages ago. Take, for a *punt-gun, thin cartridge*-paper (or, for a common gun, ladies' curling-paper), and place it thus to the mould, B.

* C should be small enough *to go well into the centre-hole,* in order to clean it out, if required. On *my* plan of loading, the little worm B, which will go well into the centre-hole, will be quite sufficient to draw out the wadding, or anything else. The small end of this loading-rod cannot be too light; because if heavy, it would overpower your hand, and make you spill the powder in filling it: particularly when loading afloat.

Roll the mould on a hard board, or table, till the paper ha been wound as close as possible round it. Then tuck the corner C, tight into the *concave bottom* of the mould ; and afterward press in all the lower edge, in order to form a bottom. Clos it with sealing wax, which is better than paste ; as that soo

FF 4

gets damp. Having thus formed your cartridge, put th mould, with the cartridge round it, into the receiver, D, an press, or stamp, the mould hard on the table, to equalise th bottom of the cartridge. The receiver should be broad below in order to stand firm on the table. The dotted lines show it cylinder, which should be just *within* the size of that of the gun

Then take the head of the mould ; and, by giving it a littl turn round, it will become disengaged and draw out, leavin the paper in the cylinder. Put in your charge of shot ; an while so doing, shake it well down in the receiver ; as this wi make it shoot close and regular. Take off the receiver, and you cartridge remains, formed on the table. You have then onl to close the top of it, by turning down the ends as compactl as possible, and tie it together, *longitudinally*, with a piece

fine sailmaker's twine, in a hard *sailor's* (not a "grandmother's") knot. Put a piece of oakum, sponge, or anything that may be held well by the worm of a ramrod. Tie round *that* another sailor's knot, and your cartridge is completed, thus—

[I had at first, used curling paper, even for a punt-gun; but I found that, when a little damp, it would burst *in loading;* and, although cartridge-paper is too thick for a sporting gun to shoot regular with, yet a *punt*-gun invariably does well with it.]

Put the cartridge into the gun with the *oakum head upwards*, and you may *press* it down tight with the ramrod, as the smallest and worst of worms will draw it out with the greatest ease; and in any position, should you wish to unload your gun, change the size of your shot, etc. I made several of these cartridges for a musket, to stop crippled geese with; and, if I wanted to load in a hurry, I put the oakum end downwards, *without any other wadding*, and they shot very well. But, when I had time, I loaded as before directed: and found that even in a shoulder-gun, *these* cartridges shot better than the common mode of loading. If used in a *double* gun, the oakum heads must fit sufficiently tight to prevent the recoil of one barrel from jarring the charge of the other. But this very rarely occurs with any kind of *cartridge*, if it fits tolerably well I have now tried at least five hundred rounds of these cartridges in my huge double gun, and they answer so well that I never use anything else, unless I want Eley's for long wild day-work; and his cartridges, by the way, would never draw out, till I got him to put on them my oakum top-knots. But for *game* shooting, all these little things are not required;—here we may "leave well enough alone," and be content with having everything to the summit of our wishes, if we only know how to make use of it.

For a box to take cartridges afloat, and keep them perfectly dry, see the one that I have put in the plate with gunning-punt and gear.

Having now loaded our gun, nothing remains but the priming, for which I should recommend a small pistol-flask, with a *top* that *holds just enough for the pan ;* by which means we are not so liable to overload the pan, or spill the powder in the dark. Clean your touch-hole after every shot with a clipped feather ; poke a little of the *fine priming* powder into it, before you fill the pan ; and always thoroughly wipe out your barrel with a ring-nosed ramrod (as shown in plate with gear) after every shot ; not only for safety's sake, in case of a spark being left behind ; but because you may have to put your gun by, loaded, for a night—or perhaps a week—before it may be fired again. Here is all that need be said on the unentertaining, though useful, subject of loading a large gun ; and, when anyone will favour me with a better plan, I will not only discard mine for it, but tear from my pages this tedious explanation.

I cannot resist stating, that when I invented this large gun, many people sarcastically observed, " How can he load it ? " When the spoon and cartridges were contrived—then it was, " How is it possible to draw the charge ? " Why, *without* the cartridges I can do *this*, by drawing the wadding and then shovelling out the shot with the loading-spoon. But the *other* we can do even *under sail*, by standing on deck, astride the gun, and using the rod over-handed. What other difficulties can they make out ? Only let me know—and I am already for them !

CANDLE-CARTRIDGES.

We have now an improved method of making these cartridges :—Get a tin, or copper cylinder, within the size of your calibre, and stop it up, at one end, with a piece of either wood or cork—no matter what—previously to filling it. Then melt some tallow, till quite warm, and pour it on your charge of shot, where the tallow will find its way into all the interstices. Let the cartridge remain till quite cold, and it will come out as well formed as any mould candle. You have then only to case it in thin paper, for which sufficient allowance must be made in the size of your moulding-cylinder ; so that, *when all is complete*, the *cartridge* will *fit nicely* to the calibre of your gun. If you want many of these cartridges, you should have plenty of moulds ; otherwise you lose much time in waiting

for them to get properly cold and hard. The candle-cartridges (like Eley's) should be well rammed, in order to prevent their "balling."

Though I condemn tallow confined in wire, I can see no objection to it when merely covered with light paper. I am indebted to my friend, the late Captain Ward, for this discovery, and a schedule of its excellent performance.

SILK-CARTRIDGES.

Since using the candle-cartridges, I tried (with a heavy shoulder-gun) the experiment of putting the common cartridges into tight bags of *silk*, tied at the top with mere worsted, in order to prevent their "balling." They shot capitally; and surpassed everything for the convenience of drawing out, and keeping sound in wet weather. But, as Eley's cartridges are at last made so perfect as to beat all the others, I shall now use and recommend none but his, for all shooting beyond the range of a common charge, I therefore advised him to try some kind of oil or varnish, in order to make them stand the damp like my silk ones, which, since the eighth edition, he has done to perfection.

FIRING.

The firing of these guns, at long distances, requires some practice, by reason that, before the shot can travel a hundred yards, the birds, if quick-sighted, will be on the move, particularly if they see the flash. No one had ever the kindness to tell me this, when I first used a long gun; till, after some time, wondering what was the matter that I could not kill (not being able to see through the smoke), I fired at a mixture of curlews and gulls; the latter of which were killed, and the others never touched.

By this, I discovered that the one, being quick-sighted and active birds, sprung before the shot got to them; while the others, not being able to get out of the way, were killed. A little elevation for the *gun* (in which a few shots at a mark will direct you), and a pretty good *elevation* for the *springing of the birds, according to what birds they are*, is absolutely necessary, and practice alone will best teach this. Suffice it to say, however, that a man, to be a good shot, with a large gun, has even more to *learn* than to shoot well in the field; particularly

when he comes to cross shots at flocks going past, where sometimes, there may be required a yard of elevation, and te yards' allowance for the distance they are at, and the rapidit of their flight.

As it becomes necessary, *when approaching wild birds*, to b well concealed in *your punt*, you are obliged to fire these gun lying down as close as possible on your chest. You shoul use the "stem-piece" to support the breast. If you put you *cheek to the stock*, your *shoulder-bone* in contact with the *butt*, your second finger *behind the trigger*, you run a risk of havin them severely *jarred;* but, if you manage the gun properly the sensation, with a *light* charge, is no more than that firing powder from a small gun; and the report, *to the shoote* seems a mere nothing. To fire a stanchion-gun, put your *le hand over the butt*, amd regulate it to the line of aim, whil your *cheek gently grazes the back of the hand*. Put *all* the finger of your right hand *before the trigger, keeping the thumb out the way;* and be careful *not to let your knees come in conta with the timbers of the boat*. By observing well these direction a child might fire this gun with as much safety as the smalles fowling-piece.

In firing a punt-gun (without any stanchion) from th *shoulder*, you must *lean hard* against the upper part of th padded butt; and have the gun as *top heavy* as you can possibl overbear, by which means *the friction of the stock against th "gunning-bench,"* and the check of your shoulder, prevent the gun from running too far under your arm. Never attemp to shoot a barrel so short as six feet in *this* way, as it migh fly up and hurt you. Always try these guns with a quarte of a charge first; and increase the loading with an ounce shot each round. By this means you avoid the risk of a recoi as you then gradually ascertain how much ammunition can b fired with ease to the shoulder.

If you are so fortunate as to get a *line* of birds, shoot rathe *beyond* the *first* of them, which *will then be taken by* the *lowe shot*. You may thus (with *mould* shot) sweep the water *fro one to two hundred yards*, and possibly kill some of them all th way, from one of these distances to the other.

The advantage of a *stanchion-gun* over a *shoulder duck-gu* is far more than that of the *latter* over a *common sporting gun* and so generally has this of late years been found out, th nowadays, but little can be done without one, on any part the English coast.

PUNT FOR THE USE OF A STANCHION-GUN.

A gunning-punt, which is very narrow, although it may row fast, is extremely dangerous, and will not answer for going in shallow water, which is the grand object, in order to get up to the birds before the tide has flowed high enough to drive them off their legs, and disperse them.

All round-bottomed punts, such as are used at Southampton and Itchen Ferry, and most of those at East Yarmouth, are on a bad construction, except merely to sail about with a shoulder-gun; because they have such unsteady bearings, and are so built, that the gun, and the man's head who fires it, must appear considerably above the gunwale. The consequence is, that he frightens away half the birds which he ought to kill; and can never regulate his gun for shooting in the dark. In short, clincher and carvel built boats are only used by those, who, whatever they may fancy, are not finished masters of their business.

All gunning-punts should be as flat as possible in the bottom (except having the necessary "kammeling," to "give them life"); by which they draw far less water, and are so stiff, that it becomes impossible to capsize them. If an accident did happen, it would be by their *filling* and sinking, but *not upsetting*, as the before-mentioned boats might do; and, as a still further guard against which, *these* boats may be decked all the way from "stern to mid-ships," and half-way round the sides.

There is not a boat-builder in a thousand who knows anything about punts, as the best gunners generally make their own, and keep the secret to themselves; or, at all events, from the boat-builders, who would otherwise be making them for every shooter in the port. The best way, therefore, is to get an able gunner to find head, and a good inland *carpenter*, who *works much better* and *neater* at *this light board work than a boat-builder*, to find hands and tools.

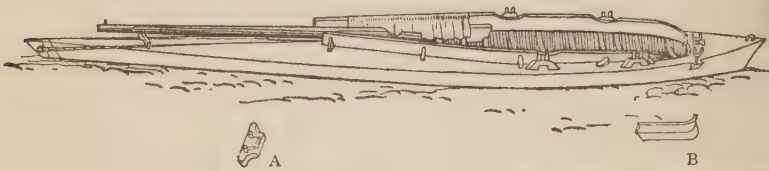
Several boat-builders have overhauled mine when they could find a chance to do so; and every one of their productions, that I have yet seen, was quite laughable; though, to all outward appearance, a good imitation. If, therefore, they succeed now, it is but fair to infer that it will be through the help of these engravings.

Having treated further, perhaps, than was necessary on shooting punts in general, I shall first give a sketch of my best

single-gun punt, as useful to every one who sets up a large gun, in a plain way ; and then conclude with explaining the one alluded to, which I have found to answer best, taking into consideration safety, comfort, and every other point requisite for those sportsmen to whom is offered this part of the book.

PUNT FOR SINGLE STANCHION-GUN.

TO BE USED WITHOUT A SWIVEL, AND WITH A ROPE BREECHING



A

B

A. Solid stem-piece, to close front of punt, and elevate gun for rough weather, or shooting over mud.

B. Trap-hatch, to ship and un ship, for sculling or setting But for one who can *paddle* the places for the two trap hatches should be cut nearly amidships, instead of aft.

Dimensions of Punt.	Feet.	Inches.
Length from stem to stern . . .	21	4
Ditto, at bottom	20	6
Width, at gunwale	3	8
Ditto, at bottom	3	0
Spring, fore and aft	0	1½
Kammel	0	1
Height, at bow	0	6
Height, a'stern	0	11
Height of bulwarks, forward . .	0	4
Ditto, aft, gradually declining to .	0	2
Gradual rise of decks to bulwarks .	0	2

Bottom, ½ inch plank ; sides ⅜ths : all to be made of oak, except decks of withy or Norway deal.

IMPROVED PUNT FOR DOUBLE SWIVEL-GUN.*

In 1822 I contrived, and in 1824 built, a punt which I hav been using and improving on, ever since ; and which is now I believe, rendered as complete as anything yet invented fo

* My punts have always had more beam and more " flam " than those other shooters. This was much admired by a first-rate seaman—my friend the late Captain John Symonds, R.N. He was at the building of th " Vernon " ; and I am told she has more beam, etc., than any other of ou

the purpose of carrying the heavy weight of a *double* swivel-gun, with two men and gear; but which, by the way, like sportsmen, dogs, and everything else, is beginning to be worn out, just as it approaches perfection. Here, however, we have our model to renew from, and perhaps to improve on;—not so with ourselves;—for, after we have all been our lives making the voyage of discovery, and are just arriving off the land-mark of perfection, we are cast away on the rock of declining years; and thus it is that we are for ever excluded from the port. But enough of the sentimental—and now for the punt:—She must be decked over in every part, except leaving just room enough for the shooter to lie to his gun, and the man to work to the birds; in order to do which, without his hand being shown too high, a part of the deck, on each side, must be made to "ship and unship." The deck should be formed of the lightest possible board, and covered all over with strong canvas; which helps to strengthen it, and renders it doubly waterproof. The only parts of the deck requiring strong support are the front, where a man has to stand, if he loads the gun afloat; and the place where are fixed on the light copper thowls. The space left open must be surrounded with bulwarks, which continue rising, in proportion as the punt becomes lower forward, to about four inches in height, and ending in a little stem, or second bow, that "ships and unships." So that, when wanting to go through a sea, you have only to "douse" the moveable back-stock of the gun, and ship this stem-piece, which elevates it well clear of the spray, and keeps the sea from coming into your punt. You must also trig up your gun, in the same way, when rowing stern foremost with two "hands"; or, otherwise, the man who pulls what then becomes the stroke oar, would have the gun too much in his way to be able to row. *He* pulls merely by little copper thowls that ship into the bulwarks, and are carried in one small bag, next to the other which holds the spy-glass. See plate.*

The mast ships, on either side the gun, in little cylinders, that should be bored out of a solid piece of elm, and fixed so as to be waterproof. When under sail, both "hands" should

rigates; and as to her excellence—I believe there is not a question: and since this (in 1837), my punt was honoured with the highest approval of his brother, Sir William Symonds, R.N., who has now a model of her in the splendid naval museum at Somerset House.

* Since this plate was engraved, I have found it better to have two pairs of thowls.—See the next woodcut, and also frontispiece.

get as much " aft " as possible, in order to prevent the pun from " griping " ; and, as she will then be rather " by th stern," the gun will point too high, unless you lower th muzzle. For this purpose I have invented a moveable support on which you may let down the gun ; and then go forwar enough to fire it, when running before the wind.

Where the birds are much used to gunning-punts, firin under sail, from this kind of craft, is a murdering recipe because my punt, when under sail, at a fair shot from birds appears like a large boat some hundred yards off. Whe others " set," I sail ;—when others sail, I " set." (The onl way to take a lead in anything is not to copy other people, b which you are sure of doing nothing beyond mediocrity !)

While the stem-piece is on, so much of this punt is shut u as to be well defended from shipping a sea ; and when th open part is closed with oiled Russia duck, which, by means o two large holes in it, is lashed round the waists of the shooters she becomes a complete life-boat. But this " Esquimaux, as we call it, I never had occasion to use but once ; and the more for trail than from necessity. It, however, makes delightful covering in bad weather. This punt *may* be mad air-tight, and a regular life-boat *without* the *cover*. But, o *this* plan, I found that we were much inconvenienced, for wan of room to " stow " away the mast, oars, gunrods, etc., an therefore I opened her again al the way under the deck.

This punt should be rounded, athwartships, about an inch and " sprung fore and aft " at least three inches. Mine about four, by which she has more " life in a sea " ; and I pu on a little wooden shoe, just under her bow, which holds he on steady when you run her nose a-ground ; and saves her fro rubbing when landing on a gravelly shore. I have of cours *also* a defence of thin sheet *copper*.

Except a few little cross-pieces of well-seasoned *oak*, *eac floor and timber should be formed all in one, with a piece tough hoop ash*, which must be well boiled in a large coppe or steamed over a fire in a wooden funnel similar to a chimney and then rounded to the proper shape. In order to make thes timbers fit without a vacuum, the sides must of course b filled up with angle-pieces, which should be cut to rather square shape, where the sides and bottom meet, and of cours be round inside, in order to meet the hoop timbers. Thes angle-pieces, being *merely to fill up the space*, require no strengt and therefore a long piece of deal, or, in short, the lighte

wood is best for them. Light bottom-boards are of course required, in order to protect the timbers, etc., and with them we can have sheepskins, mats, rugs, or many other things more comfortable, and less likely to lose the " traps " in, than rushes or straw. (For this great improvement in timbers, I believe we have to thank the Americans.)

The sides, " amidships," on this plan, being so very low, may be " flammed " out as much as you please ; because they are not more than two or three inches above the water ; and the rising deck looks just like the water itself. Thus all that the birds can see " end on " is the bulwarks, which appear much less than even the smallest launching-punt.

About eight inches above the surface of the water is the best height for the gun, in dark nights or in a dead calm ; because you have then only to *set your gun with the cylinder parallel to the water*, and the *same* elevation will do for *all* moderate distances. But in rough water, the higher the gun is fixed, the more birds you will kill.

The stanchion should be " shipped " into a block of *elm*, which ought to be fixed *to nothing but the centre plank*, and this plank, *just where the bolts go through*, should be left an inch and a half thick. (The block and centre plank of the punt that I first built are *carved in one solid piece ;* but for this I was forced to cut down a fine elm tree on purpose.) The gun should be fixed *a little on one side*. To do this nicely, put your punt afloat, lie down to your gun, and *see* that all *is* " in trim " *every way*, before you bore the holes for the bolts. By this means of fixing the knee, or block, the jar of the gun is all thrown on *one strong point*, and everything else is carried back with it ; and therefore the sides and every other part of the boat may be quite as light as those of one which is only required for a shoulder-gun.

Everything should be slightly tacked together, and balanced afloat, with the gun " shipped," and the gunners on board, before the deck is put on, or the knee fixed ; otherwise when the shooter lies down, to the left of his gun, the chances are ten to one that he finds his punt out of " trim." If means of easing the recoil are adopted, the punt may then be made of even lighter materials than the Poole canoe. I need scarcely observe, that a punt, of the *same size*, which is *light*, will *drown* a *heavy one ;* as the latter, for want of " life," labours in a sea, and gets filled ; while the other flies over everything, without taking in a drop of water : add to which a light punt

may get out of danger, by being hauled across the mud when the other is obliged to "weather it." But with a two *hundred* pound gun this cannot be done; and therefore we want a punt that we can "live in." I formerly observed that where *nothing but* the *shoulder* had to take the gun, I should prefer my boat principally built of *cork*, which it would be utterly impossible to sink. One with hoops and canvas would be still better; and, I have no doubt, might be made to answer both for launching and 'float-shooting.

In approaching birds, the shooter, *having nothing else to attend to*, may be constantly *ready* with his gun; so that, if they fly up, he can always insure being able to fire before they have risen ten yards; while *another person* has *only to manage the punt*. This *he* will do by a *setting pole*, or skulling in a little crotch with a single oar, according to the depth of water. As either the one or the other will be *under cover of the front bulwark*, they are less *visible* than *working-sticks* or *paddles* at the *sides*. Paddles on the principle of a bird's foot, and worked *inside*, would be desirable. I have had made, and tried, also paddles precisely like those of a steamer—hid in strained canvas; and made to turn with handles. They propel the punt admirably; but I have not yet taken them to the coast; as I doubt if they will answer among weeds or in severe frosts.

I thought also of the Archimedean screw, which Greenfield said he could make to answer, if I allowed him about 80 lbs weight, and a foot of water to work it in; but this was out of the question for *our* shooting.

Let me now for a moment revert, in comparison, to the long narrow punt, with a rope-breeching, as before described and sketched under the head of "punt for single stanchion-gun." *This* punt will certainly row past the other as fast as if she was moored; and is much lighter. But I can always get nearer to birds with the large one, because, from her breadth, she admits of so much lower a deck; and in her I can fire while quite out of sight; whereas, with the rope-breeching, I must put my shoulder to the butt, and thereby show my head to the birds. In rough weather, too, these narrow crafts are such "wet boats" as to make shooting more a misery than a pleasure. All punts of this kind should have no iron about them. All the nails, and everything required in metal, should be of wrought *copper*, for which reason they cannot be completed in the *best* manner without considerable expense.

Let me now conclude this narcotic essay on punt-building by a reference to a plate, executed, under my directions, by Mr. Varley and Mr. Adlard ; with a scale of dimensions, which will, I trust, be found more agreeable than troubling my readers with marks of reference.

Explanation.

N.B.—*Except* the *detached part* of the *gun*, all here shown is according to the scale ; though the *lower* view of the punt is, by the perspective, a little thrown out of the proportion for *measuring*, as well as of her " rakish " (or prettily shaped) appearance. But this has been done in order to show some of the inside.

1. Broadside of the punt, shut up for the night ; or for travelling on the carriage.
2. Movable support for gun.
3. Enlarged view from part of the gun, as shipped in the block, showing the detonating lock, and the cannon-metal stock.
4. Travelling carriage on lancewood springs. The fore pieces take off (as shown by dotted lines), and then you have only to drag the hind wheels (see chain) ; roll your punt up (see roller in front) ; and then refix the two fore pieces ; put some hay-bands under your gun ; lash everything on with a cart line, and you are then in marching order, for any part of the world.
5. " Truck," for shipping gun ; and conveying ashore that and the gear, birds, etc.
6. Perspective view of the punt, which we will now overhaul from stern to stem.

N.B.—Thin copper at each end, in order to cut through the ice. *This proved invaluable in the hard winters !*] One sculling-crotch shipped ; the other stowed away, in the case, on deck. These should be made fast with a strip of whit-leather ; or, being of metal, they would sink, if they fell overboard.—Starboard " trap-hatch," unshipped, for sculling or setting. This should be stowed away under the side-deck ; but I have here thrown it overboard, in order to show it.—" Cleats " ; to " make fast " sheet. Drawer for " cripple-stopping " ammunition. The moment the gunner has made a shot, he should " douse back stock," " up stem-piece," " on lock-cover," out with his little double gun, from the canvas curtain on the starboard side, and get " right aft " as quick as possible, and pop away at the cripples, while the skipper rows the punt in chase of them. [N.B.—Sling this gun so that if it went off it could not injure you or your punt.]—The next drawer is for the small articles belonging to the large gun. These drawers should have just over them a small ledge, inside the bulwarks, or the wet will keep dribbling into them. They should be marked

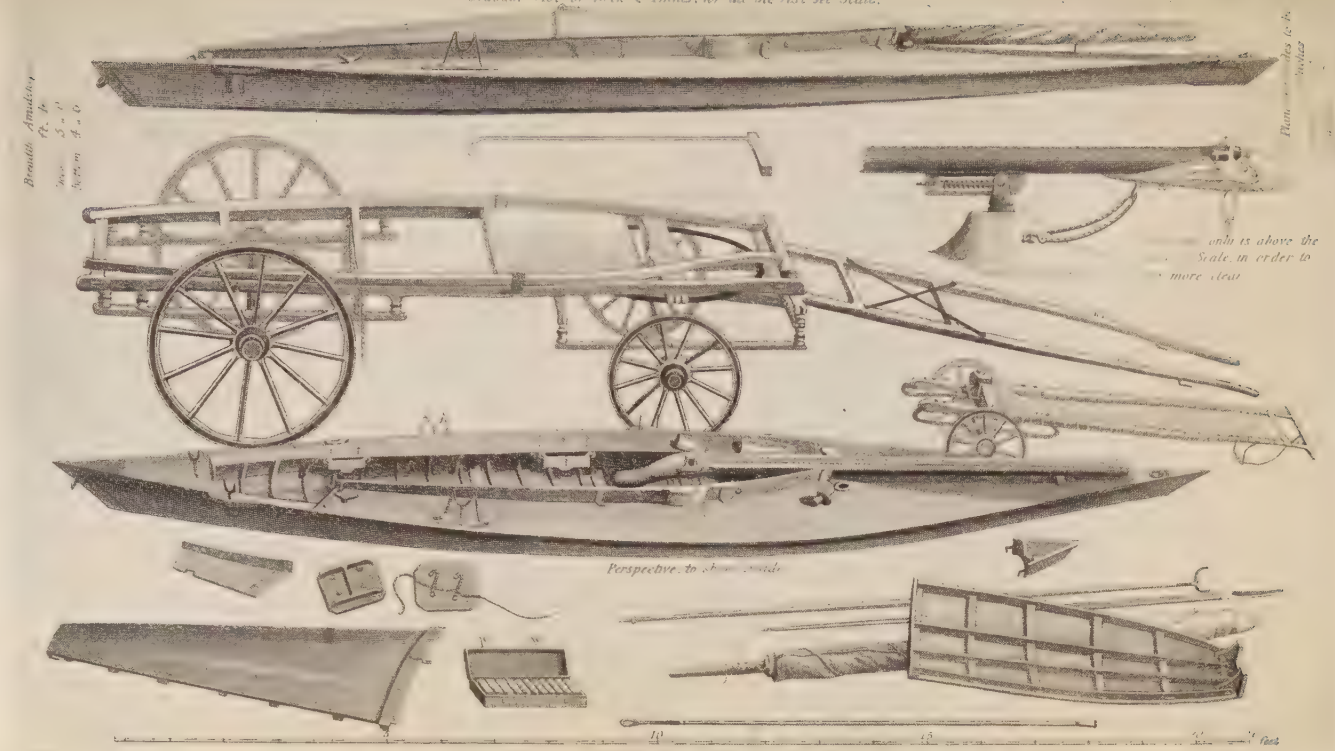
with black stripes, or you will have some plague in seeing where t ship them by night. The little marks round the outsides of th bulwarks are meant for the brass studs to which is buttoned o the " Esquimaux " cover.—The " *stem-piece* " (or support for ches when lying to gun), mudboards, covers, cartridge-box, setting-pol (or " sprit " for sail), loading-rod, sail, and ring-nosed ramrod (c cleaning rod), conclude all the " traps " that it may be necessar to show ; and then all you require is a few years' practice, in orde to make a good use of them.

N.B.—In the original plate I did not put those men who are i the gunning-punt in their *proper places for a " cripple chase,* because *here* they have no sea to encounter, and have a dog, an other boats to help them ; and as *this* is *wholly* an *explanator* plate, I have left out the men, in order to show better the interio of the punt.

IMPROVED PUNT FOR DOUBLE STANCHION.

In the 7th edition I was just in time to add that I had con stantly used the foregoing punt for eight winters ; and, ha I followed my own advice, by making *every*thing of *coppe* I believe she would have been as good as ever for eight winte more. But, although she was (and *yet is*) serviceable, I wa induced to build another, which has not a particle of iro about her, except the two skulling crotches. *She* is *near two feet longer* than the one shown in the original steel plate ;— *she* has *two pairs* of *fixed* thowls—so that we always row *h stem* foremost—and the reserve-rope, or breeching, is no (1844) lashed, from the ring in the stock, *round* a groove i the block, by 3 or 4 rounds of pot-line, or " 6-thread-rattling. Except having the centre plank from the knee to the ste about an inch and $\frac{1}{4}$ thick (for the recoil), I have built th punt much slighter than anything I had used before ; an I have got the mast-steps further aft, by which improvemer she never gripes, as the other would sometimes do, under press of canvas. As far as I could then judge, I was incline to fancy her the best punt (for a *very* heavy gun) that ev went afloat. And I am now enabled to add, that I have co stantly used her for the last ten winters, and she prov " worth " her " weight in gold." The cost of her was ju 35*l* 14*s*. 10*d*. ; and this by no means extravagant, considerir the superiority of the workmanship. One to all *appearan* like her might be made for 6 pounds ; and, after all, *f gunning*, not worth 6 shillings !

Having stated the foregoing improvements, the plate fro

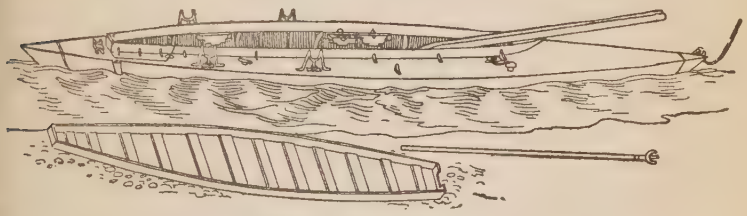


Drawn by C. Varley. Engraved by H. Adlard.

HAWKER'S PUNT AND GEAR FOR A 200-LB. GUN.

Varley's drawing might be a sufficient guide for this punt, as well as for the original one: but, in order to have the improvement still better understood, I here present my readers with a wood-cut, after a perfect model, that I had made expressly for the purpose of its being drawn from, for the last edition; and, in order to see it properly done, as well as that for the single-gun-punt, I went 100 miles and back, accompanied by an excellent modeller.

N.B. This last new punt is what I recommend as perfection. But I shall still retain the old steel engraving in order to show the appendages. But for *improved* mooring covers, see the new frontispiece.



Cover for punt, when moored. Three-fang setting-pole.

DIMENSIONS OF PUNT.

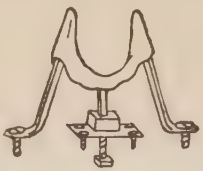
	Feet	Inches.
Length, from stem to stern	22	7
Ditto, at bottom	21	10
In order to give this "flam," the plank, amidships, must be as much as 8 in. in breadth. — Width, at gunwale	4	9
In order to give this "flam," the plank, amidships, must be as much as 8 in. in breadth. — Ditto, at bottom	4	0
Spring, fore and aft	0	3
Kammel	0	1¼
Height, at bow	0	4½
Ditto, astern	0	10
Bulwarks, forward	0	4
Ditto, aft gradually declining to	0	2
Gradual rise of decks to bulwarks	0	2

Bottom where gun is fixed, 1½ inch thick; made of elm; sides elm; decks of withy or Norway deal.

N.B.—For all that is not specified here, refer to the original steel engraving.

As my new plan for copper thowls may not be quite understood, I here give a sketch of one, in order to show how it must

be screwed on to the deck; with a piece of elm under, to strengthen the part where the strain comes in pulling. I have drawn the thowl muffled with whit-leather, as used when gunning;



and I will now conclude with a water-bird's-eye view of the punt "end on."

Never use a punt which is too narrow or too upright in the sides —Captain Ward was near losing his life by being persuaded to do so. Beware also of *flat* decks,—they occasion miserably "wet boats," in every little breeze; and, in very hard weather, the water freezes on them before it will run off, and forms a mass of ice that makes your punt so heavy as to have no life in a sea, and therefore be liable to fill and sink.

The method of shooting wild-fowl which I have last described is the best calculated for the amusement of a *gentleman*, as he may *go out between breakfast and dinner;* and, in *frosty* weather, perhaps kill his twenty or thirty couple in a day, followed by his companions, who may keep at a distance to enjoy a sight of the sport; and afterwards join in the "cripple chase." [Vide plate.]

So far superior is this diversion to what people are aware of that I have never yet met with a solitary instance of one sportsman, who had *seen it in perfection*, but what was quite elated; and preferred *even* a *sight* of it to the best day's game shooting in the kingdom. It is therefore condemned as an occupation for rustics only by those who know nothing whatever about it.

Let those who fancy punt-shooting such a dangerous amusement, compare the accidents that happen in it, with those in fox-hunting, battû shooting, or any other sport, and

see in which they most frequently occur: though this pursuit is generally followed by poor men, who have the worst, the others, by gentlemen, who are provided with the best, of everything. In Poole harbour, for instance, where the channels, at times, are far more dangerous than in most other places, I should, at a rough guess, say, there were, on an average, a hundred canoes; and yet, for these last thirty-one years, which is as long as I have known the place, I have never heard of but one man being drowned, and he was not only subject to fits, but had left the shore when in liquor.

I here allude to *open* punts, than which decked ones are of course infinitely less exposed to danger.

SHOOTING WITH A STANCHION-GUN FROM A PUNT.

Now that we have *got* the *gun and punt together*, a few more words as to the shooting: those who fancy that anyone can shoot well into a large flock of fowl, will find themselves in a mistake. There is, I must repeat, much more knack in it than people are, at first, aware of; and, in my humble opinion, it is far more difficult than to kill double shots at game; because the man, who can quickly pitch his gun on, or just before, a partridge, has so little variation in distance, as the birds are generally from twenty to forty yards off, that without any further calculation, or practice, he might, in a slovenly manner, contrive to knock down the greater part of those at which he fires. But, in the other shooting, the different calculations of elevation, etc., are tenfold more difficult; and particularly if taking flying shots, at perhaps one hundred yards, from a boat that is rolling and pitching in a sea, and where one inch in aim might make the difference of twenty fowl at a shot, or not touching a feather. All this, however, is best gained by practice, though it may be right to caution the beginner against mismanagement, that might unjustly put him out of conceit with his gun.

In sitting shots, he must (as I before observed, and cannot too often repeat), remember, at *long distances*, to preserve a little elevation for his gun; and further, a good elevation for the birds springing at the flash, and perhaps being up *before the shot has time to reach them.*

On going to either hoopers or geese, he will, nine times in ten, have notice by the birds themselves when he is to fire, as *they*

previously to taking wing, *draw closer together and set their heads up;* so that he may keep on, even if it were to within forty yards, till they give the signal. And if at night (which is the only time he could get so near) they were still down, he should first take level; and then, previously to drawing the trigger, make some little noise, and by this means induce them to look up, before they receive their "allowance." By thus having their feathers open, and their stretched necks for a target, he will kill at least double the quantity that he would do when they were either sitting close down, or flying; as in the *one position* their *feathers* would be *closed*, and in the *other* the birds would be much *more scattered*, than when down. The curres, dunbirds, etc., will generally give notice likewise. The ducks and wigeon not near so well; and the *teal* spring instantly, without giving the least notice; so that in shooting the *latter* birds, keep quiet, and fire as soon as you think you can make a tolerable shot. Always, however, get as near as you can. Rely on it, close quarters is the grand recipe for filling the bag, at this, and all other shooting. You must remember too that the sea, or any water, with a large flock of birds on it, deceives you extremely; insomuch that what many people *fancy fifty*, proves to be above a *hundred* yards. Take a novice afloat, and the first specimen he gives you of his ignorance in the art, is either to fire himself, or endeavour to persuade you to fire, at birds which are very far out of gunshot.

Curres.—We will now make a few short observations on the birds usually killed in this way. I will begin with the "*curres*" (a provincial term for all the various tribe of diving ducks), as they appear about October. These birds, when accustomed to the skirmishers of the coast, are generally worse to get at than any others; and you have then often no other alternative than paddling up a winding creek, so as to suddenly pop on them in turning a corner, and fire either sitting or just as they fly up. But when curres are, by frost, just driven to the coast from under the kind protection of some bird fancier's pond, they are a fine prey for a swivel-gun; provided you hide the flash; get their heads up before you shoot; and are well armed with little double detonators, to work away at the "cripples," after you have stocked the water with them, by the discharge of your artillery. For thus finishing the business, the percussion system is a *sine quâ non*, as these birds are sure to "duck the flash" *after*, if not before, being wing

broken; and they will, when wounded, shrug themselves up so much, that you ought to get within fifteen yards, before you give them the *coup de grâce*. Hundreds of sportsmen would be glad to take a punt, and follow you on a fine sunshiny day, for this purpose; while you might either sit still and enjoy the fun, or be proceeding for some other attack. But the business must be done as quick as possible; or one half of the curres will be off, while you are killing the others. Cartridges and all other expeditious means are here desirable. *Curres* most frequently *keep afloat*, instead of going on the mud.

Brent Geese.—Towards November or December, we have the brent geese, which are always wild, unless in *very* hard weather. In calm weather the geese have the cunning, in general, to leave the mud as soon as the tide flows high enough to bear an enemy; and then they go off to sea, and feed on the drifting weeds. But when it blows so fresh, that they cannot weather it long enough to feed outside of the harbour, they *then continue inside the whole day;* though they most frequently take especial care to weather almost anything, rather than trust themselves *there* at *night;* except when they are very short of food. If therefore you have water over the mud for your punt, you may often make a tolerable shot by setting, or sailing, even in mild weather, particularly when the tide has kept up high, and the geese, having become hungry, are just getting their legs, at the first ebb; and still more so if this happens towards sunset, when they feed greedily, previous to leaving the harbour for the night.

In *mild* weather prefer following a small flock to a large one. *Recollect, the more pairs of eyes, the wilder the birds.* A single goose is termed a "*pricked*" bird; that is—turned out of his company, which he is sure to be if he receives even the slightest wound.

Taking it for granted that my young reader now understands me, as to presenting the gun, I have only to give a few directions on the last, though not the least, thing, to be observed; his *getting the geese* which he may have *shot*. They take such a hard blow, that he will, generally, find the greater part of them that are stopped by the shot, well enough to swim and dive with the greatest agility, and they will all invariably *make for the heaviest sea that is near*. The boat which follows, therefore, should always *keep well on the outside of the birds;* and, if armed with some "*cripple stoppers*" (small guns), so much the better; as, while you are rowing

after one goose, the others may all get off to sea. If you are near enough to reach a wounded bird without a gun, take him *horizontally across the neck* with the *edge* of an oar, or you may thrash away at him to no effect, till you have splashed yourself from head to foot, so very hard are the upper coverts of his feathers. In shallow water, where he is not obliged to swim, a good light dog will do more in five minutes than a party of men could do in an hour. But when once the dog is out of his depth, these birds are so quick in diving that they will most probably escape from him.

When it blows fresh and the tides are very high, you will always do best by leaving the geese quiet: 1. Because they are then more dispersed, and there are then more *stragglers* to *catch a view of your broadside*: 2. Because they are so buried in the waves that, if you shoot sitting, the water will intercept the shot; and, on their flying up, the wind is apt to disperse them so much, that you cannot kill many: and, 3. Because they, finding no inducement to stay in one place, while there is no food to be got, have no other employment than to be constantly on the watch. Always, therefore, *wait till the "ground ebb";* and then the birds, having been beat about and starved, for perhaps all the flood, and all the after-flood,* will be so greedy for a good feed, that you will, at this time get much nearer to them; and find them well congregated for a heavy shot; particularly if your punt draws so little water as to enable you to catch the birds on their legs. Moreover, you will have no difficulty in securing your cripples many of which, in a high tide, escape to sea, while you are popping off the others.

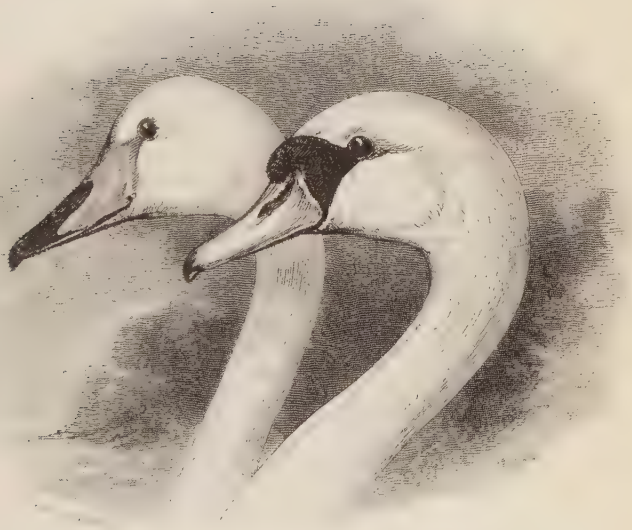
HOOPERS, *or* WILD SWANS.—When the winter further advances, and the birds are driven from Holland and the Baltic to the more genial climate of the south, and then followed by severe weather to the refuge they have chosen, their last alternative is to leave the fens, ponds, and decoys, and betake themselves to the sea-coast, in order to avoid starvation. Then, and then only, it is, that all this diversion may be enjoyed in perfection, and without much trouble or difficulty. We have then a variety of all kinds of wild-fowl, and sport for every shooter. And it is at such a time as this only we can

* We have two tides on the Hampshire coast. The first as the water flows in from the Needles; the second as it comes down the Western Channel. The second is generally two hours after the first; so that, in high tides, the water sometimes keeps up for several hours.

expect to see the monarch of the tribe, the hooper, or wild swan. We had, during the hard winter in 1823, a fine specimen of all this on the Hampshire coast, the flats of which, off Keyhaven-and Pennington, were, for some weeks, covered with ice and snow. Nothing could be more novel or beautiful than the appearance of the harbour, which was one solid region of ice, crowned with pyramids that had formed themselves of the drifted snow, and frozen like crystals ; and, on the thaw, the harbour appeared like one huge floating island, as the ice which covered it was carried off by the fall of a high spring-tide. The effect of this huge body, with the wild-swans sitting upon it, while it receded, and looking as if formed by Nature for the only inhabitants of such a dreary region, gave the spectator more the idea of a voyage to the Arctic circle, than the shore of a habitable country. When the large bodies of ice were carried off, and nothing remained but those of a smaller size, the whole harbour was, of course, in arms with shooters, and had almost the appearance of a place that was besieged. The following morning, though it blew very hard, and poured with rain, everyone was in arms for seven of the swans that again appeared, anxiously hoping that they might swim, or fly, near enough for a random shot ; though the punters, from drawing too much water, required at least another half hour's flood before they could make the difficult attempt of getting at them in open day. By having a punt which drew less water than theirs, it was, therefore, my lot to have the first chance, if no one fired off a gun, in order to spoil the shot, which is a very common practice on this, and all other coasts. I therefore, took the precaution of getting well round to windward ; and when I had arrived as much to windward as one dare go to wild-fowl, having previously covered myself and my man with clean white linen, and a white nightcap, to appear the colour of the snow, we floated down among the small pans of white ice that were constantly drifting to leeward ; and, by this means, had a couple in the boat, and another that afterwards dropped dead, just as the other punts were coming up. This circumstance I think it right to mention, in case it should hereafter be found a useful recipe for getting at wild birds, though it is with reluctance that I become so much the egotist as to introduce anything that relates to my own performance ; which, by the way, is nothing in comparison to what I have since done, by the same means, in the severe weather of 1838 ; when we had

a repetition of all that I have before described, with a much finer show of hoopers. In giving further directions about swans, I must observe, that to take a sitting shot you need not be hurried, as these birds never can rise above the level of any swivel-gun till they have beat the water for several yards, in order to get their huge bodies on the wing. To shoot them while travelling past on their flight—make all possible haste to row (or if on land, to run) till you get under them as they fly very low, and will seldom break their course. They may be frequently killed also, after they have pitched where you are unable to get at them sitting, by surrounding them with boats, and having a gunning-punt in advance ready to fire as they pass. I have killed many by this means. Be careful, however, always to let a swan *pass you*, so as to *shoot under his feathers*, or you may as well fire at a wool pack. (This, I believe, I named before, as well as that his *head* must be your target, if you have only a common gun.) In 1829, and again in the two last hard winters, I had excellent sport with the hoopers; and if the tide, the ice, and the other gunners, would only allow me to proceed, I generally got one or more, whenever they appeared on our coast. But, before I launched the punts that have been previously described, I thought a great deal of killing two or three of these birds in a season. Before going up to hoopers, put a few large pieces of ice on the deck of your punt, in order to prevent these long-necked birds from seeing into it. If a swan rises out of shot, where he is likely to go entirely away, present your small gun very far *before him*, and *over him*, and by thus firing, you will sometimes make him "haul his wind," as a sailor calls it, and come across, a fair shot for your large gun.

Hundreds of common swans are mistaken for hoopers. In hard weather they are driven from gentlemen's ponds, and particularly from the large swanneries; such, for instance, as that of Lord Ilchester, at Abbotsbury, in Dorsetshire. They then frequently repair to the shore; and by congregating in flocks, and there getting driven about and shot at, become quite as wild as the real hoopers, from which they are difficult to distinguish, unless you hear them *hoop*. But when near enough to *inspect the head*, you can *be no longer in doubt*, as the naked skin above the bill in the *tame* swan is *black*, and in the *wild* swan *bright yellow*. *Under two years of age* the hoopers, like other cignets, are not white, but more or less of a *dull fawn colour*, and then the yellow is either less



Wild Swan and Tame Swan.

brilliant, or substituted by a pale flesh-colour. Moreover, the tame swan has a protuberance just above the bill, where the forehead of the wild swan rises gradually in profile, though it is rather hollow when inspected from the centre. [I wrote this with a stuffed specimen of the tame swan, and each specimen of the hooper, before me. But now, I will do more.—I'll place the heads of both, faithfully drawn from nature, in juxtaposition with each other; and thus put an end for ever to all blunders about people shooting tame swans and wild swans.]

An octavo volume might be rapidly filled, without reference to any other work, on the mere subject of shooting all the foregoing birds; but, through consideration for my reader's patience, I shall now conclude, sincerely hoping that I have given all the real information which is absolutely necessary for his pursuit of them.

BOAT SHOOTING, UNDER SAIL.

As no one, I presume, would go afloat without either having sailors, or being pretty good amateur sailors themselves, it would be needless, as well as difficult to write otherwise than in nautical terms.

We now take our leave of the harbour, and will have one cruise *out of* harbour before we proceed for the shooting system to France.

To venture after fowl at sea you must have a large boat, with good bearings, that will carry plenty of canvas. *Rowing* after them scarcely ever answers; but when it blows fresh, a fast-sailing boat may often run in upon geese, and sometimes other birds, before they can take wing; and after a coast has been for some time harassed by the gunning-punts, I have seen more birds killed *under sail* from a common boat, than by any other manner of *day* shooting. But to do the business *well*, a stanchion-gun must be fixed in the boat, and this, by all means, contrived so as to *go back with the recoil*, or you *run the risk of staving your boat*, and, therefore, of being really in danger. Recollect, when you get on the *outside* of the harbour, an accident is no joke; and you have, as Dr. Johnson observes, but one plank between you and eternity.

A boat for this work should have plenty of beam, and as little keel as she can well go to windward with, in order to get, at times, within shot of the mud and sands, and also to run

through a harbour at spring-tides, without getting agroun
You should, therefore, for *this* sport, always *make choice*
a day *when the wind is off the land*, and a time *when the tide*
flowing ; as you have then no danger of filling your boat wit
the hollow sea of a lee shore, or running her so fast agroun
as not to be able to get her off immediately. In followin
wild-fowl under sail, command, as much as you can, a win
ward berth, in order to bear down on them at pleasure ; an
if they rise out of shot against wind, as they usually do, lu
up directly, and try to head them for a cross shot. As th
gun, when on one tack, is in the way of the jib, you must hav
the man who attends the jib-sheets always in readiness to ha
the weather one to windward ; but this must be done onl
just before you want to fire, or you deaden the boat's wa
Take care also to let the sheet be under the barrel of the gu
in order that your line of aim may be clear of everythin
In this pursuit, when the more wind sometimes the mo
sport, never go with less than three good hands ; and
careful, in squally weather, not to make too fast the mainshe
as nine-tenths of the misfortunes that we hear of have occurre
from this very circumstance.

While on this subject, it may be useful information to mar
gentlemen, and it is but doing justice to an ingenious ma
to say, that, for building a boat, yacht, etc., I have never y
met with anyone who could beat Mr. Thomas Inman,
Lymington. As a much better recommendation than my boo
I need only say that he has been chosen by Joseph Wel
Esq., for building the unrivalled "Alarm," and his oth
yachts. Mr. Inman came from Hastings, and has for mar
years been established in Lymington.

I will now conclude here with explaining the appare
inconsistencies of the plate by a dialogue *à la Walton :*

Critic. Why put all your wounded geese swimming o
way ?

Author. Because geese, directly they are wounded, alwa
make for the heaviest sea.

Critic. Admit that : but why have you made birds falli
where no gun is fired ?

Author. Because, in wild-fowl shooting, one-third of t
birds that are mortally wounded fly off apparently unhu
and then drop suddenly from the flock.

Critic. Why is your wounded curlew on his legs, and the oose unable to dive, while the winged hooper is able to swim ?

Author. Because the mud being convex, in some places, the ater that flows over it is only about three inches deep there ; hile it may be nearly a foot deep a few yards further ; and ie *web-footed* bird always makes for the *deep*, while the *wader* eks the *shallow* water.

Before dismissing the plate, too, I should explain, that the an who is taking the passing shot is sketched for Buckle, ith his punt : the yawl is with a party, and a swivel-gun, ho are bearing down, in obedience to the punter's signal, hile the other man is standing on his mud-boards, hallooing nd swearing because he also cannot obey the signal (by alking across to intercept the cripples), through fear of leaving vo city gentlemen aground ; while their poodle dog can no nger contain himself, and on hearing another shot jumps verboard. The Newfoundlander, in the foreground, is etched from a bitch of mine, that was imported from St. ohn's.

In describing these subjects, however, I have unfortunately ot the means of getting assisted as could be wished, because ey are so totally foreign to artists. But for the original plate om which this was taken, I am indebted to the kind and able ssistance of the late William Daniell, Esq., R.A.

OATS USED IN THE SOUTHAMPTON RIVER, AND ELSEWHERE.

Having spoken of the Hampshire coast—I allude to that art of it all the way from Christchurch bay to Leap and alshot ; on sailing round which point we open the Southamp- n river, where the mode of shooting again differs. The order the day here is to have *small carvel-built boats*, and many her miserable contrivances.

The gunners (or rather bird-frighteners) in these parts arcely regard any appearance in dress or colour. These men, rticularly the Itchen ferrymen, go sailing about all day, ing random shots, and so disturb the coast, that they spoil e sport of those few who really understand, and would assist eir families by the pursuit of wild-fowl. What few birds ey kill are either geese, brought down on the wing, by con- antly firing very large mould shot ; or cripples which have

escaped from other gunners, and got into a sea which the light high-sided boats are able to weather. Farther up th river, towards Millbrook, before it was so incessantly bon barded, they had formerly a more sensible plan; but th was chiefly for getting the *curres*. It was to set, at low wate lines, with horse-hair loops, in which these birds were caugh and drowned, when diving to bite the weeds, and were thu left on the mud by the ebbing tide.

On other parts of the coast of England, I have observed th boats are more or less on the construction of those alread mentioned. But when in Scotland I could procure nothin *small enough* to answer the purpose in any way. This, hov ever, was some years ago. Here (on the Clyde, below Dun barton) the sport would have been excellent, and particular at the bernacles; but since I was there, I hear that this, lik all other places, is nothing like what it was in former times.

1844.—I now see that the decked punts here recommende are superseding the others on almost every coast.

CRIPPLE-NET.

Of all the little "wrinkles" that ever occurred to me, f securing wounded birds in a sea, one of the best is a crippl net, precisely similar to the landing-net of an angler. Th hoop of iron (or, what is far better, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch hard-drawn copp wire) should be nearly 2 feet in diameter, and made as ligh as possible, except just where it screws into the socket; a *there* comes all the lever or strain. The pole should be mad with light Norway deal, and about 5 or 6 feet long. You the stow your net, on the bottom boards, under the skin that yo sit on, and lay the pole alongside the other gear; so that yo have no encumbrance whatever, even in the smallest pun The meshes should be just sufficient to hold a teal, and yo may have the net of silk. But I'll warrant that even twin will not hold wet enough to make anything uncomfortabl I could write a sheet full to explain the many advantages this simple contrivance, but my doing so would be a waste time. Let any gunner, therefore, and particularly if he h another "hand" in the punt, only try the thing, and I thin he'll never, by choice, "put off" again without one. Wh have we all been thinking of to leave this till Novembe 1832? How many hundreds of fowl would it have saved f hardworking gunners, instead of their falling a prey to gul

nd Itchen ferrymen! The whole cost of my cripple-net (a rough ne made for trial) was 2*s.* 6*d.* The first time of using it I caught p as many wigeon as would have sold for 12 shillings, where had not time to load the "cripple-stopper," and where, y once "putting about," we should have let all the birds get to a rolling surf before we could have "fetched" them again. very common boatman, much more a gunner, knows the fficulty of picking up even a dead bird, when scudding under nvas, perhaps eight knots an hour, in a "lop of a sea"; nd the immense time lost if you miss the bird, and conse- uently have to "put about," and beat back to windward. ark me, now, if most of the floating gunners, preventive oatmen, and rock-bird shooters, do not provide themselves ith this said cripple-net!

N.B. The net is not meant to supersede the use of a small un: but merely intended to save many shots that you would e obliged to take with it if you had only the oar or your nds to depend on; and it will be found a great comfort, by ving you from getting wet about the wrist.

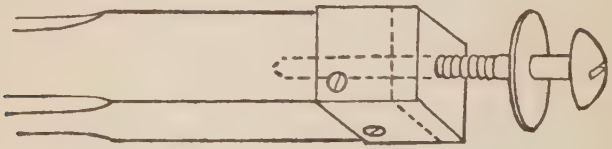
POPPING-PISTOL.

How frequently have I, when out on a windy day, got thin a fair shot of wigeon, duck, and mallard, etc., where e water was so rough that it would have stopped the shot, nd where the birds were so scattered as not to be worth ing at! In this case I had no alternative but to hoot them , and shoot flying. What was the consequence? in spite all the noise you could make, they would keep rising only few at a time, and therefore present no shot worth firing at th a large gun. Again—when birds are on the mud, at low ter, where no swivel-gun can bear on them, and you frighten em up,—they seldom rise within your "bearing" till they ve flown far out of shot. But now I am up to them;—only t a short stout *pistol* with a good charge of *powder*, and, when ll in shot, let your man pop it off:—Up they all go like a cket; —and down many of them come, like the stick of it! ny may say,—Why not let the man fire off your *small gun?* nswer—how is a man to manage a punt in rough weather, d use both his hands with a shoulder-gun at the same time? oreover, the *gun* would of course have *shot* in it; and I ould therefore beg to be excused from lying directly under lest his hand should drop.

This plan and the net I have tried for several season and they answer so well, that I now consider them well wort of insertion.

NEW MOP-STICK.

Every sea-faring man, from Lord Adolphus Fitzclaren of her Majesty's Yacht, down to Jemmy Read, in his pet p trough launching-punt requires a mop on board. Mops, salt water, are gone in no time, because the nail rusts, a rots them ; causes dirt ; and splits the handle. All good trade I admit. But still we must look to ourselves. I ha therefore here given a little sketch of a mop-handle-end, which it will be seen that a *copper screw* (with a washer of t same metal) going into sufficient copper to hold well t threads, preserves mops so long as to incur the displeasure those who sell them. I gave the plan to Captain Sir W Symonds, R.N., and now I'll give it to the public.



CHAPTER IX

VARIOUS METHODS OF WILD-FOWLING

n Island for Curlews—Coast-gunning in a Hard Winter—Black and White Frosts—A Gunner's Tide-table—The Lakes of Peronne—*La Hutte* on the Somme—Wild-fowl in the Fens—On Virginia Water—To Stop a Leak —A Bird Stuffer: the First Business in Europe.

Artificial Island for Curlews

I HAVE generally seen a great many curlews, grey plover, and oxbirds, at "the fall," as the gunners call it, which is towards the end of October; and sometimes even as early as the equinox. As these birds enerally congregate sometime before the real wild-fowl rrive, they frequently show good sport; and are, at all vents, no bad substitutes for getting the gun and gear into lay for the approaching season; particularly as the grey over are delicious, and the oxbirds tolerably good eating. he first question therefore is,—How are we to kill them in ny great quantity? The old gunners will tell you to catch em on a point at high water; or on the edge of the mud, just s the tide begins to fall. But I can tell the old gunners that down our way," as the cant phrase is, no sooner does "the ll" arrive, than there is scarcely a point to be seen but what garnished with the shock-head of some shore-popper or her; and, in many parts of the world, as likely as not, by me "hand" in the preventive service. Thus, while the gilant examiner of pockets and portmanteaus, and rival of e hungry "saddle-back,"* with his government-gear, is all es after a trip of birds, the "fair-trader," by wholesale, is, rhaps, with all hands, "working a crop of goods." But, to turn to our innocent occupation,—at the ebb, there are nerally shooters in proportion to the birds; and, at low ater, the birds are several hundred yards in, upon the mud, hich, on most parts of the Hampshire coast, is so flat, that

* Coaster's term for the great black-backed gull, which hovers at a distance, till a shot has been fired; and then takes away the killed and wounded fore your face.

even the curlews are washed off their legs, by the flowing tide before a punter can find water to go into them. The plan tha I adopted, a few seasons ago, when I happened to be stayin on the coast, was to *make an island in the middle of the ooz* where I was sure of the first shot; unless anyone was ther whose punt drew less water than mine, which happened no to be the case. The way to make an island that will stand th overwhelming south-westers, is this;—Go, at low water, an drive strong poles, from nine to twelve feet long, into the muc at about the interval usual for hedge-stakes, till they stan no more than two or three feet in height. Then make a hedg to enclose as much space as you may wish your gun to sweep Fill in your fence with faggots, well lashed on; and then cove them with mud, sea-weed, and light gravel, taking care to leav a smooth up-hill surface, which your gun will play well upon and without leaving any protuberance that would protect th birds from the shot. After your island has stood a few heav gales, you will then see whether you have to replenish it or not and, when all appears to stand well go and cut off your stake level with the island; as they might, otherwise, wholly alarm the birds, or partly protect them from your shot. Let you island be completed a few weeks before the autumnal passag of the birds; and I'll warrant that the *first heavy gale an spring tide* will drive to it some home-bred oxbirds, if no curlews. These, provided they are not driven away by som premature tyro of a gunner, will bring down the birds o passage which migrate to the coast; so that, with the firs *good tide*, and very *high wind*, you may expect to see—not on particle of your island—but only the rug, or carpet, as it wer which is formed by the innumerable birds that cover it.

Having now dismissed all instructions for sea-coast shootin I shall reprint two *olla podrida* articles that I presented to th old Sporting Magazine, as they chiefly relate to this subject and also contain other matter which may not be uninteresti to my readers in general. So now for the journeymen-author job of some paste and a pair of scissors, in order to relieve m pen.

COAST-GUNNING IN A HARD WINTER

Notwithstanding the intense severity of the weather, this la season [1840–41] was not to be named with that of 1837 and 183 though at the fall of the year there were so many wild-fowl (chief wigeon) that the punters anticipated a most prosperous winte

ndeed, the birds appeared weeks before the usual time, hundreds aving been seen, and many shot, before the second week in October.—Here I was thrown out completely, by being engaged, nland, building a light punt on the plan and at the express wish f Buckle, who would have it constructed for the use of paddles, or which, he said, I should discard all my other gunning gear. I old him it would never answer for *two* persons ; and, to prove that was right, I need only observe that, on fair trial, I found it was o crank, and drew so much water, as to be useless and absolutely angerous. I name this as a warning to all amateurs never to rust themselves in a punt so narrow as to admit of paddling, hich is a most helpless and inefficient means of propelling a punt ; nd therefore only fit for a small pond, or a dead calm on the oast ; and, after all, makes more show to the birds than either culling or " setting," when under cover of the punt's beam. As proof of this I need only observe, that one fine day I watched Buckle (who is perhaps the best paddler living), and I could see is two large hands working on each side like two shoulders of nutton, and all the geese repeatedly flying up from him at above oo yards. And Read afterwards " set " me into the very same irds with my largest punt, which is three times the size of Buckle's, nd we made so good a shot as to kill fifteen, besides cripples that ent off in the breakers, where we popped off several in safety, and here a little paddling punt, laden with *two* persons, would have een swamped in a few minutes.

But to return from this digression (to which I have had recourse, *n passant*, as a useful hint), we will proceed to further observations n the last season's gunning. The birds continued in tolerable uantity till about the middle of October, when the wild-fowl were riven to the fresh waters, and but little remained except the aders,—viz. plover, knots, godwits, etc. In November we had the ost terrific hurricanes and the most awful floods in memory of he oldest inhabitant, insomuch that all gunning was for some time an end, and we had enough to do in saving property from de- ruction. Fro m the middle to the end of December we had some he easterly winds, and for about ten days some excellent wigeon- ooting ; though never was there known such a scarcity of geese. oon after Christmas, there set in such an intense frost, that by he 12th of January our harbour was one solid region of salt ice, hich in many places was more than a foot in thickness. This ost, however, instead of being of many weeks' duration, and racing to the nerves like the one in 1838, was of that chilling kind almost to paralyse one's limbs, and so instantaneous in its effect hat birds were no sooner laid in the punt than the blood which owed from them became like little panes of red glass. There was, most every morning at daylight, a deadly cold white hoar, which a few weeks changed to wind and rain, and then returned again

to weather congenial only to seals or white bears. Whether th wild-fowl were driven further to the south-west from finding it to cold to settle on our coast, or whether they kept at sea to avoi starvation in our frozen harbours, and the constant annoyanc (outside) of floating cadgers from Southampton, I cannot say ; bu this I can safely assert, that, notwithstanding all the orations an puffs in the papers about the miraculous quantity of northern birds there was not a third part of the smaller wild-fowl, nor a tenth par of the geese on the Hampshire coast, that we had in the year 1838 and as for swans, I never saw but two the whole winter, and thes were passing over on their migration, and continuing their route t sea beyond the reach of my telescope.

In the month of February, when the weather became less severe I had some excellent sport with the geese ; though, notwithstand ing I had improved in gunnery, in gear, and in everything at leas two-fold since the year 1838, yet my geese this season (from th comparative scarcity of birds) did not amount to more than th half of what I killed in 1838, while the hardships we had to en counter that year, although severe, were not to be named wit those of 1841. As a proof that the falling off in the number slai did not arise from bad shooting, I must take leave to become s far the egotist as to say, that, in a campaign of eight weeks an four days, I fired *but two blank* shots, and having brought hom 595 birds ; whereas, in 1837 and 1838, I fired many blank shot and yet my list was 777.

We will now come to the *finale* of the season, which is the brent geese shooting in March, when the other wild-fowl usually tak their departure, the hens generally leaving about a fortnight befor the cocks. The main body of the geese were seldom used to leav the Western Channel till late in March ; and, as there was the scarcely a wigeon to be seen, the gunners betook themselves t oyster-dredging, eel-picking, and preparing their gear for th summer's fishing. The geese, therefore, at this time remained un molested, and *sometimes* became easier of access than in winte I can remember having capital sport so late as when people laughe at me for going out, and when by the way these birds are in th best possible condition for the table, save and except a few sickl birds that herd in small lots, and which we call " pensioners."

In March, 1841, I ran down from town on purpose to try m success ; but the whole line of coast for twelve miles was lined wit a ragged army of periwinklers, who were scrambling away fro morning till night (except just at high water) to pick " wrinkles as they call them, for wholesale vessels that come round for th London trade. The " Captains " pay 2*s.* a bushel for as many a can be brought by the poor natives and their families. Their usu freight is from 10 to 150 bushels. Formerly one man has bee known to get 14 bushels in a tide : now a single bushel in two tid

Drawn by C. Varley. Engraved by H. Adlard.

RETURN TO KEYHAVEN, AFTER A DAY'S GUNNING IN THE HARD WINTER OF 1838.

s about the average of what one person can pick up: so that, nstead of the vessels being quickly loaded and got rid of, the masters f them are obliged to "hold on" till they have annihilated all he shooting by keeping every goose away from the shore. The port of brent-geese shooting in March is now, therefore, at a lament- ble discount.

Here ends a correct epitome of the past season's shooting, which have carefully extracted from the pages of my private journal; nd, in order to avoid a bad conclusion, I will wind up my report vith a glorious performance of Eley's cartridges, with which I have een shooting.

Trial of Eley's Cartridges, off Keyhaven, on the 15th of March, 1841.

Target, 14 open sheets of thickest brown paper (taking 12 sheets or substance, and putting a clean sheet before and behind for each hot) nailed to an elm board. Size of each sheet 2 feet 9 inches by feet 1 inch. Charge of powder (called my "sea-gun" powder y Messrs. Curtis and Harvey) 2½ ounces. Weight of gun (a double arrel) 193 lbs.; gauge 1½ inch; length 8 feet 3 inches. Only one arrel fired, and the schedule taken from the average of 3 rounds.

Distance, 110 yards.

	In First Sheet.	Through Fourteenth Sheet.
12½ oz. Car. of SSG	29	29, and also *through* board.
Ditto AA	54	54, and *into* board.

	In First Sheet.	Through Fourteenth Sheet.
Ditto B	78	68*
Ditto No. 1	96	90†
12 oz. No. 3	122	77
Ditto No. 6	162	14

Trial concluded with firing both barrels together at 3 sheets, cut nto 6 half-sheets, and spread longitudinally; one barrel being oaded with No. 1, and the other with No. 3. In centre 92, and n flank sheets 102; making in all 194: and *stronger* through the aper *than when only one* barrel had to contend with the atmo- pheric pressure against the smaller sized shot.

N.B.—No "balling"; and every cartridge seemed to be de- ended on at all distances.

The wild-fowl shooting in the Western Channel (off Lymington,

* *These* cartridges were rather over weight, or I think would have gone l through.

† My award, as a *general* cartridge, is in favour of No. 1, which confirms hat I said and published more than three years ago. The 3's and 6's are so excellent; and even superior for easy distances.

etc.) [1841–42], has this last season been the worst in the memory of the oldest coast-gunner; and such has been the scarcity of plover, godwits, curlews, and even oxbirds, that the poor punters have got nothing to repay them for their outfit. In the second week of January there came an easterly wind, with a little frost, which brought down a few birds, and a great many shooters, who, being constantly afloat, and firing at all distances, soon drove them out of the Western Channel. The wigeon and ducks took refuge under the cliffs near Becton and Hordle, where no one could venture in a punt, and the geese left the country altogether, and took up their quarters in Poole harbour, where there are two inaccessible tracts of ooze called the "Willats" and "White Ground," and which they took care to leave for the open sea, at the back of a bar called "the Hook," long before the tide had flowed within the longest gun-shot; so that the Poole men have done nothing this winter. Indeed, I have not heard of one good shot being made this season on any part of the coast of Hants and Dorset. But, notwithstanding all this, we see the regular annual puffs in the papers about the quantity of wild-fowl; which, perhaps, may be written either by some city gent who takes a trip in a steamer, and mistakes gulls and shags for wigeon and geese; or else by some gun-makers, inn-keepers, and watermen, who wish to catch a few customers for the winter, and who, by way of corroboration, refer you to a view of certain shops which are plentifully supplied with wild-fowl, that are imported from abroad to Leadenhall Market, somewhat in the condition of an Egyptian mummy, though to all outward appearance in fine feather, and even free from being highly scented till brought into a warm place; like many of the shell-fish that are cried about town as "new lobsters," after an ablution under a pump, which renders them free from smell till the vendor has "got shot of his cargo."

In short, the gunning season of 1841 and beginning of 1842 has (like the game season in many parts) proved so bad as to be unworthy of entry in the Sportsman's Calendar; and the only circumstance that compensated me for the wear and tear of my best gear during the late hoar-frosty, and as a matter of course, miserably wet and boisterous winter, was a thorough trial, as a "cripple-stopper," of the new musket that I have proposed for the use of her Majesty's service, and which has been most accurately described in the *United Service Gazette*. This *gun without a lock* is the patent of Wilkinson in Pall Mall, and (after some improvements that I suggested, and with an alteration from the *never-to-be-depended-on* copper-*caps* to Westley Richards's hermetically sealed primer) has neither missed fire nor hung fire during the whole winter's campaign, though frequently left out uncovered all night, under a pour of rain, by way of severe experiment. Let the furbishers of the Tower produce any arm yet invented that will stand

ctual service like this, and, at the same time, be simple for the wkward recruit, and 20 per cent. cheaper to Government.

As I wound up my report of last year with a trial of Eley's dmirable *day*-cartridges, it will be all in good order to conclude his one of the present year with an experiment that I have made or *night*-cartridges.

Twenty open sheets of thickest brown paper ; distance seventy-ve yards.

Sixteen ounces of No. 1 shot, with an equal *measure* (which in *eight* is *two ounces*) of cannon powder : in first sheet, 86 pellets ; hrough twentieth sheet, 66 pellets.

Only twelve ounces of No. 3 shot, with two ounces of powder : n first sheet, 118 pellets ; through twentieth sheet, 42 pellets.

The same loading (of No. 3), and *both* barrels fired *together :* in rst sheet, 163 pellets ; through twentieth sheet, 72 pellets.

This convinced me that twelve ounces of No. 3, with more owder than shot, is the best charge for *night* shooting, and par-icularly if both barrels be fired together ; because with this light oad of shot there is no very great recoil to make the gun fly up, nd the interstices are so well filled in, by means of combining the wo discharges, and by the increased number of the shot, that not bird can escape when a small company is before the gun ; and ne *extra* charge of *powder* gives a force to No. 3 (which has 1620 rains in *twelve* ounces) nearly equal to that of No. 1 (which has nly 1312 grains in *sixteen* ounces), making a balance *in each barrel* f 308 pellets in the shooter's favour, and considerably reducing the ecoil of the gun.

N.B.—When saying "night-*cartridges*," I mean loose shot done p in light cartridge-paper for the convenience of loading, as no ne would think of Eley *at night*, unless in a bright moon, and when ne tide would not allow water enough to get near the birds.

*** "In order to describe the 'spring musket,' we think it proper to resent our readers with the paragraph to which the Colonel alludes from the *nited Service Gazette*."—Ed. of *Sporting Magazine*.

"NEW MUSKET FOR THE SERVICE.—The musket that Colonel awker has suggested to the Ordnance (subjected to a severe trial, hich has been begun, and will continue through the winter onths) is the most simple and the most waterproof that has yet een in use. He has availed himself of that clever invention, called ne patent spring-musket (without a lock) of Wilkinson, and ortened the communication, by doing away with the chimney, nd cutting deeper the concave under the stock ; so that the stud the nipple now screws directly into the under part of the barrel ; nd, by taking Westley Richards's hermetically sealed primer, he ets rid also of the distance which is taken up in firing down the ifice of a copper-cap nipple. The great advantages of these com-nations are, that the detonating flame fires directly into the body

of the charge, so that the soldier may use (and even without biting off the end of his cartridge) the coarsest cannon powder, which stands all weathers, and which, Colonel Hawker has proved, shoots much stronger, and keeps its strength much longer than fine powder. The Colonel has added to the stock of the musket, now on trial, a little knob of wood, merely put on with one screw, and similar to a pistol-grip, which gives great steadiness in firing, and a firm hold for the soldier if an enemy were attempting to disarm him. Should this musket be adopted, the motion of 'support arms' would require to be superseded by that of 'slope arms,' there being no cock or hammer to it. But this would be an advantage rather than an objection, as one motion less would be called for, thus saving the jackets of the men from being soiled by damp hands, or whitened by pipeclayed gloves."

MISERABLE STATE OF GUNNING ON THE HAMPSHIRE COAST, 1842–1844.

The birds, till within these few years, daily frequented the Western Channel, which divides the Isle of Wight from the Hampshire coast, where, in a dead calm, a punt might safely venture for a mile or two from land. Here, by sculling off so as to meet them while dropping down half asleep, on the ebb tide, I have made some glorious shots. At night, the wigeon always came in to feed on the mud, either by drifting up the Western Channel, or, if the tide happened to be ebbing about dusk, and was therefore against them, by flying over the beach; and, if lowered by a contrary wind, against which they could not fly high, keeping all the land-scouts, with their shore-guns, in one continual fire.

But for the last three years, the very few wigeon and ducks that appeared have made their day-haunt in the main sea where, even in a "looking-glass-calm," there is always too much roll, or swell, to admit well of levelling a stanchion and where, although to all appearance they blacken the surface of the water, yet, when you come pretty near to them you find that they are all dispersed like fieldfares in a meadow not to say a word about the danger of being in a punt outside the beach, if there should spring up a breeze. And here by the way, let me observe that I had rather fall in with ten birds sitting well together, than ten thousand dispersed; because with the one chance you can go "end on," and cut up the whole company; while with the other, you have spies that see the broadside of your punt and call up all the rest. And even if they were easy of access, you may perhaps not get

above three or four birds in the stripe of your shot. Nothing, therefore, betrays greenhorn-*ism* more than expecting to make a shot under the latter circumstance; and, therefore, let the lookers-on cease to find fault when they hear the thunder of a stanchion, and yet see but a few birds stopped out of a heavy company. At night, these birds have now the cunning to rise to a prodigious height, and fly for many miles inland; having been almost banished from the oozes by the use of those detestable launching-punts.

The scarcity of birds on the Hampshire coast, within these last three years, and the all but farewell to gunning in this once magnificent country, has been a somewhat providential anticipation of events relating to gunners. Poor Daniel Payne of Itchen Ferry (the annoyance of us all) who lived only by means of risking his life for other people's cripples, and blowing slugs from his blunderbus into the geese, in hollow seas where no other man would follow them, was drowned in Park Hole, to the east of Lymington, in 1842; and the machine that he called his gun was picked up off Leap, by an Itchen ferryman, in March, 1844. But Singer, Buckle, Read, and the humble author have, thank God, lived to see out gunning before gunning could live to see out them. For, as "Admiral" Buckle justly observed, "there'll never be no more gunning at all now, sir, without there's a frost where a dog hardly dare show his nose." He's quite right; we must have the water-jug freezing by the bedside before any more *good* shooting can be had on the *Hampshire* coast; for even those easterly winds *before Michaelmas*—the *best of all times for coast-shooting*, unless there be a hard winter—have for these last three years failed to bring down the knots, plovers, godwits, teal, and other birds as formerly, insomuch that instead of a good gunner getting his 200 couple, *omnium gatherum*, before old Michaelmas Day, not a man on *our* coast has been able to kill as many birds as would have amounted to one of the good shots that we used to make a few years ago. We may now all quote from Buckle's oration of 1838, and say that 'it's all up with gunning now." And my private memorandum for Christmas, 1843, may be pretty well applied to the whole of the winter in that year, the two preceding ones, and the beginning of 1844,—viz. "Weather-cock with head where tail ought to be—dark, damp, rotten, cut-throat-looking weather,—flowers blowing,—blue-bottles buzzing,—doctors galloping in every direction—morning concerts of blackbirds

and thrushes,—armistice from guns and shooting,—poor punters driven to oyster-dredging, eel-picking, periwinkling, day-labour, or beggary!—not even the pop-off of a Milford snob (save at a mark for cheese or hog) to be heard at Christmas, among all that unrivalled garrison of tit-shooters."

BLACK AND WHITE FROSTS.

Many young, and some old, sportsmen fancy that, when a sharp white frost suddenly nips up everything in the animal and vegetable world, it is the beginning of hard and healthy weather for gunning. It is high time, therefore, that some one should set them right, as to this erroneous opinion, particularly after the cockney articles that are frequently put into newspapers about the approach of a hard winter. Let the sportsman, whenever he sees the white hoar, regard it not as a sign of pleasant bracing weather, but as a warning for wind and rain—ay, and often of even hurricanes and shipwrecks. The sharper and more rapidly a *white* frost freezes, the sooner does it turn to wet, and generally boisterous, weather. We frequently see a pond frozen up in one night with ice so thick as to supply a whole convoy of carts for ice-houses, the next morning; and before evening on the same day, we have a drenching deluge of rain from the south-west; and perhaps in a day or two after, we read of floods, hurricanes, and disasters at sea. Nothing can more betray ignorance of weather than to consider a white frost as the commencement of a hard and healthy winter. A genuine good frost invariably begins with a moderate degree of cold, and a thin coat of ice; and, from that, gradually increases till all assumes the aspect of a northern climate. Nothing can be more healthy, or more seasonable, than this, provided it sets in before the new year be too far advanced. But the white frost is merely a frozen fog that usually ends with rain, in one, three, or five days, and causes more illness than any other weather. It depresses the spirits—paralyses the limbs, and I have heard the hardiest of sailors and gunners say, is the only weather in which they feel really chilled by the cold. Yet, after all, except to doctors and undertakers, it does no good; but, on the contrary, a great deal of harm to gunning. I have observed for thirty years, that the more *white* frosts we have, the fewer wild-fowl arrive on our coast. This is easily accounted for by the westerly winds that invariably follow this deceitful weather. Let the Londoners, therefore, learn a little from the sailors

and gunners, and no longer be led into the prognostication of a hard winter because the ponds in the parks are frozen, and the sun shines gaily at midday. But, on the contrary, when they see the *white powder*, or *atmospheric arsenic*, on their housetops, to take warning that, ere long, their surtouts and umbrellas will be in general requisition.

As some proof that the foregoing observations are correct, I should state that, during the last winter, 1843, and beginning of 1844, we have had more white frosts on the Hampshire coast, than in any preceding season that I can remember; and never have I seen so much sickness, or so miserable a scarcity of wild-fowl.

The nicknames for this deceitful weather, though somewhat ridiculous, are by no means ill applied. In the Norfolk marshes the fen-men call it a "nasty water frost," because it is the forerunner of wet weather. Other slang names among gunners are a "nipping sniveller," an "apothecary's," or an "undertaker's" frost, from the innumerable colds and illness which this kind of frost, with the subsequent rain, occasions; an "arsenic" frost, because it is white and poisonous to the constitution; and a "fool's" frost, because inexperienced people, from seeing ice an inch and more in thickness, and then a sunshiny day, fancy that there has set in a fine healthy winter. But, as before observed, the sharper a *white* frost freezes, the more certain it is not to last.

There is another kind of frost which powders the trees, and, instead of melting off, turns to icicles that remain all day, and is, by some old gunners, called a "powder" frost. The effect of this is very different from that of the other, as it generally brings on a hard and healthy winter; and if not later than three weeks after Christmas, causes a large migration of northern wild-fowl.

GUNNERS' TIDE-TABLE

1844. Jan.		High. Water in Western Channel.		Low.	
Friday .	19th	New Moon	10 ..	..	4 o'clock.
Saturday .	20th	.. ¼ before	11 ..	¼ before	5
Sunday .	21st	.. ½ past	11 ..	½ past	] "Dies non."
Monday .	22nd	.. ¼ past	12 ..	¼ past	6
Tuesday .	23rd	.. ..	1 ..	..	7
Wednesday .	24th	.. ¼ before	2 ..	¼ before	8
Thursday .	25th	.. ½ past	2 ..	½ past	8
Friday .	26th	.. ¼ past	3 ..	¼ past	9
Saturday .	27th	First Quarter	4 ..	..	10

In order to save the trouble of constantly referring to Old Moore, my plan is to go to him only at each quarter of the moon, and fill in a tide-table, as here shown. This, for the quarter, saves about an hour in time, of which everyone should be tenacious, unless content to live and die like a dog.

Although calculations in this easy way will only come to a nicety when the quarter occupies eight days, yet they will be quite near enough to direct a gunner in his tides for wild-fowl. He has only to choose any quarter, and fill in his tide-table ¼ of an hour later every day.

N.B. There is a second high tide that comes *down*, and again floods the oozes in the Western Channel about *two hours after* the high water shown above. But both tides are of course sometimes retarded or expedited by the wind and weather.

WILD-FOWL ARTILLERY.

Before we cross the Channel, for France, we will now look at the artillery.

A stanchion-gun may be fired from a carriage, that can be wheeled over land; which is much lighter than a common loaded barrow. But, with this contrivance, the person firing the gun must sit *on* the carriage and rest his feet on the strap so as to *go back with it*, otherwise he would, by going directly behind it, stand a chance of being knocked down; or, at all events, of getting his shins broken.

Having contrived one, which answers well, I here give a representation of it, with directions for its management.

DIRECTIONS.

A barrel made with trunnions, or a spring swivel, is best; as with this the copper is no longer required.

N.B. Block to be 22 inches wide; iron round the top of the hole; and the stanchion to go through the axle-tree below.

Keep the hole well oiled, to prevent rust; and for the facility of turning, or lifting out the gun.

The ramrod, etc., may go on the carriage.

Your shoulder and cheek should be kept just clear of the stock.

N.B. Mr. Berney's spring would be the very thing for my artillery.

EXPLANATION.

A A, Bands of copper.

B, Plate of ditto to strengthen gun stock.

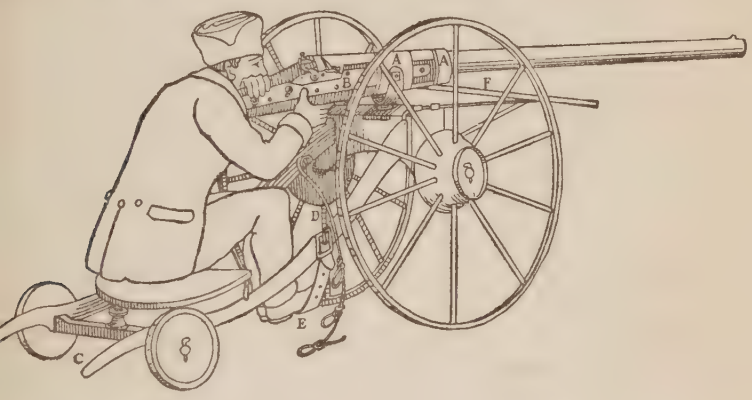
C C, Handles to wheel carriage.

D, Cord that goes over stock to elevate muzzle of gun, while heeling carriage.

E, Leather strap to support feet.

F, Splinter-bar to carry a hurdle, bushes, or anything to mask nooter and apparatus, when approaching birds.

(To do which he must unhook the cord, and let the gun rest on ne bar ; then fix his ambush, and crawl along, pushing all before m till he is near enough to get into his seat and fire.)



INVISIBLE APPROACH.

We have all been asleep about one invention—and that is ne means of approaching wild birds in an open plain, or on a ond which affords no ambush. The old stalking horse was most the only remedy for this, till I brought out the " wild-wl artillery " ; and, with either of these, if birds only *fly und to reconnoitre*, you are exposed, and there is an end of our sport. But, at last, thanks to this wonderful " march intellect," I have had the brains to contrive, what I was a flat " for not thinking of many years before—an invisible proach, over which birds may repeat their flight, like vallows or bats, and be as wise at last as they were at first. is simply a little frame, on wheels, made of good and well-asoned ash, and thereon placed a moderate-sized stanchion-un ; the recoil of which is taken by a long rope-breeching, lat closes a spiral spring, in order to ease the frame, and ereby enable you to have it light. You have only to lash own the butt of the gun, so as to elevate the muzzle, and the achine may be wheeled about like a barrow, or " towed " ehind any kind of vehicle.

To approach birds—lean with your chest and elbows o the sacking, and go on your knees, having, of course, knee caps or water-boots, till you get within about a hundred an fifty yards of your fowl: then crawl into your shell, so far a to leave out *only* your *feet;* and work on with *them.* But, a this is rather harder labour, you may leave it till absolutel necessary. Be careful to approach as slowly as possible fo the last fifty yards; and, if you see birds looking up wild lie quiet, and wait till their heads are down again, before yo move on.

This machine may be covered with boughs, etc., or maske in front, with the skin of a sheep, deer, or what you please and the birds will then let you approach them as well as i you were some harmless quadruped. (I would allow th critic to say—"*an ass*"—if the thing had not answered mos admirably; as many people who have seen it can prove This invention being difficult to explain, and the subject dull one to write on, I will now give three views of it, whic were taken by Mr. Cornelius Varley, with his admirabl invention, the *patent "graphic telescope."*

I have added a little "approach," or Birnam wheel-barrow —or march-of-intellect machine,—or whatever we are to ca it—(the *clods* call it the "*nwisable proach*")—for the use c small guns. This was tried by a gamekeeper, at some leveret feeding, which, on seeing him, always ran into covert, thre gunshots off. But when he advanced in this machine, h killed some with the greatest ease. I have withheld puttin the boughs or covering on this, in order to show the whee wright how to make it. The expense of my little one wa about twelve shillings; so that I daresay even a rogue woul make one for a guinea or thirty shillings. The large one is heavier and more expensive concern. As an ambush to *wa in,* it answers comfortably for *all* places, whether wet or dr But to *advance* with it on birds, we, of course, require tolerabl good ground. Let me see the man who will invent anythin to work a *stanchion*-gun over *bad* ground!

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE.

The first sketch represents a bird's-eye view, to show t machinery, viz.—the spiral spring, which closes by the recoil the gun; the painted canvas, that hides the fore-wheels; and t pockets convenient for stowing ramrods, etc.—Q. Why is the spri not in the centre? A. Because, if it was, that breadth which wou

Drawn by C. Varley.

Engraved by H. Adlard.

HAWKER'S "INVISIBLE APPROACH" FOR WILD BIRDS ON LAND.

rrespond with the space occupied by the shooter, would give an necessary increase of size and weight to the machine. The second a foreshortened view of the apparatus, dressed up with boughs, it appears when approaching birds and under mask of a wooded ckground. The third is a broadside view, with the gun fixed, owing the rope-breeching, by the pull of which, on a sliding bar wood, the spiral spring is closed : the sliding support, on which e gun rests firm, to whatever height you want to fire a sitting ot ; and the canvas cover above, which, when put on, conceals e operations of the shooter. The small machine, near the centre the plate, is for a common shoulder-gun, which may be rested on e front bar, and thus fired, like a rifle.

SHOOTING WILD-FOWL IN FRANCE.

On the French coast, although they are all great shooters, d especially on a Sunday ! I could never meet with a very all boat of any kind.

I remember going to a lake, called Gattemare, about a gue from Barfleur, which contained more wild-fowl (chiefly *nbirds*) than ever I had before seen together. They floated th the greatest composure, while the *canaille* were firing coots, etc., from the banks ; and the lake being above a le long, and nearly half a mile broad, these birds, aware their safety (like the ranks of puffins on a cliff), remained lifferent to the noise of guns. Finding nothing could be ne with them, I, and some friends, tempted the commissary marine, by a promise of bringing birds enough to keep his nily for a week, and giving him something from *Angleterre*, exert himself most zealously in getting a boat overland. is having been accomplished, we started before daylight ; t instead of finding a *petit canot*, as he and his *gens d'armes* l described it, we were ushered into a huge man-of-war's at, that, in a few minutes, put the whole pond in motion h the rising of birds, and very soon after was nearly sending to the bottom of it, by the rapidity with which it leaked. spite of all, however, our sport, with common guns, was nirably good, and I have little doubt but that, with proper ipment and apparatus, we might have done wonders.

We afterwards agreed for the exclusive right of the shooting re, and protected it, according to the custom of this country, an armed *garde-chasse*, which part was most ably per- med by one of the commissary's *gens d'armes*, who, in lition to his military fusee, had provided himself with the rific appendages of a *cutlass* and a *set of handcuffs*.

We found the French peasants very intelligent, and usefu to assist in shooting ; and, although quite ignorant of follow ing birds *on* the *water* (in comparison with Englishmen), ye they were pretty well up to the making of bastions, huts, an every other trick for getting shots on, and from, the *shore.*

The French coast is plentifully supplied with wild-fowl which *there* are far more easy of access than in our country Taking from between Cherburg and Neville to Carentan there is, I believe, no better place within the same distance from the south of England, than this would be, for an en thusiast in the diversion. Here the birds are now far mor numerous than on the coast of England ; and, the very fe shots that are worth taking with the wretched *guns* and *powde* which are used by the few people who heer follow wild-fow render *their* sporting but a trifling impediment to your enjoyin the whole range of country. (Although the powder is s execrably bad, yet the French *shot* is well manufactured, an of good quality.)

The only objection, however, after the ten or twelve hours sail, which this would about be from Lymington, or Poole, i that the isolated situation of the country, and the misery o the inhabitants, preclude your having any further amusemen than the constant pursuit of sport.

FRENCH HUT-SHOOTING.

As the French hut-shooting is the only means by which very bad shot, with a very bad gun, may kill ducks while a dry and as warm as if by his fireside, I made a point, on subsequent excursion to France, of going up to Peronne which may be styled the university for *chasseurs* on th system, in order to make myself master of it, and insert in the third edition, under an idea that its great facility, an little inconvenience, may better suit the generality of m readers, than the more scientific plans of wild-fowl shootin The lakes of Peronne are better calculated for a lover comfort to shoot at his ease than any place I have see The water, being a part of the Somme, is not quite stagnant and is, in every part, about four or five feet deep, surrounde and intersected, by innumerable islands and walls of rushe

* The hut system is also tolerably understood near Calais. Monsieur Hur I found to be "*le plus fort huttier*" there ; and, if I remember correctly, was he that I met one morning with forty-three wildfowl, that he was ju bringing home, with his basket of call-birds, after one night's sport.

e waters here are rented by different "huttiers" (hut-
ooters), who get the chief of their livelihood by supplying
e markets of Paris, and other towns, with wild-fowl, which
ey shoot, instead of taking them by decoys, as in our
untry. Though the French, in some places, are very expert
catching birds (particularly on that vast tract of wild sand
tween Crotoi and St. Valery, where I have seen the whole
outh of the Somme spread with nets and surrounded by
es of horse-hair nooses), yet shooting from the hut (la
tte) is the favourite, and most general, method of getting
d-fowl in France. The common way of making a hut is
dig a hole in the ground by the side of some pool or pond;
d then roof it over with turf, so that not an opening remains,
t one hole, into which you crawl; out of which you fire;
d in front of which are fastened, to three separate pegs in
e water, two tame ducks, and a drake. The *drake* must be
the *centre*, and the ducks *one on each side of him*, at about
e yards interval; and the birds being thus separated, will,
quently, be calling to each other; and if so, there will
dom pass a wild one, but will come and drop with them.
ou cannot, in general, succeed with less than three call
ds. Indeed, I should recommend having never less than
; and, if you have twelve, or even more,—all the better.
The chief point, however, to be attended to in England,
to get, if possible, some young wild-ducks bred up, and
ioned. Or, by way of a makeshift, to select tame birds
ich are the *most clamorous*, even if their colour should not
like the wild ones. But in France you have seldom any
uble to do this, as the ducks used in that country are
stly of the wild breed; and three French ducks, like three
enchmen, will make about as much noise as a dozen English.
The Italians, in order to make their call-birds noisy, for a
occalo," burn out their eyes with a hot needle; a practice
which I am sure my English readers would shudder; though
e translation of what they say in Italy is, that "these are
e happiest birds in the world; always singing." (It may
necessary to explain, that a roccalo is a plantation, and a
ge silk net, into which various small birds are driven, as
on as they have collected, by a Signor, who is concealed
ove the trees, in a highly elevated box, similar to a small
eon-house. Out of this he hurls down a large stick upon
e birds; and they, flying low, as if to avoid a hawk, are all
de prisoners in the net which is placed behind the trees.)

But, to return to the huts of Peronne : they are very superi to the common ones. The way to make them is this :—Cu down a large square in the reeds, about eight feet by four make a foundation of either stone, wood, or brick. The drive in six piles on each side ; and on them put six hoop precisely like those to a tilted waggon. The foundation bein then formed, nothing remains but to build up the sides wit turf, or what else you please, and thatch the roof and th whole of the inside. In front there must be either two or fou port holes to fire through (each one bearing clear of your cal birds), and at the back a little door to crawl in at, which yo enter by a labyrinth. This hut, being built among the hig reeds, and afterwards strewed over with them, is complete invisible ; although as commodious inside as a large covere cart. Here the *huttier* of Peronne goes regularly every nigh wet or dry, and takes a great coat (if he has one), with a pie of brown bread, and a sour apple, for his supper. In front his hut are fastened, to piles at each end, three separate rop about twenty yards long. On the *centre one*, he ties *four drake* and to the one on *each flank four ducks ;* making, in al twelve decoy birds ; and these, being (to use a military term dressed in line, whatever bird he sees out of the ranks, he knov must be a wild one : and as the lake, in moderate weather, like a mirror, the night is seldom so dark but that he can se to shoot at the very short distance which his miserable gu and miserable powder, will kill.

The great man of the *huttiers* here was, and perhaps still i Monsieur Desabes.* To his services I was recommended b the proprietor of whom he rented his share of the water. H informed me, that the *huttiers* never allowed shooting from boat, or at birds on wing, through fear of disturbing the pond and said, that *his* plan was to take his night's rest, and leav the birds till a little before daylight ; when they would be a doubled together ; and when a shot would do far less mischi to the decoy than if fired before the birds had fed and slep *Here he is perfectly right.* But that if a " *grande compagnie* should drop, the noise would awaken him, and he could the take his choice whether to fire or not. After inspecting all h apparatus by day, he would make me go with him by nigh and being unwell at the time, and unprepared, I was scarce

* I may now say " *certainly* is " (unless he dies before this edition is ou as I have heard from a French sportsman, who has been shooting with him and who tells me how mightily pleased he was at seeing his name in th book of " Monsieur Aukare, le chasseur Anglais."

the humour to do this: particularly as I knew that it was ast the time of year for this kind of sport. I agreed, however, go, and was conducted to one of his best intrenchments, here his twelve decoy-birds, all in battle array, were placed nder the light of a beautiful moon, within the quarter of an nglish gun-shot of his hut, which was *uncomfortably warm.* ere I remained, more likely to be suffocated than chilled, r I know not how many hours; but not a wild-duck ever ame, though his three alignments of decoy-birds kept chatter- g away, like the other bipeds of the French nation; and though the whole valley, for a league, was resounding with e quacking of decoy-ducks, and defended by the masters of em, yet I could not have the honour to say, I had seen or eard the firing of a single shot. Had my experience ended ere, therefore, I should have had but little inducement to commend the French system. But I have since imported the rench breed of decoy-ducks; tried it in England; and find, at by this means, a gentleman with his little gun may sit his ease, and kill more wild-fowl than by any other plan I ve ever seen; and without the risk of driving the fowl tirely away from his pond, which he would be liable to do the use of punts, or any other mode of attacking them.

In this shooting, let it be remembered, that the *ducks* ually *quit* the *large ponds* at night, and therefore the huts r *them* must be made round the smaller waters, where they ed. But for the *dunbirds*, and all kinds of *curres*, the large nd will be the best place, as they seldom leave it; and, if t too hard pressed, *they* may be driven like sheep (by means a person paddling to and fro, at a *distance;* and occasionally aking a little noise), either by night or day, towards any of e batteries which the shooter may choose to open on them. Coots may be driven in like manner, but will not double for a shot, like the others. Ducks and mallards will not low you to drive them; but on the first alarm will generally ke wing.

As a proof of the superiority of the French decoy-birds the common English ducks, I need only mention, that veral winters ago, when I sent over some of them to my nd and lamented good friend, the late George Lord Rodney, r his beautiful pond at Alresford, Mr. Sparry, then the iliff, in order to secure them, for the night on which they me, put them within a few hurdles, close before his house. hen he got up in the morning, no sooner did he open his

door than a number of wild-ducks flew up from within the little fence he had made, and into which these birds, of course had enticed them. Several tame ducks had constantly been in, and all about, the place; but these had never decoyed the wild birds, in the manner that had been done by the *French men*.* These birds have since bred so well as to stock the whole pond; and, by their progeny being fed, when young, with oats on a *drum-head*, they would every day, while Mr. *Sparry's* family resided near the pond, fly in, from all parts, and *muster* like soldiers, *to a roll of the drum!* [Should this, like the shot of starlings, be thought a touch of the Alresford marvellous, I only beg of the sceptic to appeal, for the truth of it, to any one in the place.]

If the hut system is adopted, two or three huts should be made, and then the *hutter* has a choice which to take, according to the light and the wind. [*Vide* plate.]

Critic. Why have you put all your call-birds one way?

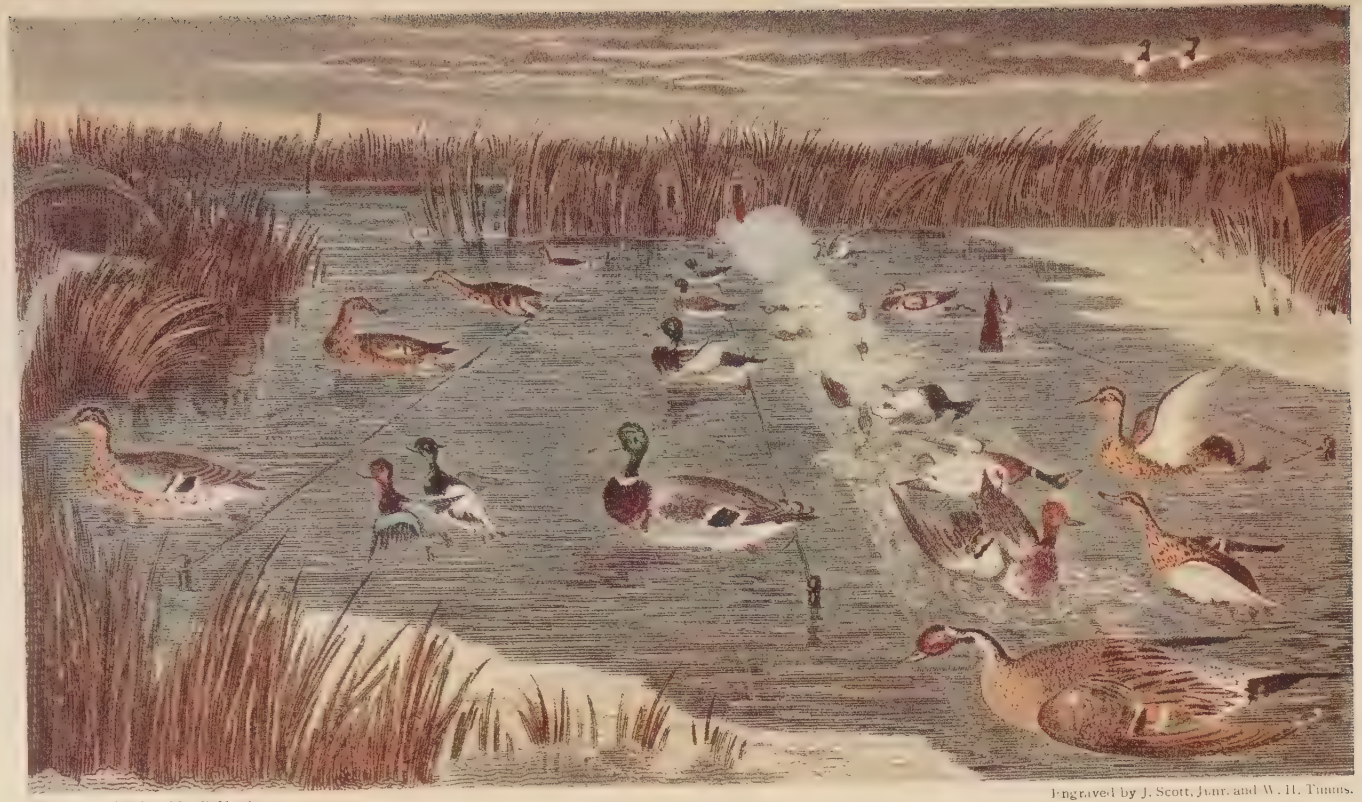
Author. Because ducks, when stationary, and *not feeding* always sit facing the wind; or, if in running water, with their breasts against the stream.

*** The "Invisible Approach" will be the best of all apparatus for *this* sport, in places where the ground is not too boggy to admit of either wheeling or carrying it; because with this you have your hut ready made; and a sweeping charge to cut a lane through the fowl. The machine might be left all night, with the gun ready loaded, and the call-birds planted. You have then only to steal down in the *morning* (*which is always the time that birds assemble and sit thickest together*, while "washing up" or sleeping, after their nightly feed); crawl into your den; take the oakum ball out of your pan, prick the touch-hole; prime, and cock: in doing the one, let your pan very quietly down; and, in doing the other, hold the trigger; or the catch of the scear may spring the birds. Then get back, and lie to your gun; and when you find the company swimming to your fancy,—pull away.

WILD-FOWL SHOOTING IN THE FENS.

Having returned from France, and learnt the system of that country, we will now finish our wild-fowl excursions with a few observations on the fens, and other fresh waters, where it is the most likely to answer. The punts in the fens are made low and all open, except having a little flat deck in front similar to what Buckle used, before he saw the proper decked

* Many years ago, I sent a dozen French ducks to the Regent's Park and, the winter after, I observed that they had there decoyed at least thirty wildfowl: wigeon—tufted ducks—and dunbirds. This was, of course, a great novelty in the very smoke of London. But, on my return to town, after the following winter, I do not remember to have seen any. Perhaps the *skating* may have driven the wild birds off, or perhaps the following winter was too severe for them to remain in fresh water.



Designed and Painted by P. Hawker.

Engraved by J. Scott, Junr. and W. H. Timms.

HUT SHOOTING ON THE FRENCH SYSTEM.

nes, only much narrower than his, in order that the gunners nay be able to pull them through the reeds, in places where hey cannot use their paddles.

The guns here, instead of having anything to check the ecoil, are, like his, merely *rested* on a broad *thwart*, or *gunning-ench*, about the centre, and in a groove at the bow, to support he muzzle; so that the shooters here fire in the manner efore stated, *viz.* they lean with the hollow of their shoulders ard against their *fowling-pieces* (as they *here* call *punt* guns); nd, after thus checking the recoil themselves, allow the gun o run under their arms. The fen guns are built *purposely to void a recoil*, and to *shoot every close, at a small bunch of birds;* nd, consequently, they are *not* on the very *best proportion make heavy shots in a flock.* For, notwithstanding they are rom *forty to seventy pounds weight*, and from *seven to ten feet n the barrel*, yet they are only about an *inch in the bore.* lthough, as an extraordinary circumstance, the fen-gunners ometimes kill from thirty to forty birds at a shot, yet they owadays consider it very good work to secure a dozen.

This is nothing great, in comparison with what has been rmerly done on the coast; for instance, from thirty to forty igeon, besides lost birds killed from the *shoulder;* and from eventy to eighty different wild-fowl from a swivel-gun. hese, however, though shots extremely rare, are not to be et down as extravagant impossibilities, when we consider, nat a shoulder-gun of twenty pounds weight *may* be fired ith *half a pound*, and a stanchion-gun with *a pound and a alf of such shot*, that any *one grain* of it *might stop a bird!* nd this shot (say even the large letter A) has *fifty grains to n ounce.*

The winter shooting in the fens is not what it was; as they ave been much drained for cultivation, by which the wild arts are less extensive; and the use of large guns having of te years been the order of the day *here, as well as everywhere se*, the birds are now much wilder, and not so plentiful. utting this aside, however, the fens have not so many dvantages as people are led to suppose; for, should there e a *hard frost*, the whole of the reed beds and meres become ne continued *sheet of ice*, and without a vestige of food for ne birds; unless, by the way, you take the precaution to *eep a place open* for them, which plan answers most admirably, o get the very best shots that can be made. But should the eather be open, the greater part of the wild-fowl remain in

the decoys during the *daytime*, and this marshy country is too much extended to select any particular spot for their *evening-flights:* consequently, save having a tolerable quantity of *bitterns*, occasionally most excellent *snipe-shooting*, and in summer the flapper shooting, here is not much to be done till about the last fortnight in March, when the birds are distributed preparative to their breeding. Then it is that old ducks and teal may be put up and killed right and left with a double gun; and then it is that we have the greatest chance of *catching the ague!*

The fens from Holme to Ramsay were, at one time, the best I had seen: they lay to the right of the north road, when you are going down, within a stage of Huntingdon, and scarcely an hour's walk from Stilton. But afterwards, in 1816, I found those near Winterton, in Norfolk (the private property of I. B. Huntingdon,* and R. Rising, Esqs.), far superior; and the variety of wild birds here was such, that, in the breeding season, you might kill from twenty to thirty different sorts in a day. Some, by-the-by, I had never seen before, and, if I mistake not, I was favoured with a sight of two or three, that were not even in Bewick, by an excellent sportsman, the late C. Girdlestone, Esq., which he had in his private collection, at Yarmouth. In many parts you could scarcely walk without treading on the eggs of terns, plovers, redshanks, and almost every other kind of marsh-bird. At certain times, in the winter, the fowl, on their passage from Holland to the south, dropped in here, and literally blackened the centre part of the lakes called Horsey-broad, and Heigham Sounds, where they fancied themselves protected by the surrounding ice. I was here shown by Rogers his plan of getting fowl on the ice. It was to cut four horses' leg-bones, and after filing them smooth, like skates, to place them longitudinally under a very small punt; and then, lying on his breast, to shove over the frozen part, with two iron spikes. Any other means of passing a place that was partially frozen would be dangerous in the extreme.

I, however, went to this country again, in 1824, and found, that owing to the drains for cultivation, and increase of the decoys, the quantity of birds was, and has for some years been, so much reduced, that I was obliged to alter the MS. of this statement from the present to the past time. My account would otherwise have proved a gross exaggeration. This

* Now of Joseph Hume, Esq., M.P.

shows how few years will put a sporting book out of date!

The fens are famous for the ruffs and reeves: but these birds frequent such awkward places, and are so wild during the summer, when they come here to breed, that, as I before observed, they seldom afford much sport for the *gun*.

SHOOTING WILD-FOWL ON VIRGINIA WATER.

I was here shown an ingenious mode of sweeping down the wild-fowl, in large quantities, by Mr. Turner, Her Majesty's keeper; who, in his younger days, was a great performer in the fens. His plan for killing the wild-fowl here was to fix a great many large guns parallel to the edge of the lake and to cover them over with grass. He planted them about a hundred yards apart; and had a long wire from the trigger of the foremost gun to the butt of the next one behind it; and so on. By this means he had only to plant, and then cock, all his guns; and, by pulling off the first with some hundred yards of line, he opened on the fowl an almost instantaneous running fire, which swept the whole edge of the lake, where, after their nightly feed, the birds generally came to take shelter; or to sun themselves on a fine frosty day.

I think Mr. Turner told me that he had, by this means, once brought down seventy wild ducks, by one discharge of his battery.

DRESSING FOR PUNTS AND CANOES.

To keep gunning punts and canoes from leaking, or as those who use them call it, *weeping*, melt a *pint of tar* with a *pound of pitch*, and either *half a pint of common oil*, or *a proportional quantity of suet*. You have then only to pour a little of this mixture into the seams of your punt; and, instead of bedaubing her all over the bottom, as we did in the old school, many years ago, have the bottom painted, with one or two thin coats of *red lead*, which will last much longer, and with which the boat rows much lighter.

White rosin and mutton suet is even a better dressing, and by far the *lightest* of any. To avoid rubbing the bottom of your punt every time she is hauled ashore, have two small rollers, by which you will considerably save her: or, what is still better, a little frame on wheels, in which to lash her them, as shown in the foreground of our frontispiece.

Have your canoes and punts, previously to being put

together, painted *under every timber with red lead*, and they will (to the no small annoyance of the builder) last you twice as long. But *where the other paint is to go, do not* put red lead, as white will neither look nor take so well upon it.

If you want good white lead for paint (*instead of whiting and water*), you can have it from Messrs. Walker, Parker, & Co., at the *shot* manufactory.

Have the outside of all your punts and canoes painted with the *very best white lead;* and to make them drab, for sun or moon, use a little distemper colour, such as the scenes of the theatres are painted with; and this, either with or without size, may be mopped off in a few minutes. Some of the gunners use a wet clod; but you must beware of *salt* mud, as that would *stain* your punt.

For shooting off at sea, when there is a breeze, a tint of lead colour has the best deception. But I seldom use it, unless very light, for two reasons—the one, that it is a bad colour for shallow water; and the other, that no prudent man would go off to sea in a punt, when there is so much "lop" as to darken the water.

To stop a chink, or crack, force in, with a caulking iron, some oakum, or stiff brown paper, *before* you pour in any kind of mixture. *Hot rosin, softened with a little oil, does very well by itself, if you do not wish to have the trouble of mixing the other ingredients.*

MARINE GLUE.

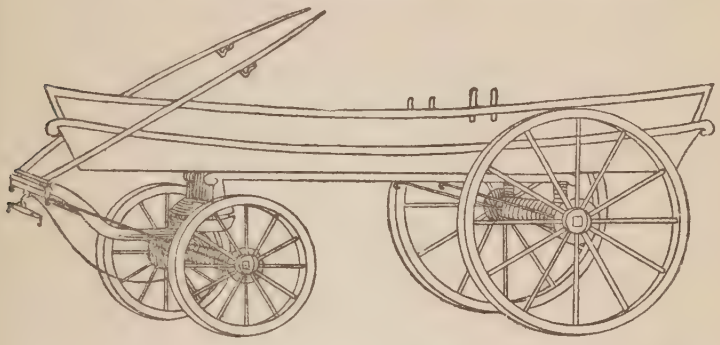
1844.—This is one of the best compositions in existence, as I told Mr. Jeffery, the inventor, whose address is "Brunton Works, Limehouse." I find it to be the only material that will effectually prevent occasional leaks in small punts. It is a *sine quâ non* for gunners; and Sam Singer says he never knew what a dry punt was till he made use of it.

MEANS OF CONVEYING PUNTS OVER LAND.

The boat-cart, or canoe-carriage, here prescribed, will, I think, be found the best means of conveying any kind of punt to those places, where it would always be most likely to answer; such as ponds and other private waters, where no gunners are allowed to sport; and where the keepers scarcely know a punt from a pig-trough.

This carriage, if only required for the punt itself, might be made *much lighter*, with only *two* high *wheels*, similar to a long

French cart. But when laden with baggage, the plan of four wheels becomes a necessary one, in order the better to support and save the punt. In either case springs would be a decided improvement, were it not for the duty on them. The best substitute is, first to put a good bed of straw under the punt; and then to fasten on punt, baggage, and all, with a line, similar to that used for binding a load of corn in harvest.



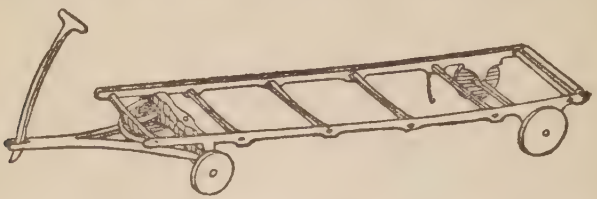
By unscrewing, and taking out, the thorough-pin, and the two pins which go through the block-supporters behind, this carriage may be taken to pieces; and, in two lots, rowed across the water in the canoe itself. This plan, therefore, gives a conveyance, over land and water, for baggage, etc.; and, by lifting the boat out, you have a light waggon, which may be serviceable on many occasions.

FOUR-WHEEL TRUCK FOR LARGE PUNTS.

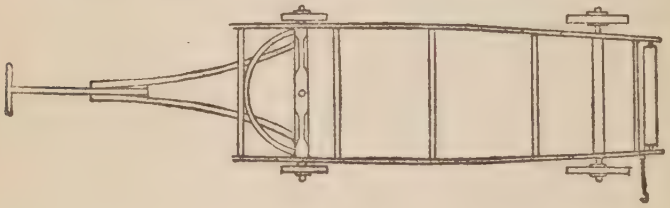
As I found it troublesome, and injurious to the bottom of my large punt to have her dragged on rollers for perhaps 200 yards, I contrived, in 1837, a light frame on which two persons can draw her down to the water-edge, and then back her in till she gets afloat. On taking her up again, at the end of the season, you have only to drag the hind wheels (in order to prevent the truck from slipping away) and push the punt on to it with the help of the roller behind. As this frame is made a little on the curve, so as to *fit exactly to the bottom of the punt*, it becomes the best possible stowage to lay her up for the summer, and keep her free from mildew, which is the forerunner of dry-rot. To save more dull writing about it, I here give sketches of the truck, which must be made of very light, and well-seasoned, *ash;* and care should be taken to select wood

that has grown to the right curve; because, if you cut wood across the grain, as many wheelwrights, coachmakers, and cabinetmakers do, it becomes good for nothing, except to varnish up, and sell to a "greenhorn."

The cheapest wheels are those of solid elm. But, where expense was no subject, spoke-wheels, of either wood or iron, would of course be lighter, and neater in appearance.



Explanatory sketch of truck in another point of view.



SHOOTING WILDFOWL ON A RIVER.

For killing common wild-ducks, that frequent a river, you have only to go a little before sunset; place yourself against any dark bush or bank; and there wait, patiently, and out of sight, till they come down and fly round you; which they will generally do several times, before they drop into the stream or marshes.

As wild-ducks most frequently betake themselves to the springs and rivers about dusk, you have no occasion to wait for them longer than just *the last hour*, or *half-hour before dark;* but, if they have been much *disturbed* or *shot at*, they will not always fly sufficiently early to be *seen;* though you may plainly *hear* the shrill, and somewhat melancholy, *sound of their wings*. If, however, the twilight is *followed by a full moon*, these birds will often withhold coming to the river *till the moon has completely risen;* in which case you might have to wait till an hour or two after dusk. But then the sport is considerably better, and will last much longer, with the additional advantage of your having a continued good light for shooting.

Wild-ducks generally come to the same place, unless they ıve been shot at, or there should be a change of wind and eather.

It often happens, that wild-ducks, dunbirds, and other fowl, me down at night to large rivers, ponds, or lakes, which are deeply surrounded by *floating reeds*, that no one can approach e water ; and the birds, aware of this, *do not lower their flight l they come near them*. So far from this *defying* the shooter is one of the finest opportunities that can be afforded for ath and destruction. Let him sit, in a small *punt* or *canoe*, re and aft, among *the rushes*, where, towards dusk, he will be completely hid, that he may either shoot at birds flying ithin pistol shot, or wait for a good chance on the water ; om whence (his boat being hid on each side, and *foreshortened* the *only point of view*) he will be pretty sure to escape the servation of the birds. This plan may be resorted to where ere are no rushes, such as under the bank of an island, or in small brook, near which there may be no hiding place. Here, wever, nothing would surpass the French system, for those ho had the means of adopting it.

All these *stratagems* may become unnecessary in places hich are strictly preserved, and where wildfowl shooting is terspersed with that of snipes and other birds ; but as these aces are now but rarely to be met with, I have thought it cessary to dilate at considerable length in the foregoing structions relative to *shooting wildfowl*, which are now but ldom to be killed without *care*, *patience*, and *good management*.

PRESERVER OF BIRDS.

ere I find that *the* man is Mr. Leadbeater, 19, Brewer Street, Golden Square, who stuffs for Her Majesty, the British Museum, and the Zoological Society ; but whose competitors, since he left Mr. Bullock's, had reported him dead. For this reason, it became my duty to let the public know that " poor Mr. Leadbeater " was, and I am happy to add he still is, alive and well ; and stuffs better and cheaper than any one I have met with. I luckily found him out just in time to clip the wings of their ornithological fudge, by putting his name in the last sheet of the fifth edition. Since the seventh edition, however, Mr. Leadbeater retired to his private residence, and resigned all the concern in Brewer Street to his son, whom he has made as clever as himself ; and who has now, perhaps, the first business in Europe.

CHAPTER X

ADVICE ON HEALTH AND COMFORT

Miserable Inns—A Bowl of Punch—Camp Cookery—Medicines—Old Port—Remedies for Dogs and Men—To Brace the Nerves of a Bad Shot—Wounds and Burns—Early Morning Flighting—Syrian Tobacco—Sala for a Wild-fowler—A Pocket Nightingale.

THE last part of the work that it would afford me an pleasure to dilate on is that of cookery. For it i an old, though a just, observation, that we shoul eat to live ; not live to eat. But when, by adding short paragraph or two, I can, perhaps, put some of our youn sportsmen, or young " foragers," up to what, in the languag of the present day, is called a " wrinkle," I may possibly b the means of saving them from unnecessarily hard fare whe quartered in a small public-house, on some shooting or fishin excursion. As many of the little publicans live chiefly on fa pork and tea ; or, if on the coast, red herrings ; the experience traveller well knows, that, when in a retired place of this sor where, from the very circumstance of the misery attending i there are the fewer sportsmen, and consequently, there is t be had the best diversion, we have often to depend a little o our wits for procuring the necessaries of life. If even a noble man (who is, of course, by common people, thought in th greatest extreme better than a gentleman without a title were to enter an alehouse, the most that could be procure for him would be mutton or beef, both perhaps as tough and with as little fat, as the boots or gaiters on his legs. chop or steak is provided. If he does not eat it, he may starve if he does, his pleasure for the next day is possibly destroye by his unpleasant sufferings from indigestion. He gets som sour beer, which gives him the heartburn, and probably cal for brandy or gin ; the one execrably bad and unwholesome the other of the worst quality ; and, *of course*, mixed wit water, by which adulteration is derived the greatest part the publican's profit. The spirit merchants make it, what the

all above proof, in order to allow for its being *diluted*, the oing which, so far from dishonesty, is now the common ractice, not only with many respectable innkeepers, but y retail merchants themselves. Our young sportsman, t last, retires to a miserable chamber and a worse bed; here, for want of ordering it to be properly aired, he gets ne rheumatism; and, from the draughts of air that penetrate ne room, he is attacked with the toothache. He rises to a reakfast of bad tea, without milk; and then starts for his ay's sport, so (to use a fashionable term) "bedevilled" that e cannot "touch a feather": and, in the evening, returns o his second edition of misery.

On the other hand, an old campaigner would, under such rcumstances, do tolerably well, and have his complete evenge on the fish or fowl of the place.

His plan, knowing the improbability of getting anything o eat, would be to provide himself with a hand-basket at the st country town which he had to pass through, before he eached his exile; and there stock it with whatever good things resented themselves. He then arrives at the pothouse, which ne distance, or the badness of the roads, might oblige him to o the previous day. His first order is for his sheets and bed- ng to be put before a good fire. If he arrives too late at night r this, let him, rather than lie between sheets which are not roperly aired, sleep with only the blankets.* He then, sup- osing he would not be at the trouble of carrying meat, sends r his beef or mutton. Having secured this for the *next* ay's dinner, he takes out of his basket something ready ressed, or some eggs, or a string of sausages, or a few dneys; or a fowl to broil, a cake or two of portable soup, a little mock turtle, ready to warm; or, in short, any her things that the town may have afforded; and with is, he makes up his dinner on the day of his arrival. the beer is sour, and he does not choose to be troubled ith carrying bottles of other beverage, he is provided with a

* If he objects to a constant light in his room, and therefore uses lucifers, him, in order to avoid the risk of burning a place down, by fumbling in e dark to rub them on a box turned upside down, with the contents liable be spilled and ignited, put them on, and use them over, a little tin tray, a common plate, and close to a wax night-light on the same; with a bit cloth-back scouring paper which is by far the best material to ignite them, d which should be pasted on millboard, or any other stiff substance. (Had s precaution been thought of in the earlier editions, many fires, and perhaps ne lives might have been saved!)

Little *carbonate of soda*, which will correct the acid; a little nutme or powdered ginger, to take off the unpleasant taste; and, with spoonful of brown sugar and a toast, he will make tolerably palatabl that which, before, was scarcely good enough to quench the thirst

He will know better than to call for brandy or gin, but wi order *rum*, knowing that that is a spirit* which would soo be spoiled by any tricks or adulteration. He will have in hi basket some lemons, or a bottle of lemon acid, and make bowl of punch, recollecting the proportions of

One sour,
Two sweet;
Four strong,
And eight weak.

This is quite the focus for good punch, which any shallow headed boy may remember, by learning it as a bad rhyme.

It may be necessary to observe, that, by first pounding the suga fine, you can of course measure it to a nicety, by means of a wine glass, as well as the lemon juice, and the other liquids. Also, tha half the acid of Seville orange juice is better than all of lemo juice; and further, in making punch, the spirit should be used a the finishing ingredient; though put in another jug; and th SHERBET POURED UPON IT.

But as to the improvements of pink champagne, hot jellies arrack, limes, etc., it would be out of place to talk of suc luxuries here, though of course, after professing to give th *focus* for good punch, it becomes a necessary caution agains error, to except that which is composed with all the dainties an alderman; who, by the way, is to welcome my share them; as well as to that of the gout after them. Here w have spoken of *hot* punch. Now for *cold;* which, bein merely intended as a cool beverage, requires to be muc weaker.

For this, I cannot do better than copy a recipe that wa given to me many years ago, when quartered at Glasgow where cold punch was universally drunk; and where it

* If a sportsman likes to take a flask of spirit, as a guard against col a stomach-ache, etc., he will, I think, find nothing equal to Captain Barclay real Glenury Highland *whisky*, for which Mr. Jones, in the New Road, is th sole consignee; or a little *extrait d'absinthe Suisse*, from Mr. Sargenso No. 5, Colonnade, Pall Mall.

xcellence was only to be equalled by the hospitality of the habitants. It is

"A wine glass *nearly* full of best refined lump sugar *pounded*.
Twelve ditto of cold spring water.
A lime, and half a lemon [or, if no lime, a whole lemon, which might yield about half a wine glass full of juice.]
Two wine glasses *brim*full of *old Jamaica rum*.

Let the sugar be well melted, and the lemons thoroughly amalgated with it, and the water, *before* you add the spirit."

r, to be much more brief, I will say for *cold* punch,

One sour,
Two sweet;
Four strong,
Twenty weak.

s here we have only to repeat the old rhyme, and change e eight into a twenty. If I could make it shorter, and more nple, I would.

For those worthies, who think it a good joke to metamorose a man into what he would not like to be called, by making m drunk, this beverage, if introduced by way of a sequel to ne, is one of the most certain to answer their purpose: cause it is so cooling, and grateful to the thirst, that the ore he drinks the more he requires of it, instead of beginning find it unpleasant, like wine, *hot* punch, or other more tent liquors. I name this, not as a *lesson* to the *wag*, but as a *ution* to the *unwary*.

With materials for making other cool portable beverage (merely quench the thirst) almost every chemist can supply you.

While on the subject of cool beverage, let us, *en passant*, st annihilate the Sedlitz powder conspiracy. There is no ittle *alterative* so pleasant a beverage as a Sedlitz powder. t if you ask for this medicine, otherwise than in decorated 6*d*. boxes, many of the chemists decline serving it, under a of a 50*l*. penalty. If they are liable to this, it will be an of kindness to relieve them from all pettifogging informers; d, if not, it will serve them right to put an end to the hoax. t us therefore placard the recipe; so that a gentleman may her call for it as a *prescription*, or lay in his own cargo at othecaries' Hall.

ROCHELLE SALTS, 2 DRAMS.
CARBONATE OF SODA, 2 SCRUPLES.
TARTARIC ACID, 2 SCRUPLES.

The two first may be kept together; the other must b detached, for effervescence, till you are quite ready to begi stirring and drinking.

If this is not thought sufficiently pleasant, you may ad lemon and sugar: or if required *merely to quench the thirs* you should omit the Rochelle salts; and then you have, a one good *swig*,* for about three pence, three eighteen-penn "saline draughts!"

Our sportsman will then, having taken care to provid himself with a little good tobacco, or a few cigars, have recours to smoking; which, next to the sovereign remedy of taking little *purl*, before you inhale a vaporous atmosphere, is the bes *preventive from catching the ague* when *fen*-shooting; and perhaps, one of the greatest preservatives from cold an illness, of anything in existence. Under particular circum stances, therefore, smoking becomes not only justifiable, bu sometimes necessary. It is, however, the last thing that mean to recommend making a constant practice of, when *n required;* as most people, it is presumed, would consider it a idle habit to become every day absorbed in what might b thought an agreeable stupefaction only by a few jolly fellow who, if I may speak in their own style, glory in being able t —drink like a fish—sit like a hen—and smoke like a chimney The old sportsman then retires to his well-aired bed, whe he is provided with the best of counterpanes, a good box- gunning-coat, or a cloak; and, after passing a good night, h rises to breakfast. If he has brought no tea with him, he mak palatable that of the place, by beating up the yolk of an eg (first with a little cold water to prevent its curdling) as a goo substitute for milk or cream, a little powdered ginger, and teaspoonful of rum. He then, previously to taking the fiel desires a man to prepare some greaves, which he might carr for his dogs, or get, for them, some meat; and deputes a perso to the cooking of that intended for himself; which, if bad i quality, as will most likely be the case, there is but one goo and easy way of dressing. This I shall now translate from m French recipe: *viz.*—Let your servant take

Three pounds of meat, a large carrot, two onions, and two turnip [The Frenchman adds also a cabbage: here John Bull may plea himself.] Put them into two quarts of water, to simmer away t

* "A *low expression*," but one that will surely be thought good enou for prescriptions, when swallowed, by wholesale, at a *low price*.

educed to three pints. Let him season the soup to the taste, with epper, salt, herbs, &c. &c. He must then cut off square about a ound of the fattest part of the meat, and put it aside, letting the st boil completely to pieces. After he has well skimmed off the t, and strained the soup, let him put it by till wanted.

n your return, while seeing your dogs fed, which every portsman ought to do,

et the soup be put on the fire for twenty minutes, with some fresh egetables (if you like to have them), and, for the last ten minutes, oil again the square piece of meat which was reserved. Another ecessary part of the recipe also should be prescribed, lest the dish ould fall into disrepute. To prevent the deputy cook from help- g himself, and filling it up with water, let him have a partnership in e concern ; and when he has occasion to quit the room, he should ther lock the door, or leave one of your relay dogs for a sentry.

ou will then have a good wholesome gravy soup to begin ith ; and afterwards, some tender meat, which if

Eat with mustard, a little raw parsley chopped fine, and a few nchovies,

ou will, it is presumed, find an excellent dish. A pot of nchovies might easily be carried in a portmanteau, being, f all the luxuries from an oil shop, one of the most portable nd the most useful. But nothing is worse than a mock an- ovy, which is merely a salted bleak, or other inferior small sh, flavoured with a little anchovy liquor. Within these few ears, however, the supply has been so good, that you will enerally be served with the real Gorgona fish at any respect- ble oil shop. Mr. Burgess has now, I believe, the largest and oicest importation.

Be careful to keep anchovies in a small *stone* jar ; as an earthen e might break with them, and spoil your clothes.

Let me now add the simple receipt for as wholesome a mess s anyone who can " rough it " would wish for—the dinner, f all others, for an invalid—and an alternative against tarvation, where there is not even a piece of meat to be got.

Have a fowl skinned and quartered ;
Put it over the fire in a quart of cold water ;
Boil it *full two hours :*
Then add two ounces (or a handful) of pearl barley ;
Three blades of mace ; about two dozen peppercorns ; and
Salt to your taste ;
Then let *all* boil *together* for *one more* hour :

And it may be eat immediately; or put by, to warm again when ever you want it.

The convenience of this camp cooking is, that it will serve for an kind of fowl. For instance, if you have an old barn-door hen; ol game that is shot all to pieces; two or three couple of gulls; coots or even curlews,—by consigning them in this manner, to constan boiling and steam, you make those birds eatable and digestibl which, in roasting, or common cooking, would prove offensive i taste, and hard in substance.

N.B.—The pearl barley (or *rice*, by the way, if you prefer i does well with all poultry, and birds of white flesh. But with coars birds (here we cease to have a dish for *invalids*), such as curlew herons, gulls, or coots, it becomes necessary to omit the pea barley; because you there require onion; fish sauce; lemon, an even a glass of Madeira, if you can get it; similar to dressing turtle, or making giblet soup. This you would, of course, mak stronger, and boil, perhaps, an hour more than chicken soup. A such messes may be eat with anchovy, curry powder, or what yo may fancy, to give them an additional *goût*.

An old sportsman, having thus far subsisted tolerably wel may, afterwards, with the help of his gun, or fishing-rod, b enabled to fare decently, and enjoy good sport; while som poor helpless exotic would have spurned the very soil of th place; left it in disgust, before he had killed a bird or a fish and, as likely as not, be laid up and fleeced at the next inn and there saddled with some country apothecary.

To be as brief as I can, on this uninteresting, though possibl useful, head, let me take a memorandum of the few portabl articles that contribute to the health and comfort of a travellin sportsman.

A medicine chest is sometimes out of the question; othe wise, a chemist would direct him better than I could presum to do; but, as I speak solely by experience, I can, of course speak with some confidence, on the very few things of no bulk which may be here noted down, as likely to render him essentia service. But, before I name a single article, I must take u in my own defence, one observation, lest that observation ma be left as a powerful weapon against me in the hands of thos who are versed in this subject, in which I do not presume t have the slightest pretensions, further than personal exper ence. In short, I must premise with saying, that, *what wou be an effectual remedy in one constitution might not answer wi another*. And though the philosopher tells you, that ever man, before he attains the age of forty, must be either a fo

or his own physician ; yet the doctor, in answer, affirms, that he who knows a little of physic, knows a great deal too much ! This point I leave for the philosopher and the doctor to settle between themselves ; but I trust they will both agree with me, that there can be no more impropriety in suggesting a few common medicines, with which proper directions would be given by the person who sells them, than in entering any other kind of inventory of what might be useful to a young sportsman, or young traveller. All our sporting authors have boldly taken the field, so far as amply to prescribe for the dog ; while I am left exposed, under Æsculapian batteries, by having to prescribe for the master.

A BOTTLE, OR PAPER OF MAGNESIA.*

As a generally recommended cure for the heartburn, by correcting acid on the stomach ; a trifling preventive to the gout ; a pretty good aperient medicine, particularly if taken with acid, which gives it somewhat the effect of Epsom salts ;

* *Carbonate of soda* is *now so generally preferred*, that I was on the point of erasing magnesia from the list ; when I saw, in the " Age " paper, a letter from my friend, the late Sir Anthony Carlisle, which, with permission, I here subjoin :—

" Langham Place, July 3, 1830.

" Sirs,—I have made several trials with your purified magnesia, and common justice demands a statement of the results. During my long continued professional experience, I have had many occasions for seeking some harmless corrector of acidity incident to the stomach and bowels. I have generally found the magnesia in ordinary use to be hurtful to the digesting power of the stomach when repeatedly given ; and, in some instances, both in children and grown persons, it concretes into balls in the intestines, which is a dangerous occurrence. If, as you assert, the purified magnesia, now offered to the public, is freed from lime, and the poisonous earth called barytes, it must be inoffensive to the stomach, and not liable to concretion. I have, under these impressions, directed Lockyer's magnesia to be taken, in several instances, with remarkable benefit. I think it is a more potent cathartic, and less hurtful to digestion, than any other magnesia ; and when it meets with alimentary acid, it must become a purgative liquid solution, and therefore incapable of concretion. I have sometimes directed twenty grains of your purified magnesia to be mixed in an ounce of infusion of rhubarb, and half an ounce of decoction of the yellow Peruvian bark, to be taken as a corrector of heartburn, and at the same time as a gentle aperient.

" I am, etc.,

" ANTHONY CARLISLE.

" *To Messrs. Aldwinckle and Bromfield, Lockyer's Magnesia Warehouse, 237, Tottenham-court-road, corner of Bedford Street.*"†

† Since this was published, we have another excellent preparation, by Mr. Dinneford, in Bond Street, called his " *pure fluid magnesia.*"

and a very good medicine when mixed with rhubarb, which counteracts its coldness on the stomach.

(For *correcting acid*, however, *I* always *prefer* the use of *carbonate of soda*, or *salt of tartar;* the former of which is now the universal order of the day.)

SOME ESSENCE OF PEPPERMINT.

See the paper round it, for its various good qualities.

N.B.—Bottle a tea-spoonful of this in a pint of water (where you cannot immediately get a pint of peppermint water), and put with it *two drams of salt of tartar*. Keep this as a standing ornament to your bedroom chimney-piece; and, *when you require it* from having made too free with French wines, or hard stale port, take half a wine-glass full going to bed.*

[Many who fancy themselves great judges of port wine keep it but a moderate time in the wood, and a long time in little quart bottles; instead of doing just the reverse; or of bottling it in two, or *four*, quart magnums. Port does not, like claret, turn to vinegar, unless drank within a short time after being drawn; and therefore the last glass of what was decanted, and occasionally drank, from magnums, would be worth a dozen glasses, even just uncorked, of that which had been *bottled* in *pints*. (The reverse would be the case with *spirits*.) The larger the body the wine is kept in, the more agreeable to the palate of a *good* judge, and the less injurious to the stomach. It is not sufficient for wine to be old and even genuine; but it should be made of grapes that have grown in a warm part of the vineyard, which give it a sweet and full body; and it should be free from green or blighted fruit, or it will get worse, instead of better, by keeping; so that you may produce a bottle of wine with a fine looking crust, "bee's wing," and all such nonsense, which, in reality, is neither better nor more wholesome than the stale beer of a country pothouse, where the poor landlord is a tenant at the mercy of a bad brewer.

Thus many of the trade are obliged to, what they call "marry" the wine, in order, as with many other kinds of marriages, to turn the bad stock to good account; not to say a word of the innumerable tricks that are played by quacks and inferior vendors. In places where you can do as you please, let no silly fashion dissuade you from drinking your wine out of a narrow-bottomed glass (somewhat longer, and more like

* This mixture may be used also as a lotion to preserve the *teeth*, immediately *after* eating *acids*.

a funnel than what is now made), as a glass of this form retains so well the *bouquet* of the fruit. Fashion is all very well; but reason has a prior claim to it. I make no apology for a digression to this subject (except my inability to do it justice), because what is here introduced relates to that which, more or less, concerns us all.]

A FEW CALOMEL PILLS,

and the ingredients for an aperient draught on the following morning;

in case a severe attack of bile, or any such illness, should require something beyond a mere alterative.

Calomel, although a *medicine to be used with caution*, I have always found to be the most effectual recipe to cure an *obstinate* stomach-ache, in case it cannot be removed by a cordial, hot water, essence of peppermint, or *tincture of rhubarb*. Calomel, however, being a strong mercurial preparation, would deprive you of *a day's* sport, by the *indispensably necessary confinement after taking it.*

I have lately been favoured with a recipe which is almost as effectual as calomel; and with which a sportsman need not be made prisoner. It is simply to take, at night, a pill composed of—

Blue pill, 2 grains;
Compound extract of colocynth, 4 grains;
Oil of carraways, 2 drops.

One pill is generally sufficient; but, if not, the quantity may be increased, or doubled, on the same proportions. If one large pill is objected to, the above articles can of course be made up in two.

(On showing this prescription to a medical friend, he said that it would be greatly improved by altering the proportions to *four* grains of blue pill; four grains of colocynth; with *one* drop of oil of carraways; and adding *one grain of ipecacuanha.* These to be taken, in two pills, at bed-time.)

The foregoing prescription was given me, for this work, by a medical gentleman on his retiring from business; and it beats all the anti-bilious nostrums I have ever used. So, giving him thanks, and all the credit of it, I may now say—"*take my pill—read my book*," and without the 3*s.* 6*d.* a syllable for his advice.

(No one prepares colocynth, or makes these pills, better than Briggs, 48, Wigmore Street.)

On my naming the foregoing recipe to Sir ——, one of the first medical gentlemen of the age (but who might not like to have his name published, with a *prescription*, on a frivolous occasion like this), he kindly said that, as *he* had a great objection to *all mercurial* preparations where they could possibly be avoided, he would present me, for this book, with a "sportsman's pill"; or, in other words, as he observed,

"An opening pill, without mercury; and which may be taken as often as is needful, without offence to the stomach"—viz. "30 grains of aloes; 30 grains of scammony, and a sufficient quantity of Venice turpentine to make *fifteen pills.*"

"*One* taken at bed-time generally acts on the morning following, without disturbing the sleep. If one pill is not enough, two may be taken, for a while; but the effect usually improves by use, contrary to other cathartics."

This remedy has been frequently tried, and much approved, since the two last editions.

A LITTLE TARTAR EMETIC,

in case of severe indigestion, or a dog being taken ill. This medicine, given from a grain and a half to two grains, in warm water, will sometimes perform wonders among common people, who are subject to have the stomach disordered by eating voraciously of bad and unwholesome food.

A late friend of mine, with nothing whatever but this recipe, was for many years the successful quack of his village, and boasted of beating the doctors without having lost a patient. How far my friend was justified in flying, on every occasion, to that which may tend to weaken the stomach, I leave it for those who are versed in medicine to determine; notwithstanding he may have gained the confidence of the village.

(After all, too, a couple of wine glasses full of water, taken as hot as it can be drank, without the astringent addition of either tea or spirit, I have found, would in general relieve indigestion.

Another remedy, which lately became in fashion, is to swallow *whole*, two teaspoonsful of common mustard seed just before going to bed, and an hour before dinner. It may be taken in a little water. I have proved it to be an excellent remedy.)

Remember, that a DOG *requires, of tartar emetic, or any other medicine, at least twice as much as a* MAN.

I have been somewhat remiss in entering on this list what may be called physic, without first giving a receipt or two for a *mere alterative*. Far as my intention is from entering further into a subject on which I can have no pretensions, yet the three following prescriptions, being those of eminent men, may certainly prove worthy of insertion : for, when the stomach is the least out of order, the *nerves* are affected ; and then how are we to *shoot?* But to the point—

Take, either an hour before dinner, or at bed-time (*I* prefer the latter), a pill made with

2½ grains of rhubarb,
and ½ a grain of cayenne pepper ;

with a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in a glass of water. *Two*, or more, of these pills may be taken if one is not found sufficient.

Another recipe, perhaps more effectual, but less simple, and therefore less to be had recourse to, is—

Aloes—rhubarb—cayenne pepper—of each 1 scruple ;
Carbonate of soda, 2 scruples ;
Extract of poppies, 6 grains ;
All made into 24 pills.

Two a dose.

I find in my MS. box also the following excellent recipe for a weak stomach, which was written down for me by my friend the late Sir Hutton Cooper.

2½ grains of rhubarb ;
5 ditto carbonate of soda ;
10 ditto Peruvian bark.

To be taken in a glass of hop tea, or cold ginger tea, an hour before dinner, and continued, every day, for a fortnight.

So much, and quite enough too for *me*, to take the liberty of speaking about, on the subject of alteratives.

HUXHAM'S TINCTURE OF BARK,

as an effectual stimulus to brace the nerves of a bad shot. The sportsman has only to take a dessert spoonful in a glass of water before he goes out. [THE LESS, HOWEVER, ALL STIMULI, AND INDEED ALL MEDICINES, ARE HAD RECOURSE TO, THE MORE EFFECTUAL THEY WILL BE WHEN TAKEN.]

When for a short time in Holland, I always kept well by taking a teaspoonful of this medicine in a glass of Madeira, before inhaling the air of the marshes.*

CONCENTRATED CAMPHOR JULEP

is another good remedy to compose a nervous man for the rising of a cock pheasant. Toller and Co., in Conduit Street, make this in perfection.

TONIC.

I find no tonic equal to the following one which was given me by one of the cleverest men in the medical profession; and which is the very thing for a nervous shot, after a day's physic, or on any occasion where he wants a fillip:—

Sulphate of quinine, 24 grains;
Tincture of orange peel, and tincture of ginger, of each ½ ounce;
Diluted sulphuric acid, 80 drops;
Infusion of roses, 15 ounces.
N.B.—It requires two or three hours to infuse the roses.

WHITEHEAD'S ESSENCE OF MUSTARD;

which *I* have found to be *one of the finest recipes that ever bore a stamp*, for preventing or curing the rheumatism; or for cuts, bruises, etc. etc. The real inventor of this embrocation is Mr. Johnston (the famous soda-water man), who, being an apothecary, thought it *infra dig.* to appear as a trumpeter of patent medicines; and therefore used the *nom de guerre*, as the French call it, of "Whitehead."

A PIECE OF FLEECY HOSIERY,

in case of a pain in the chest, to which application the rubbing in a little of the above essence may be added; and continued, for a day, after the fleecy hosiery is no longer required; in order to prevent the pain from returning when you leave it off.

[No sportsman who is subject to pain in the chest, or severe rheumatism, should be without the "Poor Man's Plaster," which is sold by Mr. Sterry and Sons, oilmen, 156, High Street, Southwark.

* The new *French* remedy for the ague is now in general use, and nothing has yet been found more efficacious. After clearing the bowels with a good dose of medicine, give FIVE GRAINS OF SULPHATE OF QUININE in treacle, jelly, etc., directly after the cold fit; and continue it, three times a day, for nearly a week after the appearance of the disease has subsided. The dose is sometimes increased to ten grains thrice a day, and there is no danger resulting from an overdose. [I insert these directions precisely as they have been forwarded to me, under an idea that nothing could be more desirable for a work that professes to treat chiefly on wildfowl shooting, than a recipe for the ague.]

I went there in order to ascertain if they had any agent in the more fashionable part of the town. But, it appears that Messrs. Sterry have as much custom as they want in their own district, without taking further trouble. They told me, however, that if a shilling was enclosed in a letter, post paid, eight sheets of this plaster should come back, by return of the twopenny or general post; or, of course, four sheets for sixpence. I have well tried this admirable recipe; and let those who use it say whether or not I am right for recommending it.]

SOME COURT STICKING-PLASTER,

to enable you to walk in comfort after being galled by a water-boot.

(See directions under the head of "Water-boots.")

I have now, I believe, mentioned all the articles of my pharmacy, and next to them must come the

DENTIFRICE.

Brush your teeth every morning with Spanish Sabilia snuff (which may be had in perfection, from Fribourg, and of a very superior quality, from Hudson, 132, Oxford Street), and every night with a little arquebusade, brandy, or whisky; and keep, in the bottle containing it, a small piece of *camphor*.* This will not only make it a tenfold greater preservative, but will prevent the vassals of the place from drinking it.

Never put cold water to your teeth, but always use it lukewarm.

If anything will prevent or cure a toothache, except aperient medicines, to reduce the inflammation, or the sovereign remedy of the new patent instrument, it will, I have reason to think, be that which has been here mentioned. At all events some of the first dentists in London and Paris admit, that this remedy is a most excellent *preservative*. I, therefore, do not hesitate to say, that for a sportsman, and particularly for a wild-fowl-shooter, it may be worthy of insertion.

I was told by a friend who rarely errs in his prescriptions, that the best *cure* for the toothache is

> One tablespoonful of rum,
> Another of vinegar,
> And a teaspoonful of salt;

* If you are obliged to sleep where there are bugs, nothing will keep them off better than taking to bed with you a large piece of camphor. This beats Russia leather, which was our remedy in the Peninsular campaign.

mixed together and then held in the mouth. Since the eighth edition, however, I have proved that *Eau de Cologne* is a better remedy; and as good a dentifrice as the spirit and camphor.

But if the foregoing directions as a *preventive*, are attended to, we are not very likely to require prescriptions for a *cure*.

I shall now conclude with the following little hints:—

First, If you or your dog should, at any time, get a severe blow, let the wounded part be instantly fomented with water, as hot as can be borne, for at least half an hour; and you will thereby reduce your suffering, or impediment from sport, to at least half its duration.

Secondly, If you burn yourself in shooting, or otherwise, wrap the part affected immediately in *cotton*, the application of which, it has been proved, acts like magic with a burn.

This I was told as a recipe that had been adopted in Paris; and found it to answer extremely well. But on proposing it for insertion here, to an old friend, one of our greatest surgeons that ever lived,* he assured me that a better recipe was the constant application of *vinegar*.

Thirdly, If you should take cold, bathe your feet in hot water; if a little salt or bran is, or both are, added, so much the better. Get into a bed warmed, with a little brown sugar sprinkled on the coals; and take some whey, or whatever you can get, to promote perspiration.

This remedy, simple as it is, will often prevent your having recourse to James's, or Dover's, powder, etc., and may sometimes, perhaps, save you the expense of twenty pounds for medical attendance.

Another excellent remedy for a cold is the "*Asthmatic Lamp*," of Mr. Ackerley:—sold at 5, Swallow Street, Quadrant. I name this, because I, and many persons that I know, have tried, and found great benefit from it—

Fourthly, *Never fast too long;* and avoid, whenever you can, fagging *too* hard.

or, *when you come to a middle age*, you will most likely begin to feel it; and perhaps insomuch as to become nervous, and lose your good shooting. Remember this advice, and see

* The late Sir Everard Home, who was kind enough to carefully inspect all the medical directions here given, before they went to press.

P.S. 1844.—These directions have been again strictly revised; and, so far from requiring alteration, they accord much better with the system of the present day than with that of the past, when we printed our earlier editions

who will last the longest; you who do, or those who do not, follow it.

Fifthly, Never go out with quite an empty stomach to wait for wild-fowl; particularly in the morning. Should you wish to start before anyone is up, you might always have left for you, overnight, a crust of bread, or a biscuit, with a glass of milk, which, with a little sugar, nutmeg, ginger, and the yolk of an egg, may be made good in a moment. And this is better than what is called a "*doctor*" (rum and milk); because you then dispense with taking spirit in a morning, the very bad habit of which should always be avoided, except in a country where the chances of ague might justify your taking a little *purl;*

Which, by the way, was recommended to me by one of the first medical gentlemen in the profession. Do not have recourse to any such liquors, unless absolutely required to defend your health against a pestilential climate; or in case of being taken with a sudden chill; when a small quantity of spirit and beer, mixed together, if not thought too disgusting a beverage, might sometimes prove one of the most powerful stimuli to warm you, of all things that an ale-house, or perhaps any other house, could afford. If *going out, take it cold;* if *going to bed,* you may have it *warm;* for in the one case pespiration is as objectionable as it would be desirable in the other.

[Another most simple recipe to prevent all complaints from cold (as well as the toothache) is to *keep a few cloves in your mouth.* This is all I require in cold or damp; and, for its good effects, will even surpass the nasty habit of chewing tobacco.]—

Sixthly, Never sit down in wet feet,* or with wet clothes on any part of your body; but, if a change is not at hand, keep in motion, or go to bed, till one can be procured. Or, if you want to start again, when refreshed, first wet your feet with either spirits or essence of mustard, and then be as quick as possible in taking your refreshment. Many people prefer *applying* the spirit to the *inside* instead. This is not so well; because spirit alone always flies to the *head;* while strong *beer,* on the contrary, would warm the *body.* Another word for this edition—if you wish to escape from cold, and to prevent rheumatism, when advanced in life, wear *cotton shirts,* and have as little as possible to do with linen ones. This is now the general advice in the new school.

I shall here conclude, under this head, with the *multum in parvo*

* To keep the soles of shoes dry, you will find no ready-made article better, or cheaper, than the late Mr. Hunt's "water-proof composition."

advice of the great Dr. Boerhaave: Keep the BODY OPEN; the HEAD COOL; and the FEET WARM.

*** I am proud to say, that some gentlemen who are the very heads of the profession, with that liberality which distinguishes all men of talent, have approved of the humble advice here given (*of course, without the slightest pretensions, and merely as a refuge for the destitute*): and there are only some of the little doctors who bark, and cry "quack," at what they think an infringement on their sacred rights. But, if they knew to whom all here had been submitted, before it went to the press, they would, perhaps, to use a vulgar phrase, in language most opposite to their overwhelming rhetoric—"knock under."

CORNS

To walk with corns, and without torture, get a piece of chamois leather, spread with diachlyon plaster. Cut with your wadding-punch, as many rounds as will form a sufficient *thickness to prevent the boot or shoe from pressing* your stocking on the *corn;* for the reception of which you must punch a *small hole through the centre.* By this simple contrivance, I have known many a dot-and-go-one gentleman start off as bold as a dog just uncoupled.

CORN-PLASTER.

The following recipe was given me by the Earl of —— on purpose for this book; and I set my man to try it on several unfortunates, who have given him their blessing for the cures he has made.

Mercurial plaster	2 drams of each.
Diachylon ditto, with resin . . .	
Diachylon ditto	
Sugar of lead	20 grains.

All mixed together
And spread on leather.

Apply a piece of this plaster for 3 or 4 days. Then soak the foot; and rub the corn with a piece of pumice-stone. Again repeat the plaster; and the corn will soon disappear. N.B. The corn never to be cut.

Having now mentioned the few things that happen to occur to me, as deserving the small space they would occupy in the baggage of a sportsman, who we all know is sometimes in an exile, where he might die before he could get medical assistance; I shall just note down a few articles as desirable for his

comfort, as the foregoing ones might prove for the preservation of his life ; *viz.*

Canastre tobacco, or cigars.*
Cayenne pepper.
A pot of anchovies.
A phial of lemon acid.
A bottle of the best olive oil.

With these ingredients, and half as much knowledge as usually belongs to all our old campaigners, he may perfectly enjoy his dinner on fish, flesh, and fowl, in those wild places where they are most abundant, but where we are the least able to have them dressed in perfection. For example :—

There is no better sauce for a wild-fowl, plover, or snipe, than *equal quantities of olive oil and lemon juice.* Cayenne pepper, when mixed with a little vinegar, gives a fine relish to a pheasant, or any other game. With good oil you can, in most places, during the fishing season, have a French salad made with the young leaves of the wild dandelion ; or, in the shooting season, a German salad, called in some parts of Germany, I believe, "*kartofel salat.*" with *slices of cold boiled waxy potatoes.* Either of these, with a few onions, an anchovy, and two spoonsful of oil to every one of vinegar (or *equal quantities* of each to the *German* one), make a very good salad ; or, at all events, a good substitute for one, where perhaps the lettuce, cress, or endive, are scarcely known to the inhabitants. *Tarragon* vinegar, for salads, is generally preferred to the other vinegar. (Let me observe, by the way, that the chief art of dressing a salad consists in *wiping perfectly dry* whatever it is made with, and cutting off the flabby parts from the leaves of the herbs.) If you have no good butter, for your fish, you will find, that with a little cayenne, a spoonful of the liquor from your anchovies, and some lemon, or vinegar, *olive oil,* and mustard, it will be perfectly good. Nothing is better than a dish of small birds *fried,* and eat with oil and lemon juice ; and if you have no good butter to fry them with, here again some *oil* must be your substitute.

If you have no biscuits to eat with your wine, or, what you may drink for want of it, cut some slices of raw potato very thin ; have them broiled, or fried, brown and crisp with your oil, and sprinkled with a little cayenne pepper ; but, in dressing them, let the *slices*

* The mildest, and perhaps the pleasantest, tobacco, for those who are not much used to smoking, is that called Syrian ; which (although to be had at a reasonable price of Mr. Ward, 16, Piccadilly) is not so generally known as it deserves to be. For expensive and fancy tobaccos, of the very best quality, we should go to Mr. Hudson, in Oxford Street ; but an insertion of all their names here would be as great a bore as a Greek lesson. For cigars and snuff in general no one beats Mr. Procter, 101, Fleet Street.

lie independent of each other, or they will become soft by fermentation. If you wish for a hash, or anything dressed by way of variety from plain cooking, you can always give it a flavour, if you have cayenne, lemon, and anchovy.

In short, the ingredients here named, as general acquisitions to your eating in comfort, will be found, I trust, some of the most useful; and I therefore need add no more, as I neither profess, nor wish, to gratify the palate of an epicure; but have merely attempted to show, how one man could make himself comfortable, where another would starve, by the foregoing hints to young caterers and young sportsmen.

Having now said enough as to taking care of, and providing for, my young readers, we will suppose one of them to have arrived at the miserable hole alluded to, and that the first salutation, after the knock at his bedchamber door, in the morning, is, "*A wet day, sir!*" and, instead of being able to pursue his sport, either after breakfast, or at noon (*the most usual time for the weather to clear up*, if it clears up at all), he is consigned a close prisoner to the pothouse; looking alternately to the windward clouds, and the plastered walls of the room; hearing, through a thin partition, the discordant merriment of drunken fellows; and inhaling the breezes of a smoky wood fire, with the fumes of their shag tobacco! In such a predicament, then, how can I prescribe for him? and in this predicament, I believe, there are very few sportsmen that have not often been. Why here again, then, I will endeavour to give him a little advice, though I hope he will not think I am beginning to write a sermon. I shall now first observe, that, of all things on earth, to make a man low-spirited, unhappy, or *nervous*, is to get into a habit of *idleness*; and, although there are many young people that would pay little attention, and perhaps laugh at me, if I told them that "idleness" was the "root of all evil," yet some, among those very persons, might listen most earnestly, when I remind them, that being *nervous* or *low-spirited* is of all other things the most likely to put even a crack *sportsman* off *his shooting*, or to make a young angler *whip off his flies; or be too eager and therefore unskilful, in killing his fish.* Always, therefore, let him be *employed*, and think no more of the weather, till his man comes, with a smiling face, and says "*Sir, it will do again now!*" when, if he is a man of genius, and has proper resources, he could almost have wished for another hour's rain, in order to complete that in which his mind was become

absorbed. Supposing the hole in which, for the sake of a few days' good sport, he is immured, contains neither books, nor newspapers, nor even stationery good enough to write a few letters in comfort (which, by the way, he should always be enabled to do, by carrying a quire of paper, and a few steel pens), still there is no excuse for his being in *sheer idleness*. The mere pocket will always contain enough to employ successfully many a leisure hour. If he is studying anything particular, he may be provided with some little volume, the most useful to his subject. If he draws, he may, at least, make a sketch of the hole he is in, for a laugh when he gets home; or, if in another style, practise according to his fancy. If he is a "musician," and away from an instrument, let him study some exercises in harmony, for no man should be called a musician till he does know harmony. If he is author or a poet, he can never be at a loss: or, if nothing greater, perhaps he may be a merry fellow, who sings a good song over his bottle, and therefore, on this occasion, by being provided with a "Pocket Nightingale," he may stock himself with songs enough to enliven all his associates on his return. If he is a dry fellow, an enemy to the Muses, and an admirer of only that which is tangible, he may, in his retreat, con over his pounds, shillings, and pence; and be amused with sketching his affairs, and thinking of what will be most to his advantage. But if he is an *idler* destitute of all resources—why I will not say "Lord help him!"—but—let him help himself. Let me advise him to embrace, in this day, a moment for reflection, and consider it as an example, perhaps of many hours and days he may have to spend, at an age when he has no longer youth and vigour to distinguish himself among the field of sportsmen; and make a determination to embrace some pursuit, that will be to him a source of future amusement; and he will then, I think, have reason to consider this as one of the most successful days on his calendar.

CHAPTER XI
(Abridged by the Editor)

THE GAME LAWS

Improving the Game Laws—The Origin of the Gun Licence—The Underworld of London—Dog-stealing—"The Fancy"—The Bishop of Bond Street—Tricks of Trespass—Shooting in September—Game for a Longing Lady—One Act for Many.

THE last fifty pages of the ninth edition of *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*, which was the last to be published in the author's lifetime, consist of a running commentary on the existing game laws. Fourteen of these pages are a reprint of a number of suggestions for improving and consolidating the game laws, which Hawker originally published in 1824, and which undoubtedly largely influenced the important Game Act of 1831, the foundation of the law as it exists to-day. But though many of the alterations which Hawker suggested in 1824 had been carried into effect before 1844, many improvements have been added since. Hawker wrote, for example, before the passing of the Hares Act of 1848; the Game Licences Act of 1860; the Larceny Act of 1861; the Poaching Prevention Act of 1862; the Dog Licences Act of 1867; the Gun Licence Act of 1870; the Wild Birds Protection Acts of 1880–1896; and, most important of all, the Ground Game Act of 1880, which entirely altered the relations between farmers and sportsmen—on the whole, greatly to the benefit of both.

His comments on the law of his day, then, and his suggestions for its alteration, have now lost most of their interest; though here and there we can trace clearly enough to his authorship or pleading the framing of the law as we know it to-day. For instance, we find him in 1844 suggesting that besides the existing licence for killing game, there should be a licence imposed on the use of a gun for sporting purposes.

"Though the *legal* attainment of game, by fair purchase or otherwise, is the undoubted right of the subject, yet the *shooting* it is an *amusement*—a *luxury;* and, for this reason,

there can be no hardship in raising the price of a certificate. Why not also make every one who shoots wild-fowl, plover, wood-pigeons, etc., anywhere but on his own land, pay a small licence for his diversion, similar to a French *port-d'armes?*"

This suggestion, in an extended form, became embodied in the Gun Licence Act of 1870.

In another passage we get a picture of the underworld of London a hundred years ago, on which Hawker bases a demand for the strengthening of the law. His subject is dog-stealing, which under an Act of George IV was punished by a fine of £20 for the first offence; for the second, imprisonment with hard labour for twelve months and a whipping at the discretion of the justices. This Hawker thinks is not enough :—

"Such is here the inefficiency of the law, that dog-stealing in London has now become the regular trade of men calling themselves 'the *Fancy*'; and of whom there are, at least, fifty leading characters, besides their spies and outposts. These fellows, by way of a blind to avoid suspicion, either assume the character of plasterers, carpenters, etc. etc., and carry the very tools in their hands; or hawk about oranges, hardwares, and other little articles for sale. They have dens in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel, Shoreditch, Tottenham Court Road, and Westminster; outposts about Greenwich, Ball's Pond (a noted place on the right of the North Road), Lisson Grove, and Paddington; and a rendezvous, in Long Acre, for drinking and business. I have been told that their chief consul is an old stager of more than fifty years' standing, who is nearly blind, and worn out; but of this I cannot answer for the truth.

Their system is brought to such perfection, that if your dog only turns round a corner, out of your sight, he is liable to be instantly enticed away, at a rapid pace, by the never-failing means of ——. Their plan is to take the dog off to one of the most distant of the dens, from where the robbery is committed, and there keep him, in safe and close confinement, till the 'customer,' as they term it, shall advertise a reward amounting to what they think rather more than half the value; or, to use their own words, '*chanted*' at a price that will '*fetch*' him. On this being offered, you will generally recover your dog; because their agent of the district who is always on the look-out for '*chants*,' will either go or send to you with the

joyful tidings of your favourite ; pretending, at the same time, with an oily tongue and pious face, that he gets nothing by it, 'except *vot* your honour will be pleased to give' him 'for' his 'trouble,' in addition to the advertised reward. But the man who actually steals the dog never appears in the business ; by which he avoids all risk of being 'had up.' The club find that this plan answers much better, and is less liable to detection, than offering the dogs for sale ; particularly as they frequently get possession of the same dog several times. There have been instances of their being paid fifteen guineas, in successive rewards, for one lady's lap-dog that was perhaps not worth ten shillings. If a dog is not '*chanted*,' before he becomes all but starved, they kill him, and sell the skin ; unless it should so happen that they have orders from 'gentlemen'!! for dogs—an opportunity of starting him for Scotland, Ireland, etc.—or can find an immediate purchaser, who will give a few shillings more than the skin would produce. If 'hard up' for 'blunt,' however, some of them will go and sell the dogs in the streets, as soon as possible after they have caught them : but, *of course*, in a diametrically *opposite part* of the town *from* where *they found them*. Here they sometimes cheat their own society : but of this they think nothing, and will even rob one another. 'Dog rob dog,' is their slang and standing motto.

All thieves have the knack of instantly quieting even the fiercest watch dogs, by throwing them a kind of narcotic ball. This they call 'puddening' them. By means of which recipe some of the 'Fancy' go journeys, to execute particular orders at a long distance from London. Be very cautious therefore, before whom you boast about the goodness of your dogs ; or what you feel a pride in, may be the very means of your losing them ; because when 'fancy men,' in any line of 'business,' have orders to execute, they will assume all trades and disguises, and thus ingratiate themselves with the very servants of your household, in order to 'suck' them for information. The following circumstance is a specimen of their town manœuvres :

In the month of May, 1830, Mr. Lang (of the celebrated shooting gallery and excellent gun repository in the Haymarket) lost a favourite setter. He posted handbills, offering two guineas reward, on hearing of which a man came and told him the reward was not enough ; but that, if he would make it *four* guineas, he could find his dog ; and the amount must be deposited in the hands of a

landlord, who would procure him a ticket-card. He should then be met, to his appointment, in some private field, where he would receive his dog ; on condition that no questions should be asked. Mr. Lang sent his shopman, about *half past ten at night*, to White Conduit Fields, to meet the parties, who, on receiving the ticket, delivered up the dog. But there was great hesitation in transacting *this* affair, in consequence of the dog having on a *lock* to a steel chain collar, with Mr. Lang's name ; and which therefore induced them to proceed with extreme caution, through fear, as they supposed, of detection for *felony*. The whole amount, paid for recovering this setter, was 4*l.* 17*s.*—2*l.* 10*s.* of which went to the man who had him. The rest was divided among others of the 'Fancy.' The same person who gave Mr. Lang the information said that, if ever he lost a dog and applied to him, he could undertake to get him back again within thirty-six hours, provided he would make it worth his while to do so ; because all dogs taken by the 'Fancy' are brought to their office, and regularly booked by the secretary. But if a word is said about *law*, the dog is immediately put to death ; and either buried skin and all, or sent to the bottom of a pond.

As an instance of this—

A gentleman who had lost a dog offered *twenty guineas* to recover him ; and *twenty guineas more* for the *apprehension* of the thief, or even the name of any one concerned in the robbery. In consequence of the *latter* part of the advertisement, the dog was instantly *destroyed*. Whereas, had nothing but the first clause been placarded, the dog would have been restored without loss of time. On destroying this dog one of the 'Fancy' observed to his associates, 'Vot's the wally of twenty pound compared to a man's life?'

(under an idea, it is presumed, that the theft was aggravated by some very strong case.)

If any one of the society were known to be untrue to his comrades, or, as they call it, not 'blue' to his trade, he would be marked ; and if he were discovered in getting any of them apprehended, they would, sooner or later, 'settle his hash.'

It is somewhat extraordinary, among so many opulent people who have been thus robbed, that no one should have ever set a trap for some of these worthies. Because nothing could be more easily done, by risking a few useless dogs, and expending a little money, without which, of course, no business can be executed in a workmanlike manner. A quarto volume might be filled with anecdotes, specimens of the 'march of intellect'

—the fruits of 'a little learning'—under this head. But it now becomes needless for *me* to say more on this subject; as our uncle, the 'Bishop of Bond Street,' has, for more than a twelvemonth, been indefatigable in collecting every kind of evidence, preparatory to a bill to be brought before Parliament, to which it is presumed, there can be no dissenting voice; and which, if carried, will put all these rascally dog-stealers down—and raise our uncle the said Bishop so triumphantly up, as to give him an eye to the vacant pedestal in Trafalgar Square; or at all events a claim for some monument to perpetuate his victory, with a statue of His Reverence, in his apron, supported by his dog Tiny, and a brace of Westley Richards' best double detonators."

Whatever may have been the labours of the Bishop of Bond Street, the law was not altered to its present form until 1861, when under the Larceny Consolidation Act the first offence of dog-stealing was made punishable by six months' hard labour or a fine of £20, and the second by eighteen months' imprisonment with or without hard labour. Opinions might differ as to whether the law was in this way made severer or not. But the practice of dog-stealing, in any case, does not flourish to-day, perhaps, quite so openly among the "Fancy."

Hawker is always amusing when he writes about dogs and poachers. Here is his comment on a section of the law relating to trespass.

"DOGS, TRESPASS OF.

An unqualified person cannot *use* dogs for sporting, although they may be *bona fide* the property of one who is qualified.

If an unlicensed person *keeps* a dog for sporting, he is liable to the penalty of 5*l.* and also to have his dog *seized*, as becoming the property of the lord of the manor. But it would, perhaps, be prudent for the lord, or his keeper, first to *seize* the dog *before* he ventured to shoot or destroy him.

It is a common trick among low farmers and poachers, who keep a wire-haired greyhound, or a lurcher, to cut his tail, and *pass him off for a sheep-dog*. The most effectual way to prosecute an offender of this description is, *first*, to lodge an information against him for *keeping such a dog;* and, *after that is paid* for the lord of the manor, or his keeper, to *lay hands on the dog* after which he becomes the property of the lord, and may then, by him or his keeper, be safely taken, shot, or other

wise destroyed, in *any place within the limits of that lord's manor.*

In case, however, that doubts should exist as to the dog being of the description specified in the act ('greyhound, setting dog, or lurcher'), it has been suggested, that it would be advisable, in lodging the information, to use the word *setting dog* as a kind of general term. This point I must leave to the more experienced to judge; but were an unqualified person actually *seen using any dog* in the *destruction of game, I* should then, if he had *no certificate,* put him in the hands of the *tax-gatherers;* where he would find himself in a sort of *hornet's nest,* from which there would be *very little hope of escape.*"

But his later writing loses a little of the pungency, as his criticisms lack some of the urgency, with which he argued for a revision of the Game Laws in 1824. He ends his book in 1844 with the remark that "we could not have chosen a more insipid subject for the climax of a book, than anything relating to *Law.*" And he is doubtless right; but his earlier remarks on the state of the Game Laws, which we, *mutatis mutandis,* may perhaps still apply to some of our existing legislation, have little of insipidity in them. They may fitly bring the present volume to a close.

He writes thus, in May, 1824, to the Editor of the *Star*:—

"SIR,

"As you did me the honour to publish my last letter of the 12th ult., on the Game Laws, I beg leave to propose an amendment in the Act for the punishment of trespass; and, at the same time, to transmit you a few more observations on the subject of the Game Laws in general. I am," etc.

TRESPASS.

FIVE pounds PENALTY (*open to mitigation*) for one who goes, or wilfully continues, on the land of another, *after he has received notice.* One half of this penalty to go to the collector of taxes for government, and the other half to the poor of the parish wherein the offence is committed.

The defendant, if dissatisfied with the decision of the magistrates, may refer his case to trial at the quarter sessions, or assizes; but if he lose his cause, he must pay the 5*l. in addition* to the damages that may be awarded by the jury; and, in *this latter case,* the 5*l.* should go to the *plaintiff,* in order to liquidate his costs, or any

expense that might have been incurred by the trouble which the defendant would have given him.

No *compromise* to be taken for this, or any other, penalty, unless before, and with the consent of, magistrates. It should, of course, however, be arranged so that information for the penalty of TRESPASS could be only laid by (or by order of) the person, or persons, on whom that trespass was committed.*

By this means we can at once take a warrant against the poacher, who, if a shrewd fellow, and master of his business, would clear off half the game in a small manor, before he might be detected in the pursuit of it, much less in the very act of poaching. All seizures, bloodshed, and danger, might thus be almost wholly avoided. Only see him, even with a *spy-glass*, at any time on the forbidden ground (so as to be able to swear to his person), and have a warrant for him as a wilful trespasser.† By this means also, the poor farmer, who *has no money to go to law*, has some protection against infringement on his rights by the man who tramples on him, from this very circumstance. But having no share in, and therefore no profit on, the penalty, he has no temptation to take any advantage merely for the sake of getting the *2l.* 10*s.* himself. Any person thinking himself aggrieved, should have the law open to him; and the risk of an extra *5l.* in such a case could be no object.

For the second, and all future wilful trespasses, on that same person to whom the offender had before been made to pay the 5*l.*, *to be not less than* 5*l.*, *nor more than* 50*l.*, *at the option of the magistrates,*

* There *is now* a law to inflict penalty for trespass, "*in pursuit of game*"; and it would have been a sensible one, if the word "*wilful*" had been inserted, *instead* of the other sentence, and the penalty increased.

† I one day happened to be, for some time, in conversation with one of the shrewdest fellows, and most finished poachers, that ever lived; who, after defying all his pursuers, has left off the trade, and retired to a lawful business. He laughed at the game laws. I then named to him the new laws, as lately proposed. (Here I alluded to a bill which was thrown out in the Lords.) He smiled, and said, "That won't do." I next named what I before, as well as what is here, suggested; as if another Act contemplated by parliament. He then put on a very serious face, and said, "Upon my soul, sir, that's the only plan: that would properly *do* them. No one would trust a man for 100*l.*; but *5l.* is no object to either a buyer or even a poor man, if he has got plenty of *friends under his thumb!* A man, too, must be a *poor hand*, to let people *see him at work; but* if a gentleman could *work him* for a mere trespass, he could not go to *his ground*, to '*plant his men*'† *before feeding time.*"

IT ABSOLUTELY REQUIRES A VERY OLD SPORTSMAN, WHO HAS DISCOVERED ALL THE SECRETS OF POACHERS, TO STRIKE AT THE ROOTS OF THIS EVIL, AND NOT LEGISLATORS, WHO ARE WORTHY OF A BETTER OFFICE.

† Poachers' term for *setting wires.*

who should have a great extent of discretional power to mitigate the penalty; as this law, like all others, must of course be open to the abuse of tyrannical persons, and there might occur some extraordinary instances, where it would become desirable to mitigate the punishment as much as possible.

If the defendant appeals from the decision of the magistrates, to a court of law, for a *second* wilful trespass, whereby the penalty here proposed would be from 5*l.* to 50*l.*; let him, *if he loses his cause*, pay, in addition to the damages, whatever sum had before been awarded by magistrates.

Amend the 57th statute of Geo. III. for transporting a man who is found, at night, armed with intent to kill game; and let it be, that, *if he makes any* RESISTANCE *on being apprehended*, he shall be transported.

If not, his "footing it," for a month or two, in the treadmill, would be quite sufficient punishment; and *particularly*, to a *poacher*, who, except when at his nightly business, is generally one of the *laziest* drones in existence. This little "training," too, may perhaps be the means of getting him "in wind" for a more industrious life; and, therefore, of tending to the support, instead of the starvation, or incumbrance on a parish, of his unfortunate family.

All game shooting (except black game, muir game, and ptarmigan) to begin on the 1st of October.

By such an arrangement thousands of very young partridges, that are not fair game, would escape being massacred by the gentleman-poacher, and falling a prey, when in hedges and hassocks, to the dogs of the pot-hunter. There would be avoided many disputes between farmers and eager young sportsmen (perhaps the sons of their landlords), who sometimes cannot resist following their game into the corn. There would be an end of destroying a whole nide of young pheasants in standing barley, which is so frequently and so easily done in September.

The hot weather of September was never meant for hard fagging. September is a month that the agriculturist should devote to his harvest, and the man of pleasure to sailing, sea-bathing, fishing, and other summer pursuits. But when *October* arrives, the farmer has leisure to enjoy a little sport after all his hard labour, without neglecting his business; and the gentleman, by a day's shooting at that time, becomes refreshed and invigorated, instead of wearing out himself and

his dogs, by slaving after partridges under a broiling sun in September. The evenings begin to close, and he then enjoys his party and his fireside, after a day's shooting of just sufficient duration to brace his nerves, and make everything agreeable.

Penalty for killing game out of season to be not less than 5*l.* nor more than 50*l.*, at the option of the magistrates.

One regular penalty is not fair. There should rest with the magistrates the power of making a very great distinction between one, who could prove that he had killed a head of game for a *longing lady*, or a sick person, and another, who wantonly destroyed it in open violation of the law.

The Act for refusing to give names ;
The periods for killing game, with the mere alteration of deferring partridge-shooting till October ;
And a proper *time fixed* for killing *hares*, which has *never yet been done !*
The Act for killing pigeons ;
The duty on dogs, etc. ; may remain as they now stand ;

Except that these, and what few other laws it may be necessary to extract from the old statutes, should be taken from the chaos in which they are at present immured, made as clear as possible, and ADDED TO THIS ONE ACT in the present reign. And, in the game-laws, AS WELL AS ALL OTHER LAWS—in spite of those learned legislators who may oppose this, and pretend that it cannot be done (because, perhaps, it would " make it bad for business ")—let all the contradictory nonsense about Henry, James, Anne, etc., be thrown into the fire, as being so complex as often to confuse even lawyers themselves, and therefore calculated only to ensnare the unwary, and be a subject of ridicule to every man of common sense.

Game laws, or any other laws, admitting them to be the best measures ever adopted, may, for want of being consistently arranged, and justly modified, be completely changed in their features, and laid fairly open, not only to the tap-diverting sarcasms of travesty patriots, but to the just criticism of respectable people. Yet, however judgmatically the game laws might be arranged, it becomes highly necessary that these laws, as well as every concern, if rendered of a serious nature, should be supported by such gentlemen as are an ornament to an honourable profession, and who are always the first to open for their clients the doors of reconciliation. But with regard to the *frivolous* points that are repeatedly contending,

how sincerely is it to be regretted, that so many expensive lawsuits should be for ever taking place, and particularly about the *game!* How easily, in many cases, might they be avoided, to the greatest *interest* of *both* parties! For instance, if any little difference occurred, why not have it decided by a *certain number* of gentlemen chosen by each party? To the *decision of other persons* it *must* come *at last:* though most likely before a less competent tribunal!—for it stands to reason, that a promiscuously assembled jury cannot be made such perfect masters of every circumstance, as persons selected, who are ably *versed in the subject* of dispute; and especially as the final decision, in a court of justice, may be liable to depend on the judgment of a dozen poor men, who can scarcely read or write, or even understand a single point of an argument.

If, therefore, people, who have the honesty to require no more than what is just and fair, would also have the good sense to withhold going to law *on every trumpery altercation*, there would be much more happiness among mankind; and there could accrue but one evil, and this of a minor consideration; which is, that a certain proportion (I mean the dross only) of hireling dons, instead of being arrayed like demigods, with their notes of discord, would be obliged to resign the lion's skin for the more certain revenue of a methodist preacher, or a strolling player; and such of those blue-bag satellites, as are scouted by all honourable branches of the law, might be reduced to the appointment of cad to an omnibus, or barrow-driver on a rail-road.

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